

OUR COUNTRYMEN IN CHAINS.

Words by Whittier.

"Beatitude," by T. Hastings.

Our fel - low coun - try - men in
Slaves-- crouch - ing on the ve - - ry

By eve - ry shrine of pat - riot

chains, Slaves in a land of light and law!
plains Where rolled the storm of Free - dom's war!

blood, From Moul - rie's wall and Jas - per's well.

A groan from Eu - taw's haunt - ed

wood-- A wail where Cam-den's mar - tyrs fell--

D.C.