

90      Songs of a Shanty-Man

Great crowd of people stan' aroun',  
Of h'every kin' I'll see,  
De rich an' poor an' de habitant,  
Dey tole me dat was he.

I'll take me cap right off me head,  
An' stan' dere all alone,  
While me bes' dear fren' was carry by,  
So dead an' cole lak' stone.

De tear was run down on me face,  
I cannot keep dem dry,  
I feel so lonesome, got no fren',  
I'll cry, an' cry, an' cry.

So when de las' man pass along,  
On all dat funeral line,  
I'll tak' me place de very las',  
An' follow slow behin'.

I want to pay me las' devoir,  
Fer him I love so well,  
My heart was beat de very same,  
Jus' lak' dat sad Church bell.

I'm only poor habitant shanty man,  
But me heart e's love Nature ;  
I'll try to do me bes' down here,  
An' be kin' aldo' I'm poor.