

Old Black Joe

by Stephen Collins Foster (1860)

C *C* *F* *C*
Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
C *C* *Dm* *G*
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away.
C *C* *F* *C*
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
G *C*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2) *G*_(1/2) *C*
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

C *C* *F* *C*
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low,
G *C*_(1/2) *F*_(1/2) *C*_(1/2) *G*_(1/2) *C*
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

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 hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go.
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"