

© JUL 26 1909
CL. E. 214537
AUG 28 1909

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

SONG

THE OLD BOATMAN

WORDS BY

HOWARD WEEDEN

⑤

PUBLISHED BY

W. H. WILLIS & Co.
CINCINNATI CHICAGO.
Cor. 4th & Elm Sts. 20 East Adams St

243763

m1621

. F

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 bes'.

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.

Op. 23, No 1.

Andantino.

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

now that I am go-ing Home I likes de ol' name bes'. Sweet

voi-ces cal-lin "Un-cle Rome, Seem ring-in' in my ears; An'

swear-in' sort o' so-cia-ble, Ol' Mas-ter's voice I hears. De

* Words used by permission of Doubleday Page & Co., Copyright 1909.

Copyright MCMIX by W. H. Willis & Co.

way he used to call his boat a - cross the riv - er: "Rome! You

damn ol' nig - ger, come an' bring Dat boat, an' row me home!" He's

meno mosso
passed Hea - ven's riv - er now, an' soon He'll call a - cross its foam: "You,

meno mosso

rit. sin 'al fino
Rome, you damn ol' nig - ger, loose your boat, an' come on Home!"

rit. sin 'al fino