

Massa's in de Cold Ground

by Stephen Collins Foster
(1852)

D *G* *D*^(½) *E7*^(½) *A7*
Round de meadows am a-ringing, de darkeys' mournful song,
D *G*^(½) *Ddim7*^(½) *D*^(½) *E7*^(¼) *A7*^(¼) *D*
While de mocking-bird am sing ing, happy as de day am long.
D *G* *D*^(½) *E7*^(½) *A7*
Where de ivy am a-creeping, o'er de grassy mound,
D *G*^(½) *Ddim7*^(½) *D*^(½) *E7*^(¼) *A7*^(¼) *D*
Dere old massa am a-sleeping, sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

G^(½) *A7*^(¼) *G*^(¼) *D* *G*^(¼) *D*^(¼) *E7* *A7*
Down in de corn-field, hear dat mournful sound:
D *G*^(½) *Ddim7*^(½) *D*^(½) *E7*^(¼) *A7*^(¼) *D*
All de darkeys am a-weeping, massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de autumn leaves were falling, when de days were cold,
'T was hard to hear old massa calling, cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange tree am blooming on de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming, massa nebber calls no more.

Massa make de darkeys love him, cayse he was so kind;
Now dey sadly weep above him, mourning cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow, cayse de tear-drop flow;
I try to drive away my sorrow, pickin' on de old banjo.

G^(½) *A7*^(¼) *G*^(¼) *D* *G*^(¼) *D*^(¼) *E7* *A7*
Down in de corn-field, hear dat mournful sound:
D *G*^(½) *Ddim7*^(½) *D*^(½) *E7*^(¼) *A7*^(¼) *D*
All de darkeys am a-weeping, massa's in de cold, cold ground.