My Dear Savannah Home - song lyrics

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MY DEAR SAVANNAH HOME.

Whar de balmy air is sighing,
And de roses catch de dew,
And de mocking bird am singing in tic trees,
Par's a charming lubly city,
And I'll eber hold it true,
I was bro't up 'mong its butterflies and bees.
In de pastures and de fields
I lived de whole day long,
But from all of dem I'se been obliged to roam,
And when I think of happy times,
Pe merry dance and song,
I long to see my dear Savannah home.

Chorus.
I long to see you once again, and feel de scented breeze,
And thro' dose sunny streets I long to roam;
I long to hear de mockin' birds a singin' in de trees
Pat grow around my dear Savannah home.

All de sweet magnolia blossoms
Pat was blooming in de lanes,
And garden dat was loaded with perfume,
All am dearer to dis darkey
Pan de long and lebel plains.
And dar I always had enough ob room.
When de shining moon at night
Was looking from de skies,
And we pushed de flat-boat from de ribber side,
And down de rippling waters whar
Pe Fort Pulaski lies,
Our jolly dancing parties used to glide.-Chorus.

But dose happy days are ober now,
Pe boys hah gone away,
And de collud gals are scattered o'er de land;
Oh! de times ain't as dey used to be
When massa had his say,
And each plantation had its niggar band.
Near dat little cabin home,
Pe place whar I was born,
Par's a quiet, lubly spot, I'd like to see,
'Tis whar dey laid my mudder down,
One pleasant Summer morn.
While songsters sang a sad and plaintive glee.-Chorus,