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Negro Slavery /and/ Stage of Life.

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Negro Slavery

Now's the time and now's the hour
 To Parliament Petitions pour
 Oh Britons pray, exert your power
 To set the Negro free
 Who stood forth in time of need
 Who did so nobly for us plead
 Who wished the Negro slave was free
 'Twas Wilberforce, 'twas he

He knew poor Negro suffered great
 Upon the rich planter's estate
 And pitied their lamented fate
 And tried to set them free
 They labour hard in heat of day
 For course provisions and no pay
 Oh Britons to your king their pray
 That we may all be free

Am I not a man and brother
 And like you I have a mother
 But she's a slave like many other
 And sighs for liberty
 Then Britons pray make no delay
 Remember soon will come the day
 Before your Lord and Commons lay
 A Prayer against slavery

Who for 'paultry glittering Gold
 Was from his parents stole and sold
 To planters Rich who's blood is cold
 Poor negro save 'tis he
 Then Rouse ye Britons struggle hard
 Petition all with one accord
 And heaven will be your just Reward
 For setting of us free

Stage of Life.

Good people all I pray draw near,
 And listen unto me,
 And when you hear what I relate,
 With me you will agree.
 We soon must bid this world adieu,
 The rich as well as poor,
 Neither gold nor silver can give health
 Or ease the brow of care.

Come all you worthy Englishmen
 That dwells both far & near,
 And assist each other in time
 And live in friendship here,
 For soon we may be called hence
 Where thousands are gone
 There's no distinction in theeg
 Between the rich and poor.

There is the great and mighty men
 Kings and princes too
 They all must be consigned to death
 And bid this world adieu
 Go search the tomb where monarchs
 rest
 and there it will be found
 thre wealth and glory is bereft
 once men of high renown

come all you wothy englishmen
 the truth you cant deny
 I hope each other you will befriend
 and each others wants supply
 to assist a neighbour in time of need
 its your duty so to do
 but the world is now at such a pass
 such friends you find but few

this world is but a stage of life
 as we walk up and down
 In searching for a place of rest
 but none can there be found
 this life is like a ship at sea
 by waves tossed up and down,
 we hope to find a place of rest
 when the last rumpet sounds