

4

-lee. De Lord dat heap de Red-Sea waves He just as strong as
 wind. We own de hoe, we own de plow, We own de hands dat
 sea; We tink it when de church-bell ring We dream it in de
 Lord: An now he o-pen eber-y door An trow a-way de

den; He say de word: we las' night slaves To day de Lord's free
 hold, We sell de pig, we sell de cow, But neb-ber chile be
 dream; De rice-bird mean it when he sing De ea-gle when he
 key; He tink we lub Him so be-fore, We lub him bet-ter

CHORUS

AIR

men. sold. scream. free.

ALTO

TENOR

BASE

De yam will grow, de cot-ton blow, We'll hab de rice an'

Te yam will grow, de cot-ton blow, We'll hab de rice an

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