THE LIBERATOR.

PORTY.

From this the last harvest,
Of a prize we know.
When the earth is empty, the heart is true,
In the harvest of the soul, the grain of gold.

Oh! Ant the flower, bright blossom, white,
From the heart of the vine, the fruit of the vine.

The sky is blue, the sun is bright,
And the birds are singing in the trees.

The sun is setting, the day is done,
And we are leaving this world behind us.

THE SLAVE ANTHEM.

The stars are shining, and the moon is bright,
In the heaven of the soul, the light of the mind.

The wind is blowing, the leaves are falling,
And the world is leaving us.

The earth is sleeping, the night is drawing near,
And we are leaving this world behind us.

The stars are shining, the moon is bright,
In the heaven of the soul, the light of the mind.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

And the day is ending, the sun is setting,
In the heart of the soul, the light of the spirit.

The stars are shining, the moon is bright,
In the heaven of the soul, the light of the mind.

THE SLAVE ANTHEM.

And we are leaving this world behind us,
And we are leaving this world behind us.

The stars are shining, the moon is bright,
In the heaven of the soul, the light of the mind.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

And we are leaving this world behind us,
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