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**"Prosser's Gabriel" song by Tim Barry**

**Does anyone know the name Gabriel Prosser?  
My conscience says he's the one that history missed**  
A blacksmith by trade up at Brookfield Plantation  
A Henrico County slave born to owner Thomas  
  
If you listen closely you'll hear the words perfect  
The Caribbean uprising caught fire in this land  
Up and down the James river Pamunkey and Appomattox  
Tobacco soil gone bad afforded movement for the blacks

Nine years before down in Santo Domingo  
Slaves refused to submit and took the right of all man  
Virginia whites got nervous and armed more militias  
As blacks inspired plotted and passed on their plans

Mr. Prosser's Gabriel was smart as he was strong  
A head of keloid scars and a mind of knowing right and wrong  
Voted general at 24 in the year of 1800  
Haunted by the hymns wailing of his fellow slaves  
  
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It was on an August night outside of Richmond Virginia  
Gabriel's men gathered as their owners they slept  
Some would burn city streets to attract residents and masters  
While others took the capital and freed convicts

Well, the whites they knew nothing, never seen what could hit them  
Nothing like this could happen with their carefree black men  
But think about freedom, now think about slavery  
Blacks armed themselves with muskets and homemade bayonets

With a white flag on the capital all blacks they would rise  
Whites spared would all lose an arm  
You're a coward if you own men for profit and greed  
You're the coward of all and for all you must bleed  
  
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Pharaoh and Tom ratted out Gabriel Prosser  
Their owner was Mosby a neighbor of him  
They say the sky's seen seas of rain and lightning  
On the night of August 30th one could see nor stand

The militias let loose to hunt Gabriel Prosser  
Who took to the swamps as they imprisoned his men  
Flagged a boat whose captain was a Methodist preacher  
But a traitor slave turned him in in the end

They hung Gabriel down at **Broad and 15th street**  
Lord, he would not give a word up on his men  
But he took that noose and he took it with honor  
**He's buried beneath parked cars now and pavement**

**There's no monument there's no stone here to see him  
Just black asphalt flanked by high rise hospital chains  
If I had it my way, we'd see memorials climbing  
To a true and honest hero, Prosser's Gabriel**  
  
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