

Harriet Tubman

One night I dreamed
I was in slavery
'Bout 1850 was the time;
Sorrow was the only sigh-
Nothing around to ease my mind.
Out of the night appeared a lady
Leading a distant pilgrim band.

“First mate,” she called, pointing her hand
“Make room a-board for this young woman”.

*Saying, Come on up, uh - huh
I've got a life line, Come on up to this train of mine.
Come on up, uh - huh
I've got a life line, Come on up to this train of mine.
She said her name was Harriet Tubman, and she drove
for the underground - Railroad*

Hundreds of miles we traveled onward
Gathering slaves from town to town,
seeking every lost and found.
Setting those free that once were bound.
Somehow my heart was growing weaker,
fell by the wayside's sinking sand.
Firmly did this lady stand
Lifted me up and took my hand - saying

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