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Aunt Charlotte poem

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Aunt Charlotte,

Swing low, Sweet Chariot, swing lower,
 Way down to the darkest and poorest,
 From the pearly white gate where thou soarest,
 To the hole of the pit where I cower.

In bondage my mother conceived me,
 In bondage my first breath I uttered,
 In bondage my eight babes I suckled,
 The bond woman's prayer o'er them muttered.

II
 Swing low, Sweet Chariot, swing lower!
 My God has not left me unprovided;
 Gnarled hands, broken hearts are soon mended.
 The toil and the ache now are o'er.

My robe shall be radiant with morning,
 My feet shod to tread pathways golden,
 My little ones once more adorning
 Their fond mother's breast as of olden.

III
 Swing low, Sweet Chariot, Swing lightly,
 You'll find me all ready and outside,
 A glad heart alone by the roadside,
 The Promise counsed daily and nightly.
 I know He will come to stand by me;
 His Hand firmly holding, I hie me
 On board! Welcome Chariot, swing gently,
 Come quickly to carry me home!