

# The Slave's Lament

Slow, haunting

Robert Burns

Arr. Karen Marshalsay

Set C#

It was in sweet Se - ne - gal that my foes did me en - thrall, For the

la - nds of Vir - gin - ia gin - ia O: To - rn

from that love - ly shore and must ne - ver see it more; And a - las I am wea - ry wea - ry

8 **rall.** oh! To - rn from that love - ly shore and must ne - ver see it more and a - las I am wea - ry wea - ry oh!

play high on string near neck

All on that charming coast  
Is no bitter snow and frost,  
Like the lands of Virginia, -ginia, O!  
There streams for ever flow,  
And the flowers for ever blow,  
And alas! I am weary, weary, O!  
There streams for ever flow,  
And the flowers for ever blow,  
And alas! I am weary, weary, O!

The burden I must bear,  
While the cruel scourge I fear,  
In the lands of Virginia, -ginia, O!  
And I think on friends most dear  
With the bitter, bitter tear,  
And alas! I am weary, weary, O  
And I think on friends most dear,  
With the bitter, bitter tear,  
And alas! I am weary, weary O!

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