

Band of Hope Readings

(Taken from The Band of Hope Review)

Please note – these are 'of their time' – feel free to use more up to date materials if you prefer.

Impromptu Lines (December 1852)

'The Band of Hope'
'The Band of Hope'
What a beautiful name it sounds!
'Tis a union tight
And a prospect bright
And a wreath that with fruit abounds

'The Band of Hope'
What a glorious scope
It gives to the Christian's view!
Of the young, set free
From the ills they see
And the ills that they know not too!

'The Band of Hope'
To the crowds that group
In a drunkards gloomy way
Can afford a light
That will shine them right;
For it shines with celestial ray!

'The Band of Hope'
From the hangman's rope
It will many a murderer save:
And lengthen the life
Of the suffering wife,
Who looked for an early grave!

'The Band of Hope'
When the starry cope
Creation no more shall boast,
Will a band of love,
In the realms above,
Unite with the heavenly host.

To 'The Band of Hope'
Let the dull who mope
And the merry who cheerful stand
Their influence give
That it long may live
For the good of our native land!

Kindness (December 1852)

No! Do not hurt a little boy
Because he's less than you;
If stronger, then your strength employ
Some benefit to do.

Be his protector and his friend,
To help him in distress;
Teach him what's faulty to amend;
Such efforts God will bless

Acrostic (August 1851)

Brothers! Lo, a star appearing,
Angels' smiles upon it beam;
Now behold it, beauteous, cheering,
Dawning with refulgent gleam.

Onward, pretty monthly stranger,
Freely now we welcome thee;
Help us guard our youth from danger,
Onward, onward, make us free.

Pour thy glorious light around us,
Every heart with joy infuse;
Rising, let thy shield surround us,
Everywhere thy rays diffuse.

Vainly foes beset our pathway,
In thy radiant beaming smile,
Everyone shall, joyous, hail thee,
Welcome to our sea-girt isle!

Slave-grown sugar (or the child's answer to 'Do you take sugar in your tea?' (January 1853)

No, dear lady, none for me
Though squeamish you may think it,
Slave grown sugar spoils my tea,
I cannot, dare not drink it

The simple produce of the cane
Excites no strong objections
But with it comes a ghastly train
Of painful recollections

True, the plant was freely given,
Freely given for man to raise it;
Freely fall the rains that cheer it,
Freely fall the dews that feed it.

But 'twas poisoned in its birth,
Dire oppression in its bane;
Cruel slavery tills the earth
Shameful slavery rears the cane

Alas! What sufferings and what guilt
Attend its cultivation;
What groans arise, what BLOOD is spilt,
What bitter lamentation!

And shall such sufferings have no end?
Such misrey be eternal?
Shall real Christians still defend,
A system so infernal!

And can I taste a simple grain,
Produced by such oppression?
The fruit of so much toil and pain,
The Negro's sad possession?

No, dear Lady, none for me,
Though squeamish you may think it;
Slave grown sugar spoils my tea,
I cannot, dare not drink it.

Early Rising (September 1851)

'Up, up', cries the wakeful Cock,
'Did you not hear the village clock?
I have been up for an hour or more,
Crowing aloud at the stable door;
Dobbin has gone with the boy to plow,
Betty has started to milk the cow,
Sure there is plenty for all to do,
And all are up, young friend, but you.'

'Up, up', cries the soaring Lark,
'Only sleep, my young friend, in the dark.
Oh let it never, never be said
You wasted the morning hours in bed;
Out of the window glance your eye;
And see how blue is the morning sky;
Open the casement, your slumber spare,
And smell how fresh is the morning air.'

'Up, up', cries the busy Sun,
'Is there no work, little friend, to be done?
Are there no lessons to learn, I pray,
That you lie dosing the hours away?
Who would give light to the world below,
If I were idly to slumber so?
What would become of the hay and corn
Did I thus waste the precious morn?'

'Up, Up', cries the bussing Bee,
'There's work for you as well as for me,
O how I prize the morning hour,
Gathering sweets from the dewy flower:
Quick comes on the scorching noon,
And darksome night will follow soon;
Say, shall it chide you for idle hours,
Time, unimproved, and wasted powers!'