

THE SLAVE BOY'S WISH

From *A Child's Anti Slavery Book*, 1860

I wish I was that little bird,
Up in the bright blue sky,
That sings and flies just where he will,
And no one asks him why.

I wish I was that little brook,
That runs so swift along,
Through pretty flowers and shining stones,
Singing a merry song.

I wish I was that butterfly,
Without a thought or care,
Sporting my pretty, brilliant wings,
Like a flower in the air.

I wish I was that wild, wild deer,
I saw the other day,
Who swifter than an arrow flew,
Through the forest far away.

I wish I was that little cloud,
By the gentle south wind driven,
Floating along so free and bright,
Far, far up into heaven.

I'd rather be a cunning fox,
And hide me in a cave;
I'd rather be a savage wolf,
Than what I am--a slave.

My mother calls me her good boy,
My father calls me brave;
What wicked action have I done,
That I should be a slave?

I saw my little sister sold,
So will they do to me;
My heavenly Father, let me die,
For then I shall be free.

A Child's Anti Slavery Book: Containing a Few Words About American Slave Children and Stories of Slave-Life, 1860. New York, Carlton & Porter

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