

Uncle Joe - song lyrics

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UNCLE JOE.

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Words And Music by James Bland.

Oh! they call me Uncle Joe, I was bred and born, you know,
In a pleasant spot not far away from here
When I think of days gone by, it almost makes me cry
For my birth-place that I've always loved so dear;
I used to play the banjo just beside the cabin-door
And watch the children dancing on the green.
But then days am passed and gone und they never will return.
Since I've left my old log cabin by the stream.

Chorus.

Will I hear the darkies voices as I used to years ago,
Yes, we're waiting to receive you. Uncle Joe.
oh: it seems to me a dream-hark! list to the tambourine;
Oh! the sound comes from my cabin by the stream.

Oh! I know I soon shall die, and it almost makes me cry
When I've got to leave the spot where I was born;
I have traveled far alone just to see my dear old home.
But I thought that all the color'd folks had gone,
But now I think I'm wrong, yet I'll sing my little song.
For everything to me seems like a dream;
When the darkies hear my voice it will make their hearts rejoice.
For I've come to see my cabin by the stream.-Chorus.