Go Down Moses

"Let My People Go"

*When Israel was in Egypt's Land,  
Let my people go,  
Oppressed so hard they could not stand,   
Let my people go.*

*[Chorus]*

*Go down, Moses,  
Way down in Egypt's Land.  
Tell ol' Pharaoh,  
Let my people go.*

*Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,  
Let my people go,  
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,  
Let my people go.*

*No more shall they in bondage toil,  
Let my people go,  
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,   
Let my people go.*

*The Lord told Moses what to do,  
Let my people go,  
To lead the Hebrew children through,  
Let my people go.*

**Frederick Douglass Commentary**

### Connection between text and song:

“Go Down, Moses” is a slave spiritual with an unknown artist. Many slave spirituals are communally-driven and made as a group, so this fact does not seem a surprise. Though not published until 1861, “Go Down, Moses” was sung long before, perhaps even during Turner’s revolt in 1931.

In chapter two of Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, Douglass speaks of how many white people mistakenly view slave spirituals as happy songs. Douglass instead states that the songs represent the sorrows of slaves’ hearts and help them deal with their plights.

### ****Excerpt from chapter two of**** Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass

The slaves selected to go to the Great House Farm, for the monthly allowance for themselves and their fellow-slaves, were peculiarly enthusiastic. While on their way, they would make the dense old woods, for miles around, reverberate with their wild songs, revealing at once the highest joy and the deepest sadness. They would compose and sing as they went along, consulting neither time nor tune. The thought that came up, came out--if not in the word, in the sound; --and as frequently in the one as in the other. They would sometimes sing the most pathetic sentiment in the most rapturous tone, and the most rapturous sentiment in the most pathetic tone. Into all of their songs they would manage to weave something of the Great House Farm. Especially would they do this, when leaving home. They would then sing most exultingly the following words:--

"I am going away to the Great House Farm!   
O, yea! O, yea! O!"

This they would sing, as a chorus, to words which to many would seem unmeaning jargon, but which, nevertheless, were full of meaning to themselves. I have sometimes thought that the mere hearing of those songs would do more to impress some minds with the horrible character of slavery, than the reading of whole volumes of philosophy on the subject could do.

I did not, when a slave, understand the deep meaning of those rude and apparently incoherent songs. I was myself within the circle; so that I neither saw nor heard as those without might see and hear. They told a tale of woe which was then altogether beyond my feeble comprehension; they were tones loud, long, and deep; they breathed the prayer and complaint of souls boiling over with the bitterest anguish. Every tone was a testimony against slavery, and a prayer to God for deliverance from chains. The hearing of those wild notes always depressed my spirit, and filled me with ineffable sadness. I have frequently found myself in tears while hearing them. The mere recurrence to those songs, even now, afflicts me; and while I am writing these lines, an expression of feeling has already found its way down my cheek. To those songs I trace my first glimmering conception of the dehumanizing character of slavery. I can never get rid of that conception. Those songs still follow me, to deepen my hatred of slavery, and quicken my sympathies for my brethren in bonds. If any one wishes to be impressed with the soul-killing effects of slavery, let him go to Colonel Lloyd's plantation, and, on allowance-day, place himself in the deep pine woods, and there let him, in silence, analyze the sounds that shall pass through the chambers of his soul,--and if he is not thus impressed, it will only be because "there is no flesh in his obdurate heart."

I have often been utterly astonished, since I came to the north, to find persons who could speak of the singing, among slaves, as evidence of their contentment and happiness. It is impossible to conceive of a greater mistake. Slaves sing most when they are most unhappy. The songs of the slave represent the sorrows of his heart; and he is relieved by them, only as an aching heart is relieved by its tears. At least, such is my experience. I have often sung to drown my sorrow, but seldom to express my happiness. Crying for joy, and singing for joy, were alike uncommon to me while in the jaws of slavery. The singing of a man cast away upon a desolate island might be as appropriately considered as evidence of contentment and happiness, as the singing of a slave; the songs of the one and of the other are prompted by the same emotion.

1. What was the tone and mood of the song? \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
2. Do you agree with Frederick Douglass on his assessment of slave songs?

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1. What knowledge does the listener or reader need in order to understand this song?

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What kind of language is used in this song? Why do you think the composer chose to use this language? \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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1. How are various groups of people portrayed in this song? Whose perspective is privileged? Whose perspective is excluded?

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1. If you were a slave, how do you think you would feel while listening to or singing this song? What would you think if you were a white Southerner?

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