

Parted

De breeze is blowin' 'cross de bay.

My lady, my lady;

De ship hit teks me far away,

My lady, my lady.

Ole Mas' done sol' me down de stream;

Dey tell me 't ain't so bad's hit seem,

My lady, my lady.

O' co'se I knows dat you'll be true,

My lady, my lady;

But den I do' know whut to do,

My lady, my lady.

I knowed some day we'd have to pa't,

But den hit put' nigh breaks my hea't,

My lady, my lady.

De day is long, de night is black,

My lady, my lady;

I know you'll wait twell I come back,

My lady, my lady.

I'll stan' de ship, I'll stan' de chain,

But I'll come back, my darlin' Jane,

My lady, my lady.

Jes' wait, jes' b'lieve in whut I say,

My lady, my lady;

D' ain t nothin' dat kin keep me 'way,

My lady, my lady.

A man's a man, an' love is love;

God knows ouah hea'ts, my little dove;

He'll he'p us f'om his th'one above,

My lady, my lady.