## A CONTRABAND SONG.

The following rare lyric is the favorite freedom song of the Mississippi Contrabands. Its character and enthusiasm are great, and, among songs of its kind it has no superior. A well-known anti-slavery gentleman of this city presents it to Forney's Press as a curiosity of contraband genius:

## OLD SHADK.

Air-AWAY DOWN SOUTH.

Oh! ya, ya! darkies, laugh with me;
For de white folks say old Shady's free!
Don't you see dat de jubilee
Is comin', comin'! Hail, mighty day!
CHORUS.

Den away, den away, for I can't stay any longer; Hurra, hurra! for I am going home. [Repeat.]

Massa got scared, and so did his lady!
Dis chile broke for ole Uncle Aby;
Open de gates out? here's ole Shady
Comin', comin'! Hail, mighty day.
CHORUS—Repeat.

Good bye, Massa Jeff! good-bye, Missus Stevens, 'Scuse dis nigger for taking his leavins; 'Spec, pretty soon, you'll see Uncle Abram's Comin', comin'! Hail, mighty day.

CHORUS—Repeat.

Good-bye, hard work, and never any pay—
I'm goin' up Norf where de white folks stay;
White wheat-bread and a dollar a day!
Comin', comin'! Hail, mighty day.
CHORUS—Repeat.

I've got a wife, and she's got a baby,
Way up Norf in Lower Canady—
Won't dey shout when dey see ole Shady
Comin', comin'! Hail, mighty day.
Сновия—Repeat.

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