

Harriet Tubman

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 woman
Leading a distant pilgrim band
"First mate" she yelled, pointing her hand,
Make room on board for this young man

Chorus

Come on up, I've got a life line,
come on up to this train of mine.
Come on up, 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 under-ground railroad

Hundreds of miles we travelled onwards
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 woman stand
Lifted me up and took my hand.

Chorus