

No More Mourning
By:John Handcox
a slave spiritual

No more mournin', no more mournin',
No more mournin' after a while,
And before I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in my grave,
Take my place with those who loved
And fought before.

No more sorrows, no more sorrows,
No more sorrows after a while,
And before I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in my grave,
Take my place with those who loved
And fought before.

No more mis'ry, no more mis'ry,
No more mis'ry after a while,
And before I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in my grave,
Take my place with those who loved
And fought before.

No more cryin', no more cryin',
No more cryin' after a while,
And before I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in my grave,
Take my place with those who loved
And fought before.

No more weepin', no more weepin',
No more weepin' after a while,
And before I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in my grave,
Take my place with those who loved
And fought before.

No more slav'ry, no more slav'ry,
No more slav'ry after a while,
And before I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in my grave,
Take my place with those who loved
And fought before.

Oh, freedom, oh, freedom,
Oh, freedom after a while,
And before I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in my grave,
Take my place with those who loved
And fought before.