

Ray Charles, Carry Me Back To Old Virginny

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and tators grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring time,
There's where the darkies' heart am longed to go.

There's where I labored so hard for old massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love more sincerely,
Than old Virginny the state where I was born.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where I lived till I withered and decay,
Long by the old dismal swamp have I wandered,
There's where these old darkies' life am passed away.

Massa and misses, have long gone before me,
Soon we'll meet on that bright and golden shore.
There's where we'll happy and free from all sorrow,
There's where we'll live and we'll never part no more.

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There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring time,
There's where the old darkies' heart am longed to go.