

SLAVE GIRL MOURNING HER FATHER.

Parodied from Mrs. Sigourney by G. W. C.

They say I was but four years old When father was sold a -
Yet I have ne - ver seen his face Since that sad part - ing

way;
day. } He went where bright - er flow - rets grow Be -

neath the South - ern skies; Oh who will show me

on the map Where that far coun - try lies?