

May 2018

Poor Old Slave, As Sung by J. Carroll.

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Recommended Citation

"Poor Old Slave, As Sung by J. Carroll." (2018). *Poetry and Songs*. 11.
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Poor Old Slave.

As sung by J. Carroll, with Tremendous Applause, at White's celebrated Band of Minstrels, 53 Bowery, N. Y.

'Tis just one year ago to day,
That I remember well,
I sat down by poor Nelly's side
A story she did tell ;
'Twas about a poor unhappy slave
That lived for many a year,
But now he's dead and in his grave,
No master does he fear.

CHORUS.

The poor old slave has gone to rest,
We know that he is free,
Disturb him not, but let him rest
Way down in Tennessee.

She took my arm, we walked along
Into an open field,
And here she paused to breathe awhile,
Then to his grave did steal.
She sat down by that little mound,
And softly whispered there,
Come to me, father, 'tis thy child,
Then gently dropped a tear.
The poor old slave, &c.

But since that time, how things have changed,
Poor Nelly that was my bride,
Is laid beneath the cold grave sod,
With her father by her side.
I planted there upon her grave,
The weeping willow tree,
I bathed its roots with many a tear,
That it might shelter me.
The poor old slave, &c.

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A. Crawford Greene, Book and Job Printer, 24 Westminster street, Providence.