[Singing in his language]

My brown skin baby, they take him away
As a young preacher I used to ride a quiet pony 'round the countryside
In a native camp I'll never forget, a young black mother, her cheeks all wet.

My brown skin baby, they take him away
Between her sobs I heard her say, Police been taking my baby away,
From white man was that baby I had. Why he let them take baby away?

My brown skin baby, they take him away
To a children's home a baby came with new clothes on and a new name
Day and night he would always say, Oh mommy, mommy, why they take me away?

The child grew up and had to go from the mission home that he loved so
To find his mother, he tried in vain. Upon this earth they never met again.

My brown skin baby, they take him away