



**SONG AND CHORUS:**

Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth,  
And was bought for a bagful of gold;  
He was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth,  
But he died years ago, very old.

'Twas his last sad request—so we laid him away  
In the trunk of an old hollow tree;  
“Wake me up!” was his charge, “at the first break of day—  
Wake me up for the great Jubilee!”

*Words and Music by*

**HENRY CLAY WORK.**

CHICAGO:

-3½-

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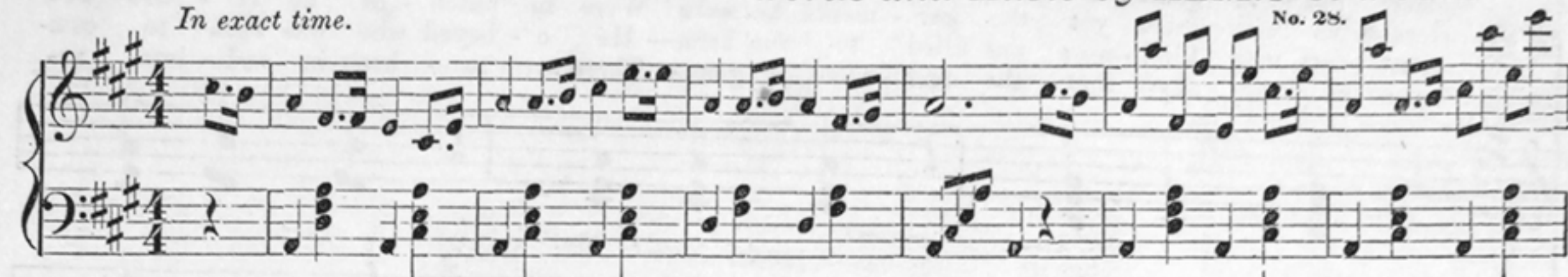


# WAKE NICODEMUS!

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

No. 28.

*In exact time.*



1. Nic - o - de - mus, the slave, was of Af - ri - can birth,  
2. He was known as a proph - et— at least was as wise—  
3. Nic - o - de - mus was nev - er the sport of the lash,  
4. 'Twas a long wea - ry night— we were al - most in fear

And was bought for a bag - ful of gold;  
For he told of the bat - tles to come;  
Though the bul - let has oft cross'd his path:  
That the fu - ture was more than he knew;

He was reck - on'd as part of the  
And we trem - bled with dread when he  
There were none of his mas - ters so  
'Twas a long wea - ry night— but the

salt of the earth, But he died years a - go, ver - y old. 'Twas his  
roll'd up his eyes, And we heed - ed the shake of his thumb. Though he  
brave or so rash As to face such a man in his wrath. Yet his  
morn - ing is near, And the words of our proph - et are true. There are



last sad re - quest— so we laid him a - way In the trunk of an old hol - low  
 clothed us with fear, yet the gar - ments he wore Were in patch - es at el - bow and  
 great heart with kind - ness was filled to the brim— He o - beyed who was born to com -  
 signs in the sky that the dark - ness is gone— There are to - kens in end - less ar -

tree. "Wake me up!" was his charge, "at the first break of day— Wake me  
 knee; And he still wears the suit that he used to of yore, As he  
 mand: But he long'd for the morn - ing which then was so dim— For the  
 ray; While the storm which had seem - ing - ly ban - ished the dawn, On - ly

## Chorus.

up for the great Ju - bi - lee!" The "GOOD TIME COM-ING" is al - most here! It was  
 sleeps in the old hol - low tree.  
 morn-ing which now is at hand.  
 hast-ens the ad-vent of day.

Air

Alto

Tenor

The "GOOD TIME COM-ING" is al - most here! It was



long, long, long on the way! Now run and tell E-li-jah to hur-ry up Pomp, And

long, long, long on the way! Now run and tell E-li-jah to hur-ry up Pomp, And

meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp, To wake Nic-o-de-mus to-day.

meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp, To wake Nic-o-de-mus to-day.