

To Fred. Douglass Esq.



25 Cents nett.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY
GEORGE N. ALLEN.

CLEVELAND, O.

Published by S. BRAINARD & CO. 77, Superior St.

O. DITSON,
BOSTON.

MOULD AND GREENE,
CHICAGO.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILCAR,
OR

SONG OF THE FUGITIVE.

COMPOSED BY G.N.ALLEN.

3



2^d. V. I've serv'd my Mas - ter all my days with - out the least re - - ward, And



1st. V. I'm on my way to Cana - - da a freeman's rights to share - The



now I'm forc'd to flee a - way to shun the lash ab - - hor'd; The



cruel wrongs of Slave - - - ry I can no longer bear; My



hounds are bray - ing on my track - My Mas - ter's just be - - hind, Re - -

heart is crush'd with - in me so while I remain a slave. That

solv'd that he will bring me back and fast his fet - - ters bind.

I'm resolv'd to strike the blow for Freedom or the Grave!

CHORUS.

Tenor.

O Great Fa - ther! do thou pit - y me. And

Alto.

O Great Fa - ther! do thou pit - y me. And

Soprano.

O Great Fa - ther! do thou pit - y me. And

Basso.

O Great Fa - ther! do thou pit - y me. And

Piano.

help me on to Can - a - da where the panting slave is free!

help me on to Can - a - da where the panting slave is free!

help me on to Can - a - da where the panting slave is free!

help me on to Can - a - da where the panting slave is free!

The musical score consists of four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are repeated on each vocal staff. The piano part features a steady bass line and a more active treble line with chords and single notes.

3

I've heard that Queen Victoria has pledged us all a home
 Beyond the reach of Slavery, if we will only come;
 So I have fled this weary way, my guide the bright north star, -
 And now, thank God, I speed to day in the Underground Railcar.

Cho^s O old Master! why come after me -
 I'm whizzing fast to Canada, where the panting slave is free!

4

I now embark for yonder shore, sweet land of liberty,
 The vessel soon will bear me o'er, and I shall then be free;
 No more I'll dread the auctioneer, nor fear the Master's frowns,
 No more I'll tremble lest I hear the baying of the hounds.

Cho^s O old Master, 'tis vain to follow me,
 I'm just in sight of Canada, where the panting slave is free!

5

Yes! I am safe in Canada, - my soul and body free -
 My blood and tears no more shall drench thy soil, O Tennessee!
 Yet how can I suppress the tear that's stealing from my eye,
 To think my friends and kindred dear as slaves must live and die.

Cho^s O dear friends, haste and follow me, -
 For I am safe in Canada, where the panting slave is free!