ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

SONG

THE OLD BOATMAN

WORDS BY

HOWARD WEEDEN

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The Old Boatman

I changed my name, when I got free,
   To "Mister" like the res',
But now dat I am going Home
I likes de ol' name be.

Sweet voices callin' "Uncle Rome,"
   Seem ringin' in my ears;
An swearin' sort o' sociable,
   Ol' Master's voice I hears.

De way he used to call his boat,
   Across de river: "Rome!"
You damn ol' nigger, come an' bring
   Dat boat, an' row me home!"

He's passed Heaven's river now, an' soon
   He'll call across its foam:
"You, Rome, you damn ol' nigger, loose
   Your boat, an' come on Home!"

Howard Weeden.
The Old Boatman.

HOward Weeden.*
Eleanor Everest Freer.

Andantino.

I changed my name when I got free, To "Mis-ter" like the rest,

But now that I am going Home I likes de ol' name best.

Sweet voices calling "Uncle Rome, Seem ring' in my ears;

An' swear-in' sort o' sociable, Ol' Mas-ter's voice I hears.

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rit. sin 'al fino

Rome, you damn ol' nigger, loose your boat, an' come on Home!"

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