

Harriet Tubman

Walter Robinson

One night I dreamed I was in slavery,
'Bout eighteen fifty was the time,
Sorrow was the only sign,
Nothing around to ease my mind.
Out of the night appeared a lady,
Leading a distant pilgrim band.
"First mate," she yelled, pointing her hand,
"Make room on board for this young woman."

**Singing: Come on up, mm mm mm, I got a lifeline
Come on up to this train of mine
Come on up, mm mm mm, I got a lifeline
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 travelled onward,
Gathering slaves from town to town,
Seeking every lost and found,
Setting those free who once were bound.
Somehow my heart was growing weaker,
I fell by the wayside's sinking sand.
Firmly did this lady stand,
Lifted me up and took my hand.

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