

OLD BLACK JOE

S. C. F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so

friends from the cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de -
dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my

bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
part - ed long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
soul has long'd to go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

Fine.

mf > *Chords* *pp* *D.S. al Fine.*

I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low!