

The Slave Auction

poem by Frances Ellen Watkins Harper 3.

Malcolm Solomon

♩ = 72

p

The sale be-gan young girls were there, De -

p

5 fense-less in their wretch-ed - ness, Whose sti-fled sobs of deep des-pair, Re -

5

9 vealed their an-guish and dis - tress, And mo - thers stood with

21

these in sa - ble forms may dwell Gazed on the hus - band of her youth, With

21

24

an - guish none may paint or tell. And

24

27

men, whose sole crime was their hue, The im-press of the Mak-er's hand, And

27

mf

p

8va

30

frail and shrink-ing child-ren too, Were ga-thered in that mourn-ful band.

30

mf

8^{vb}

33

Ye who have laid your loved — to — rest,

33

p

37

And wept a-bove their life-less clay, Know not the an-guish of that breast,

37

41 *mf* *p*

Whose loved are rude-ly torn a - way. Ye may not know how des-o - late are

41

44 *f* *p*

bo-soms rude-ly forced — to part, And how a dull and heav-y weight

44

47 *mp* *rit.* *a tempo* *pp*

Will press the life - drops from the heart —

47 *rit.* *ppp*