

Oh! car-ry me 'long' Der's no moretrouble for me. I's guine to roam in a
All o-ber de land I've wandered ma-ny a day, To blow de horn and

happy_ homewhere all de darkeysam free. I've worked long in de fields; I've
mind_ de corn, And keep de possum a - way. No use for me now_ So

han-dled ma-ny a hoe. I'll turn my eye, be - fore I die, And_ see de su - gar cane
darkeys, bur-y me low. My horn is dry, and I must lie Wha' de possum ne-ber can

grow. Oh! Boys, Car-ry Me 'Long; Car-ry me till I die. Car-ry me down to de
go.

bury in' groun', Massa, don't you cry. Oh! car-ry me 'long' Der's no moretrouble for

me. I's guine to roam in a happy_ homewhere all de darkeysam free. I've

worked long in de fields; I've han-dled ma-ny a hoe. I'll turn my eye, be -

fore I die, And_ see de su - gar cane grow. Oh! Boys, Car-ry Me 'Long;

Car-ry me till I die. Car-ry me down to de bury-in' groun', Massa, don't you cry.