

Title:	Freedman's song
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Union

No 1901

THE
FREEDMAN'S SONG



WORDS BY
A. R. WATSON

MUSIC BY
F. W. SMITH.

NEW ORLEANS
 Published by **A. E. BLACKMAR 167 Canal St.**

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THE FREEDMAN'S SONG.

Words by A. R. Watson.

Music by F. W. Smith.

Allegretto.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

Musical notation for the first line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1 A Freedman sat on a pile of bricks, As the rain was pattering down, His".

Musical notation for the second line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "shoes were worn and his coat was torn, And his hat was without a crown; He".

Musical notation for the third line of the song, including a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "viewed the clouds and he viewed himself, And he shook the wet from his head, And a".

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tear dimm'd his eye as he saw go by, A boy with a loaf of bread, And he raised his voice in a

dole - ful tone That sounded like a gong, While the rain came down on his

cres.

happy crown, And sang to himself this song, And sang to himself this song.

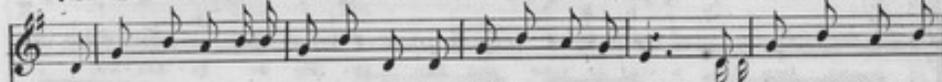
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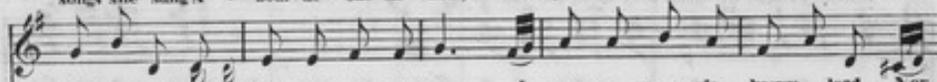
6 I dreamt last night ole massa come, And took us homewif he, To de log ca-bin
7 And Di-nah sits dere on de ground, And looks so thin and poor, She cannot sing de



2 De wind blows cold but Ise done with toil, And left de cot-ton patch, I guess ole massa
3 I tink last night as I tried to sleep, Up-on de muddy ground, While de rain was droppin'
4 I've got all ragged 'bout de knees, My shoes are worn out too, My coat's so old dat
5 De od-der day when Pinkney died, I tink it ber-ry good, Dat de dear Lord should



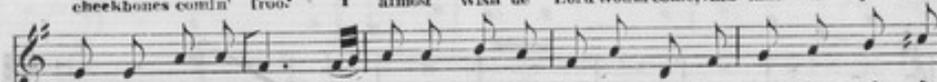
dat we left When fust dey sot us free, And dar I built de light'ood fire, And
songs she sung A-bout de cab-in door, Her poor old limbs are almost bare, Her



tink he count De chickens 'fore dey hatch, I totes no more de heavy load Nor
on my head And de wind was whizzin' 'round, I'd like to hab my light'ood fire And my
from each sleeve de el-hows com-in' frow, And dars de child-ren dat once played in
take her off be-fore dis cold wind blowed, But den 'twas hard to see her die I



Di-nah cook de yam, Dey say dat dreams are sometimes true! I wonder if dis
cheekbones comin' frow: I almost wish de Lord would come, And take her up dar



drives ole Missus 'round, I wonder who dey's gwine to get, To work de patch ob
ca-bin back a-gain, For de wedder's getting ber-ry cold, Out here in all dis
shirt-tail 'bout de yard, I cannot buy a shirt for dem, De times so ber-ry
wish shed not been born, I've 'traid she famished, for she asked 'bout de rice and



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