

GONE, SOLD AND GONE.

Words by Whittier.

Music by G.W. Clark.

Gone, gone---- sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and

Gone, gone---- sold and gone, To the rice-swamp dank and

lone, Where the slave - whip cease - less swings, Where the

lone, There no moth - er's eye is near them, There no

noi - some in - sect stings, Where the fe - ver de - mon

moth - er's ear can hear them; Nev - er when the torturing

strews Poi - son with the fall - ing dew, Where the

lash Seams their back with many a gash, Shall a

sick - ly sun-beams glare Through the hot and mis - ty

mother's kind-ness bless them, Or a moth - er's arms caress

air, Gone, gone---- sold and gone, To the
 them. Gone, gone---- sold and gone, To the

rice-swamp dank and lone, From Vir - gin - ia's hills and
 rice-swamp dank and lone, From Vir - gin - ia's hills and

wa-ters,---- Woe is me my sto - len daugh-ters!
 wa-ters,---- Woe is me my sto - len daugh-ters!