

W'en I Gits Home

It's moughty tiahsome layin' 'roun'

Dis sorrer-laden earfly groun',

An' oftentimes I thinks, thinks I,

'T would be a sweet t'ing des to die,

An' go 'long home.

Home whaih de frien's I loved'll say,

"We've waited fu' you many a day,

Come hyeah an' res' yo'se'f, an' know

You's done wid sorrer an' wid woe,

Now you's at home."

W'en I gits home some blessid day,

I 'lows to th'ow my caihs erway,

An' up an' down de shinin' street,

Go singin' sof' an' low an' sweet,

W'en I gits home.

I wish de day was neah at han',
I 's tiahed of dis grievin' lan',
I 's tiahed of de lonely yeahs,
I want to des dry up my teahs,
An' go 'long home.

Oh, Mastah, won't you sen' de call?
My frien's is daih, my hope, my all.
I 's waitin' whaih de road is rough,
I want to hyeah you say, "Enough,
Ol' man, come home!"