

song of a slavery sad

abducted from the Motherland,
pained, punished, and packed tighter than cargo,
families severed by the auction block in large batches,
the heat of slavery's sun has no breeze.

treated less than men,
a broken few,
a courageous crew,
a motherly nursing to rear their children with our women's nipple
feeders,
trodded and trampled into turmoil with the lash...
they raped our women while she prayed to the lord they disgraced.

songs sung:

de massa is a lair
fo' de sake of his cents...

songs sung:

p'cludeed de inch 'n' i'se know why
fo' de sake of profit on prosperity's road...

songs sung:

nobody knows de sorrow i'se bin',
but i'se keep keepin' on 'n' de weary, teary blues..

tilling de fields while they bank the profits we brought them,
de bloody tides of our river are far from slim,
america takes on a luxurious grand
and they said- nare a negro will run or head nare a town.

songs sung:

de whip beat me
till i'se bloodied 'n' disdained
till i'se bloodied 'n' disdained 'n' cruelty---

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