

TO ME

All their days were hard and deary,  
All their nights were long and weary,  
Yes, as they tilled their masters soil  
And as they slept in great turmoil;  
Gee, they did till, oh, numerous fields  
But, to their masters it did yield.  
Now its this way, now you see  
Yes, as it does appear to me.

Still their lives were horrid and bold,  
When seeing their own dear flesh sold,  
And seeing their child from them departed,  
Would never know where it had started;  
Yes, all this they did undergo,  
Merely so our days might overflow,  
Now its this way, now you see  
Yes, as it does appear to me.

But, oh how they did often pray,  
Yes grandad to me would often say,  
And pray that even you and me  
Just live to become men of free,  
Now all their prayers God did answer,  
No, not even one did he cancel,  
Now its this way, now you see  
Yes, as it does appear to me.

Now its this way, now you see,  
Yes, God has set all us free,  
So that we may enjoy earthly things,  
Then join them in Heaven and there sing,  
To honor him who broke the crust,  
And paved the way for all of us,  
So let's all join in hand and hand  
Sing Glory to God, Praises to man.

----James T. Hawkins.