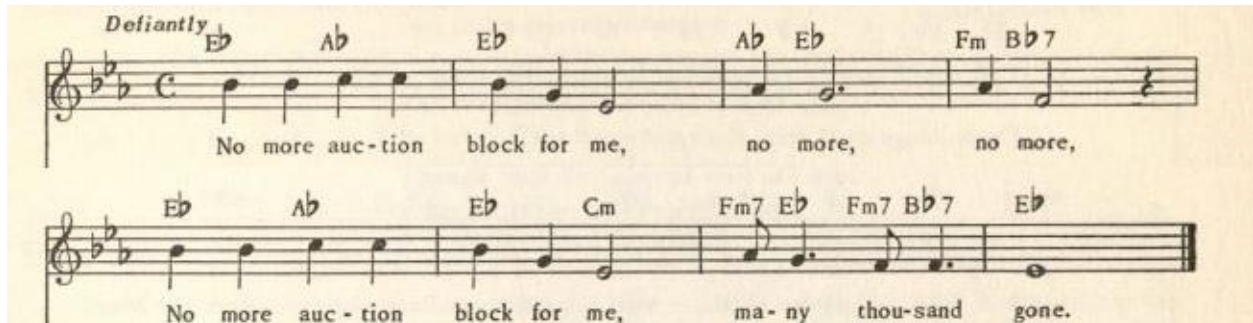


Many Thousand Gone (No More Auction Block for Me) traditional



*E*_(½) *A*_(½) *E* *A*_(¼) *E*_(¾) *F#m*_(¼) *B7*_(¾)
 No more auc-tion block for me, no more, no more.
*E*_(½) *A*_(½) *E*_(½) *C#m*_(½) *F#m7*_(¼) *E*_(¼) *F#m7*_(¼) *B7*_(¼) *E*
 No more auc-tion block for me, man y thousand gone.

No more peck of corn for me, no more, no more
 No more peck of corn for me, many thousand gone.

No more driver's lash for me, no more, no more
 No more driver's lash for me, many thousand gone.

No more pint of salt for me, no more, no more
 No more driver's lash for me, many thousand gone.

No more hundred lash for me, no more, no more
 No more hundred lash for me, many thousand gone.

No more mistress call for me, no more, no more
 No more mistress call fro me, many thousand gone.

No more children stole from me, no more, no more
 No more children stole from me, many thousand gone.

No more slavery chains for me, no more, no more
 No more slavery chains for me, many thousand gone.

"I asked one of these blacks where they got these songs. :Dey make 'em, sah!" How do they make them? "I'll tell you, it's dis way. My master calls me up and order me a short peck of corn and a hundred lash. My friends see it, and is sorry for me. When dey come to de praise-meeting dat night dey sing about it. Some's very good singers and know how; and dey work it in – work it in, you know, till they get it right; and dat's de way!"