

Little Sam - song lyrics

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LITTLE SAM.

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Words and Music by Will S. Hays.

I'm a happy little darkey, all the way from Alabam,
Whar I used to hoe de cotton and de cane,
An' de white folks dey will miss me when dey shout for little Sam;
Kase I'm neber gwine to lib wid dem again.
Oh! I leff 'em in de night, when de moon was shining bright,
An' I struck out to find de happy land;
I leff my only brudder to take care of my mother-
I was bound to be a little contraband.

Chorus.

High, oh, high! Listen till I tell you who I am:
I'se a roving little darkey, all de way from Alabam;
I'se as free as anybody, am' dey call me little Sam.

De cabin whar I used to lib is settin' on de hill,
And de mockingbird is singin' jes' as free,
Whar I used to set and listen to de music ob de rill,
As it hunted for de riber to de sea;
And when de work was o'er, we would gather 'round de door
I Oh de cabin-all de darkies in a jam:
An' dey'd keep de banjo ringin' while dey listen to me singin',
But i ran away to be a contraband.-Chorus.

I'se around among the white folks, doin' for dem all I can.
For to keep me busy workup all de day;
And when I duz. my duty well, dey pays me like a man,
And I goes and puts my money all away;
And I'll save up eb'ry cent, 'cept what I've gone and spent,
Kase I'se gwine to travel down to Alabam,
For to see my only brudder and my dear old, aged mother,
Who will gib a welcome home to "Little Sam. " -Chorus.