

# Old black Joe !

Espiritual Negro

Arm.: STEPHEN C. FOSTER

*mp*

S

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

C

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4

*mf* *f*

cot - ton fields a - way; gone from the hearth to a bet - ter land I know, I  
 friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go,  
 held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go, *f*

*mf* *f*

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7

hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, for my

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10

head is bend-ing low, I hear those gent-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!".

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**D.C.**