

Wade in the Water

Wade in the water,
Wade in the water, children,
Wade in the water,
God's a'gonna trouble the water.
See that host all dressed in white,
God's agonna trouble the water.
The leader looks like the Israelite.
God's agonna trouble the water.

Great Day in de morning

Words and Music: Fred C. Lyons

Dar's gwine to be a jubilee,
Great Day, Great Day,
Old Satan tried to pester me,
Great Day in de morning,

I struck him wid my gospel cane,
Great Day, Great Day,
He never pestered me again,
Great Day in de morning.

O when de sun am setting low,
Great Day, Great Day,
You're gwine to hear de Trumpet blow,
Great Day in de mornning,

Oh white folks won't you come wid me,
Great Day, Great Day,
To join us in de jubilee,
Great Day in de morning.

De newfound land you'd better try,
Great Day, Great Day,
O while de clouds am passing by,
Great Day in de morning,

Den fare you well for I must go,
Great Day, Great Day,
I think we heard de trumpet blow,
Great Day in de morning.

They've Sold Me Down the River

Words and Music: G. Friedrich Wurzel

They've sold me down the river,
And I must parted be,
From all I love most dearly
And all who care for me;
My heart is fill'd with sorrow,
There's naught for me but woe!
They've sold me down the river,
And I alas must go.
My little ones are mourning,
I know 'tis for my sake,
My poor lone wife is weeping
As tho' her heart would break;
Oh, massa, do not grieve them
When I am far from thee,
But ever treat them kindly,
As thou hast treated me.

Song of the Fugitive Slave

Text: E.W. Lock • Music: C.W. Abbott

Shine on, shine on my guiding star,
Hide not thy gentle light
By thee I fly to the land afar, Where the
Black is free as the White.
All night I fly, but not for crime,
By day in gorge or cave,
I rest, and sleep, and dream of the time,
When I'm no more a slave.

But hark! the dreaded hounds are near,
They've scented out my track;
I'll meet their fangs without a fear,
But never more go back:
O God, they pass! their echoes die!
'Tis not my blood they crave;
My heart be strong, again I fly;
There's hope yet for the slave.

Glory Hallelujah

Huck Finn's body lies a'mould'ring in the grave.
Huck Finn's body lies a'mould'ring in the grave.
Huck Finn's body lies a'mould'ring in the grave.
But his soul is marching on.

Glory, glory Hallelujah!
Glory, glory Hallelujah!
Glory, glory Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.