

Poor Old Jesse's Blind - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Poor Old Jesse's Blind.

Yonder'stands de cabin home whar I was born,
Whar I hoed de cotton an' de yellow corn,
Dar my good ole massa was so kind to me,
But he's gone to heaven whar I longs to be.

Refrain.

Hear de darkies singing down among de cane,
How dey make me feel dat I am young again-
But I'se ole and feeble-blind-I cannot see-
Massa is in lieaven, no one cares for me;
Pity poor ole Jesse, then, he was always kind-
Massa used to love him, and now poor ole Jesse's blind.

Chorus.

Pity poor ole Jesse, then, he was always kind-
Massa used to love him, and now poor ole Jesse's blind.

Dar my wife am sleepin' 'neath de willow tree,
Angels took her spirit to dat land so free;
How I long to meet her in dat home above,
Whar dar is no sorrow-all am peace and love.-Refrain.

All my days am numbered, soon I*11 have to go-
Soou I'll leave de sorrow of dis earth below;
Dey will lay me gently whar de willows wave.
But dar's none who'll shed a tear on ole Jesse's grave.-Refrain.