

**"The Lay of a Freedman": The *Staunton Spectator***

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**The Lay of a Freedman**

Ise Free! Ise Free! de 'pfessor's yoke,  
De sword am cut in two,  
And darfore *white men* let me spoke,  
For Ise as free as you.

From massa, Oberseer and Lash,  
Ise free as you 'em aware,  
Ise free--to sleep in swamp and marsh--  
Ise free--to feed on Air.

De yankee Preachers preach to kill,  
Dey squench the Spirits thirst;  
I wish dare Bread of Life would fill  
De empty stummuck fust.

Dey talk about De Promised land,  
Wiv milk and honey flowing,  
But when I reaches out de hand,  
Dar's no setch rations going.

Ise free to work for Daily Bread,  
And butter if I can,  
"And dis," de *white man* says to Ned,  
"*Dis* is to be a man!"

I s'pose it am; I bress de Lord  
Dat Linkum guv me free!  
But nebberd'less its berry hard,  
To starve on Liberty.