

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Poor Old Slave

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The poor old slave has gone to rest
We know that he is free.
His bones, they lie, disturb them nay.
Way down in Tennessee.

The poor, poor old slave, slave has gone, gone, to rest, rest
We know, know that he, he is free, free, free
His bones, bones, they lie, lie dis-turb, -turb them nay, nay
Way down, down in Tenn-, Tennessee, see, see

The pop-poor old slop-slave has gop-gone to rop-rest
We knop-know that hop-he is free, free, free
His bop-bones they lop-lie dis-top-turb them nop-nay
Way dop-down in Top-Tennessee, see see.

The piggily-poor old sliggily-slave has giggily-gone to riggily-rest
We kniggily-know that higgily-he is free, free, free
His biggily-bones they liggily-lie dis-tiggily-turb them niggily-nay
Way diggily-down in Tiggily-Tennessee, see, see.

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