

Old Black Joe

Stephen Foster, 1860

♩=100

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, Gone are my friends from the
cot - ton field a - way, Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I
hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe". I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, for my
head is bend - ing low: I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing "Old Black Joe".

2.

Why do I weep, when my heart should feel no pain,
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
I ear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

3.

Where are the hears once so happy and so free?
The children so ddear that I held upon my knee,
Gone to the shore where my sould has longed to go.
I ear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."