

# **Slavery's Passed Away and Other Songs eBook**

## **Slavery's Passed Away and Other Songs**

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# Page 1

## Title: Slavery's Passed Away and Other Songs

Author: Various

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\*\*\* Start of this project gutenber EBOOK slavery's passed away \*\*\*

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## Slavery's Passed Away and Other Songs

[Transcriber's Note: This file contains only the lyrics to the songs. To view music images, hear the music in .midi format, or download Lilypond source code, see the HTML version of this e-text.]

Slavery's Passed Away.

As sung in Edward Harrigan's Drama,

"Pete."

*Words by EDWARD HARRIGAN.*

*Music by DAVE BRAHAM.*

Copyright, 1887, by Wm. A. Pond & Co.

Oh child come to me and just sit down by my knee,  
I'll tell that same old story just once more;  
Of dark, clouded years, oh, so full of bitter tears,  
In those bondage days of long before the war.  
In rice-field and in cane, there the black man felt the pain,  
The driver's whip it cut him ev'ry day;  
Our good Lord above, with his never dying love,  
Made that cruel, cruel slavery pass'd away.



Oh child, in those times then I liv'd among the pines,  
Yes, in an old log cabin I was born;  
Then I heard the moan when the mothers lost their own,  
In those bondage days, oh thank the Lord they're gone.  
That Iron chain and band they grow rusty in this land,  
No more the blood hound hold the slave at bay;  
So we bend the knee to the Lord that made us free,  
For that cruel, cruel slavery pass'd away.

Oh I don't complain, it will never come again,  
So all our little children, black and brown;  
They ne'er can be sold for that yellow shining gold,  
For sweet Freedom, child, she has put on her crown.  
She came here in the night, oh then might gave in to right,  
Old Abra'm Lincoln brought about the stay;  
So shout Hallelu—there's a lot of work to do,  
For that cruel, cruel slavery pass'd away.

*CHORUS.*

Oh shout Hallelujah, Freedom ever rules the land,  
Go bend your knee, black people for to pray;  
The shackle and the band has fell from the Bondsman's hand,  
And that cruel, cruel slavery's pass'd away.

## **OLE SHADY.**

*The Song of the contraband.*

Oh! yah! yah! darkies laugh wid me,  
For de white folks say Ole Shady's free,  
So don't you see dat de jubilee  
Is a coming, coming,  
Hail mighty day.



## Page 2

*Chorus.*

Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer,  
Hooray, hooray, I'm going home.  
Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer,  
Hooray, hooray, I'm going home.

Oh, Mass' got scared and so did his lady,  
Dis chile breaks for Ole Uncle Aby,  
*"Open de gates out here's Ole Shady a  
coming, coming,"*  
Hail mighty day.

*Chorus.*

Good bye Mass' Jeff, good bye Mis'r Stephens,  
'Scuse dis niggah for takin his leavins,  
'Spect pretty soon you'll hear Uncle Abram's  
coming, coming,  
Hail mighty day.

*Chorus.*

Good bye hard work wid never any pay,  
Ise a gwine up North where the good folks say,  
Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day,  
Are coming, coming,  
Hail mighty day.

*Chorus.*

Oh, I've got a wife, and I've got a baby,  
Living up yonder in Lower *Canady*,<sup>[A]</sup>  
Won't dey laugh when dey see Ole Shady  
A coming, coming,  
Hail mighty day.

*Chorus.*

[Footnote A: *Canada.*]

## THE LITTLE LOG CABIN ON THE HILL.

### SONG AND CHORUS



Words by *Arthur W. French*.

Music by *Herbert Hersey*.

Copyrighted, 1876, by *John P. Perry & Co*.

'Twas many years ago I left de sunny South, to roam  
Up North, de happy day dat I was free;  
From massa an' ole missus, too, and all de folks at home,  
Whose faces now I neber more shall see;  
I'se trabeled night and day to see de dear old place once more;  
De cotton fields, de ribber, and de mill;  
But most of all, where I was born, in happy days before,  
In de little log cabin on de hill!

Oh, I remember ebry day, when all our work was o'er,  
We'd hear de bones' and banjos' sweet refrain,  
While all de darkies danc'd and swung around de cabin door;  
Dem happy times will neber come again;  
We'd hunt de possum and de coon until de mornin' fair,  
An' laugh and shout, so gay and jolly still;  
Such joyous, happy darkies, an' we had no tho't of care,  
In de little log cabin on de hill!

Upon de ole plantation there is no one left I know;  
De folks are wand'ring all so far away,  
An' strangers meet me ebrywhere, yes, ebrywhere I go!  
But round dis ole place Ise a-goin' to stay;  
Dar's one spot left, they say, where I can evermore remain;  
Dar kindness makes my poor heart throb and thrill;  
Ise growin' ole and weary, so I'll neber roam again  
From de little log cabin on de hill!

*Chorus.*

Oh de little log cabin, yes, de cabin on de hill; It's standing there, the same old cabin  
still; 'neath de dear old roof I'll lie, An' I'll lay me down an' die, In de little log cabin on de  
hill.

**DARKEY SAM.**

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*Song and chorus.*

Arr. by J. Young, Esq.

1

Oh my name is Darkey Sam,  
And I'se a black-eyed contraband;  
Down on de Chickahominee I was born;  
But old massa run away,  
When de Linkum sogers play:  
So, I started for de Norf in de morn....  
I soon met wid a man,  
And he took me by de hand,  
And he brought me to de Bobolition meetin:  
Dar de brudders made a speech,  
And de sisters 'gan to preach;  
Dey said dat my complexion was light,  
And de world dey would teach  
What a point dey could reach,  
And dey'd show dat dey could wash de nigger white.

*Chorus.*

I soon met wid a man,  
And he took me by de hand,  
And he brought me to de Bobolition meetin:  
Dar de brudders made a speech,  
And de sisters 'gan to preach:  
Dey said dey could wash de nigger white.

2

Dey got me very soon,  
And dey put me in a room:  
Dis nigger couldn't tell what dey was after;  
Dey took off all my clothes,  
And den what does you suppose?  
Dey put me in a tub of boilin' water!  
And den dey got around,  
And some scrubbin'-brushes found,  
And said dey'd wash me whiter dan paper.  
Oh! dey got me in a tub,  
And dey all began to rub:





I tell you it was a pretty sight!  
For, some put on de soap.  
And de oders dey did scrub,  
But dey found dey couldn't wash de nigger white.

3

De next thing dey done  
For to make de color run,  
Dey began to rub me wid sand paper:  
Oh! dey nearly killed me dead,  
But dey only made me red:  
I tell you it was an awful caper!  
Den dey whitewashed me so slick,  
But de lime it wouldn't stick:  
I, golly! I was just as black as ever!  
Den dey got a lot of hay,  
And dey rubbed and scrubbed away:  
Oh! dey kept at it all dat night;  
But den dey found, next day,  
Dat de job it wouldn't pay,  
'Kase dey neber could wash de nigger white.

4

When I found dat dey was tired,  
Says I: Gemmen list to me,  
And you will find dat I am a right, man;  
De nigger will be nigger,  
Till de day of Jubilee;  
For, he nebber was intended for a white man;  
Den just skedaddle home,  
Leave de colored man alone;  
For, you're only makin trouble in de nation;  
You may fight, and you may muss,  
You may make a heap of fuss,  
But you nebber will make tings right,  
Until you all agree  
For to let de nigger be:  
'Kase you'll neber, neber, neber wash him white.