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186 I'm a trav'ling to the Grave.

CHORUS.

I'm a trav'ling to the grave, I'm a trav'ling to the grave, my Lord, I'm a trav'ling to the grave, For to lay this bod-y

FINIS.

down. 1. My Mas-sa died a shouting, Singing glo-ry hal - lo - lu - jah, The last word he said to me, Was a-bout Je - ru - sa - lem.

D. C.

2. My missis died a shouting, &c.
3. My brother died a shouting, &c.
4. My sister died a shouting, &c.

Many Thousand Gone.

Plaintively.

1. No more auc-tion block for me, No more, no more;

No more auction block for me, Ma - ny thousand gone.

2. No more peck o' corn for me, &c.
3. No more driver's lash for me, &c.
4. No more pint o' salt for me, &c.
5. No more hundred lash for me, &c.
6. No more mistress' call for me, &c.

Steal Away.

Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!

FINIS.

Steal a-way, steal a-way home, I hain't got long to stay here.

D. C.

trumpet sounds it in my soul: I hain't got long to stay here.

3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the lightning; The trumpet sounds it in my soul: I hain't got long to stay here. Cho. - Steal away, &c.
4. Tombstones are bursting, Poor sinners are trembling; The trumpet sounds it in my soul: I hain't got long to stay here. Cho. - Steal away, &c.