

<b>Title:</b>	Contrabands jubilee
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The  
**Contrabands Jubilee**  
Composed by  
**A. J. HIGGINS.**

CHICAGO  
Published by H. M. Higgins 117 Randolph St

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# THE CONTRABANDS JUBILEE.

## SONG & CHORUS.

Words by J. C. WHITTIER.

Music by A. J. HIGGINS.

With a strong accent on the first part of each measure.

1. Oh, praise an'tank! De Lord he come To set de peo-ple free: An'  
 2. Ole mas - sa on he trab - bles gone; He leab de land be - hind; De  
 3. We pray de Lord; he gib us signs Dat someday we he free; De  
 4. We know de prom - ise neb - er fail, An, neb - er lie de word; So,

mas - sa tink it day ob doom, An' we ob ju - bi - lee. De  
 Lord's breff blow him fur - der on, Like corn - shuck in de wind. We  
 Norf - wind tell it to de pines, De wild - duck to de sea; We  
 like de 'pos - tles in de jail, We wait - ed for de Lord: An'

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Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves— He  
 own de hoe, we own de plow, We  
 tink it when de church-bell ring, We  
 now he o - - pen ebe - - ry door, An'

jus' as 'troug as den; He say de word; we  
 own de hands dat hold; We sell de pig, we  
 dream it in; de dream; De rice-bird mean it  
 trow a - way de key; He tink we lub Him

las' night slaves; To-day, de Lord's free-men.  
 sell de cow, But neb-er chile he sold.  
 when he sing, De ea-gle when he scream.  
 so he - fore, We lub him bet-ter free.

Chorus.

*Alc.* De yam will grow, de cot-ton blow, We'll hab de rice an' corn: Oh,

*Alto.* 4. De yam will grow, de cot-ton blow, He'll gih de rice an' corn: So

*Tenor.* De yam will grow, de cot-ton blow, We'll hab de rice an' corn: Oh,

*Bass.*

*PIANO.*

neber you fear, if neber you hear De dri-ver blow his horn!

neber you fear, if neber you hear De dri-ver blow his horn!

neber you fear, if neber you hear De dri-ver blow his horn!

*PIANO.*