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Am I Not a Man and a Brother?

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PLEASE TO PURCHASE THIS PAPER, PRICE ONE PENNY

One Penny from your
Christian hand,
Will help a Man from
a foreign land.

Nursed in the lap of sweet repose,
Tasted no sorrow till to manhood rose,
A Captain then to me a fancy took,
And brought me from my mother's nook,
The Captain left me in hospital ill,
And I am dependent on your will,
Have pity dear friends, and to me give,
Oh! spare a trifle that I may live.

He never would have
thus applied,
Only that his Master
died.

AM I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER ?

THE CONVERTED INDIAN.

Christian Friends.—I am a stranger among you, eighteen thousand miles from my native country. I have travelled through China, Hindostan, Portugal, Spain, and France, and have suffered much. You will be doing an act of charity by purchasing this paper, it is the only means of obtaining a livelihood.

THE NARRATIVE.

I am a native of Keelwa, in Hindostan, who was unfortunately bought and sold in South America, as a slave, not having the privilege of being blessed with Christian parents, but those who paid their devotion to a God of their own invention, made of wood and stone. The manner in which I was brought to the knowledge of the truth was as follows:—I went to hear a christian minister from England one Sunday, for which crime—my master considering such—he sentenced me to receive 30 lashes; I still continued to go a second and a third time, when my punishment was repeated; I put my trust in God until my master found he could not prevent me from attending divine worship, when I was taken to a public market and sold to Mr Melville, of the Manther Estate. It appeared as if providence had interposed in my behalf, for I found in Mr Melville a kind friend and a true Christian; he allowed me to attend divine worship regularly. But, alas; after his death I was sold to Signor Cortada, a master he was cruel; after serving him 22 months, I made my escape to Charlestown, in the United States of America, and by going into the company of slave dealers, I was taken 60 miles up the country and sold to a Mr Loxton, and he was also very cruel, which caused me to make my escape in a ship called the Eeterprize. The officers came upon the ship to see if there were any slaves that had absconded, and they found me in the hold, which caused me to get 50 lashes, and 30lbs. of iron round my neck, and turned into the fields to work with the rest.

THE INDIAN'S COMPLAINT

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Indian coast I left forlorn
To increase a stranger's treasure,
O'er the angry billows borne,
Men from afar bought and sold me,
Paid the price in paltry gold,
But though thus they have enslaved me,
Minds are never to be sold.
Still in thought as free as ever.
What is India's right I ask?
Me from my delight to sever.
Me to torture and to task,
Fleecy locks and dark complexion,
Cannot forfeit nature's claim,
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in dark and white the same,
Why did all-creating nature
Make the plan for us toil?
Sighs must plant, and tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.

THE FIRM BANK.

This is a never-failing bank,
My more than glorious store,
No earthly bank is half so rich,
How than can I be poor?
When my stock is spent and gone,
And I without a groat,
I'm glad to hasten to my bank,
And draw a little note.
Sometimes my banker smiling says,
Why don't you often come,
And when you draw a little out
Why not a larger sum:
Why so niggardly and poor:
My bank containeth plenty,
Come and take a one pound note,
When you can have a twenty.
Nay twenty thousand ten times told,
Is but a trifling sum,

For what my bank contains for me,
Secure in God the Son,
a thousand times before,
And never was rejected,
Those notes can never be refused,
They are by grace accepted.
'Tis only the beloved of God,
Redeemed by precious blood,
That ere I had a note to draw,
They are the gifts of God,
Since then my banker is so rich;
I have no need to borrow
I'll live upon my note to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

Before a lonely cottage once,
With climbing roses gay,
I stood one summer's eve to watch,
Two little children play.
All round the garden walk they ran,
Filling the air with glee,
Till they were tired and sat them down,
Beneath an old oak tree.
They were silent for a little while,
And then the little boy began—
I often wonder, sister dear,
If I shall ever be a man,
I almost think I never shall,
For oft times in my sleep,
I dream that I am dying—Nay,
Dear sister, do not weep,
'Twould be a pleasure now to die,
For though this world is fair,
I see a lovier in my dreams,
And fancy I am there
Methinks that I am taken hence,
As soon as I have died,
I roam around a pleasant place,
With angels at my side.

To that bright world I wish to go,
I would not linger here,
But for my gentle mother's sake,
And yours my sister dear.
Though when I read my books to her,
Or when I pray with you,
I quite forget that glorious place,
And blessed angels too.
But oft when I am weary grown
Of books and of my plac
Those pleasant dreams come back again,
And steals my heart away,
I wish that you, sweet sister dear,
And my mother dear, and I,
Could shut our eyes upon this world,
And all together die.
And then his loving sister spoke,
In ones serene and low,—
If heaven is such a glorious place,
Dear brother let us go.
Our mother wept when father died,
Till her eyes were very dim,
I know she longs to go to heaven,
That she may be with him.
So let us all together die,
The thoughtful youth replied,
Ah no, we cannot go to heaven,
Until we too have died.
Sister, we must be content,
Upon this earth to stay,
Till the blessed Saviour Jesus Christ,
Shall call our souls away.
Once more I bent my lonely way,
Towards the cottage door,
Methought to see the children play,
But alas, they were no more.
Before the next year's roses came,
The gentle call was given,
The mother and her two sweet babes,
Had joined the saints of heaven.

O Lord, give me thy holy spirit to
dwell within me, and make me a child
of God, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.