

SONGS.

Ho! the car of emancipation
Rides majestic through our nation,
Bearing on its train the story
Liberty a nation's glory.

CHORUS.

Roll it along, roll it along, roll it
along
Through the nation freedom car
emancipation.

All true friends of emancipation
Haste to freedom's railroad station,
Quick into the cars get seated
All is ready and completed.

CHORUS.
Put on the steam, put on the steam,
put on the steam,
They are all trying, liberty a nation's
crying.

Railroad to emancipation
Can not rest on clay's foundation
And the road that Polk directs us
Leads to Slavery and to Texas.

CHORUS.

Pull up the rails, pull up the rails,
pull up the rails,
They all are trying, liberty a nation
crying.

I'M ON MY WAY TO CANADA.

May be sung to the tune Oh! Susannah.

I'm on my way to Canada,
That free and happy land,
The dire effects of slavery
I can no longer stand;
My soul is vexed within me so,
To think I am a slave,
I'm now resolved to strike the
blow
To freedom or the grave.

Cho—Oh! righteous Father
Wilt thou pity me
And aid me on to Canada,
Where colored men are
free.

I heard old master pray last
night,
I heard him pray for me,
That God would come with all
His might,
From Satan set me free.
If I from Satan would escape
And flee the wrath to come;
If there's a fiend in human shape
Old master must be o're.

Cho—Oh! Oh! master,
While you pray for me,
I'm doing all I can to reach
The land of liberty.

I heard that Queen Victoria said
If we would all forsake
Our native land of slavery,
And come across the lake,
That she was standing on the shore,
With arms extended wide,
To give us all a peaceful home
Beyond the rolling tide.

Cho—Farewell! old master,
That's enough for me,
I'm just in sight of Canada,
Where colored men are free.