

A Plantation Melody

De trees is bendin' in de sto'm,
De rain done hid de mountain's fo'm,
I 's 'lone an' in distress.

But listen, dah's a voice I hyeah,
A-sayin' to me, loud an' cleah,
"Lay low in de wildaness."

De lightnin' flash, de bough sway low,
My po' sick hea't is trimblin' so,
It hu'ts my very breas'.

But him dat give de lightnin' powah
Jes' bids me in de tryin' howah
"Lay low in de wildaness."

O brothah, w'en de tempes' beat,
An' w'en yo' weary head an' feet
Can't fin' no place to res',

Jes' 'membah dat de Mastah's nigh,

An' putty soon you'll hyeah de cry,

"Lay low in de wildaness."

O sistah, w'en de rain come down,

An' all yo' hopes is 'bout to drown,

Don't trus' de Mastah less.

He smilin' w'en you t'ink he frown,

He ain' gwine let yo' soul sink down —

Lay low in de wildaness.