

HYMN OF THE FREEDMAN.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. EDL. CHAS. W. FRIBBAY



PUB. BY THE SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE FOR RECRUITING COLORED REGIMENTS, 1210, CHESTNUT ST. PHIL.

P.S. DUVAL & SON LITH. PHIL.

Words by GEO. H. BOKER, Esq.

MUSIC by A CONTRABAND.

Arranged by J. P. ROWBOTHAM.

HYMN OF THE FREEDMEN

Words By GEORGE H. BOKER Esq:

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Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a forte (f) dynamic marking.

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the piano accompaniment.

Musical notation for the vocal line of the first verse.

1. Sure-ly God him-self has ris-en O - ver all the wakened world;
 3. God has said make free your brother, As you now yourselves are free;

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of the first verse.

Musical notation for the vocal line of the second verse.

Burst the darkness of the prison, In - to hell the shackels hurled:
 Strike for wife and sire and mother, And for chil-dren on the knee.

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment of the second verse.

For we hear a mighty rat-tle Fill the val-leys and the hills,
 We are worse than Pa-gan scoffers If we fail to do the deed

As the freedmen march to bat-tle As the God of freedom wills.
 That God's grace so freely of-fers To our peo-ple's trampled seed.

CHORUS, With spirit.

AIR.
f Then rally, rally, rally round the flag of lib-er-ty; We are

ALTO.
f Then rally, rally, rally round the flag of lib-er-ty; We are

TENOR.
f Then rally, rally, rally round the flag of lib-er-ty; We are

BASS.
f Then rally, rally, rally round the flag of lib-er-ty; We are

PIANO. *f*

REPEAT CHORUS.

ritard.

men at last and soldiers, we are free, are free, are free.

ritard.

men at last and soldiers, we are free, are free, are free.

ritard.

men at last and soldiers, we are free, are free, are free.

ritard.

men at last and soldiers, we are free, are free, are free.

ritard.

2. God has put the sword and ri - fle In - to la - bor - hardened hands,
4. In the name of God, who heeds us, We will crush the tyrant's power,

And we dare not stop or tri - fle When our God Himself commands.
And we trust to Him who leads us In the bat - tle's bloody hour.

We have cut our bonds a - sun - der, As the mow - er cuts the grain,
He will take us safely o - ver, He will heal our wounds with balm,

And the land shall fill with wonder Ere they find them on a - gain.
And the bless - ed dead He'll co - ver In the hol - low of his palm.