

# Carry Me Back to Old Virginny

by James A. Bland  
(1871)

$F_{(3/4)}$   $Bb_{(1/4)}$   $F_{(3/4)}$   $A7_{(1/4)}$   $Bb$   $F$   
Carry me back to old Virginny,  
 $F$   $F$   $G7$   $C7$   
There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,  
 $F_{(1/2)}$   $Bb_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $A7_{(1/2)}$   $Bb$   $F$   
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,  
 $F$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $D7_{(1/2)}$   $G7_{(1/2)}$   $C7_{(1/2)}$   $F$   
There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go,

$C$   $C7$   $F$   $F$   
There's where I labor'd so hard for old massa,  
 $F_{(1/2)}$   $C7_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/2)}$   $A7_{(1/2)}$   $G7$   $C7$   
Day after day in the field of yellow corn,  
 $F_{(1/2)}$   $Bb_{(1/2)}$   $F_{(1/4)}$   $A7_{(1/2)}$   $Bb$   $F_{(1/2)}$   
No place on earth do I love more sincerely  
 $F_{(1/2)}$   $Dm_{(1/4)}$   $C_{(1/4)}$   $F7_{(1/2)}$   $D7_{(1/2)}$   $G7_{(1/2)}$   $C7_{(1/2)}$   $F$   
Than old Vir ginny, the state where I was born.

Carry me back to old Virginny,  
There let me live 'till I wither and decay,  
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wander'd,  
There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.

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