

# Treadwater Jim - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

TREADWATER JIM.

By S. W. Small (old Si).

Who's dat? W'y dat's Treadwater Jim-  
De wust little nigger in town-  
What de fokes all sez dey'll hang him,  
'Kase w'y, hit don't seem he kin drown!  
He keeps hisself dere in de watah  
'Bout haf ob his time in de year  
An' of He's got enny home 'round hyar  
Hits out on de eend ob dat pier!

Well, de name what he's got-it was gin him  
By fokes what was kno' in de facks,  
Fer dey sed dat sum title was due him  
'Kase he'd done wun de nobles' of acks!  
Oh koarse I kin tell yer de story,  
'Kase I was rite dar on de spot,  
An' of Jim is entitul'd ter glory  
He fa'rly earnt all dat he's got!

Yer see, bit wuz out on de wahf, dar,  
Wun sunshiney mawnin' in May,  
Dat er little chile up fum de Nawf, ear,  
Wuz tooken out uar fer ter play;  
An' Jim wuz out dar wid his Ash-line,  
An' de nuss warn't a-watchin' de chile,  
So hit walked off rite inter de brine  
At dat corner dar by de big pile)

Well, den dar wuz skreemin' an' cryin'  
Fum all de folks 'round on de pier.  
But Jim seed hit warn't no use tryin'  
Ter reskew de chile fum up heah-  
So he tuck er long dive for de watah  
An' struck whar de chile bed gone down,  
An' bit tuck him so long fer ter fine hit  
De peeple tho't bofe 'em would drown.

But purty soon out in de stream dar  
Er kinky black bed cum in site,  
An' helt close ter his bres' wif bofe ban's, sah,  
Wuz de baby all limpy an' white!  
Den de mouts ob de peeple wuz opin'd  
In er long an' 'enkuridgin' shout!  
"Cum on wid de bote, men!" J im holler'd-  
"I'll tread watah ontell yer git out!"

Den dey bent ter der ores like Marsters  
An' flew ter whar Jim, wid de chile,  
Wuz doin' his bes' ter keep flotin',  
But weak'nin' hiz lick all de while!  
Dey brought de two heah ter de landin'  
An' de mudder wuz crazy wid joy,  
While de father jiss retch'd fer dat darkey  
An' hugged him ez do' his own boy!

So, yer see, dat's de reezin dey gib him  
Do name dat yer heer'd me jess call-  
An' nobody boddors along wid Jim,  
An' he does ez be pleezee wid all!  
Ob koarse, what be done wnz rite brave, sah.  
An' mebbe wuz wurthy er crown-  
But Jim!-Well, Jim's jess de blamedes'  
No 'count little nigger in town)