

Tol' My Captain

Harry Belafonte

Tol' my captain my hands was cold

Set down your hands boy, let the wheeling roll

I asked my captain to give me time

Damned old captain wouldn't pay me no mind

I raised my hand to wipe the sweat off my head

Captain got mad, Lord shot my buddy dead

He kept on walkin' up and down

Buddy laying there dead, Lord

On the burning ground

If I'd a had my weight and line

I'd a whipped that captain

Till he went stone blind

If you don't believe my buddy is dead

Just look at that hole in my buddy's head

The buzzard's circlin' round the sky

Oh that captain sure is bound to die

Sure is bound to die.