

Old Black Joe

Steven Collins Foster

♩ = 100

D **G** **D**

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

D
 DUL A
 D 0 2 3 4 4 4 5 7 6+ 5 4
 D
 DUL A
 A 3 5 6 7 7 7 8 10 9 8 7

A7

Gone are my friends, from the cot - ton fields a - way.
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain?
 The child - ren so dear that I held up - on my knee?

D
 DUL A
 D 0 2 3 4 4 4 5 4 3 2 1
 D
 DUL A
 A 3 5 6 7 7 7 8 7 6 5 4

D

Gone from this place, to a bet - ter land I know. I
 Grie - ving for forms, now de - part - ed long a - go. I
 Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go. I

D
 DUL A
 D 0 2 3 4 4 4 5 7 6+ 5 4 7
 D
 DUL A
 A 3 5 6 7 7 7 8 10 9 8 7 10

A7 D D A7 D

hear their gen - tle voi - ces cal - ling, "Old Black Joe." I'm

D

DUL A

D 6+ 7 8 6+ 7 5 4 5 2 1 0 4

D

DUL A

A 9 10 11 9 10 8 7 8 5 4 3 7

CHORUS G D

com - ing, I'm com - ing, for my head is bend - ing low. I

D

DUL A

D 2 4 4 2 4 4 4 5 7 6+ 5 4 7

D

DUL A

A 5 7 7 5 7 7 7 8 10 9 8 7 10

A7 D A7 D

hear their gen - tle voi - ces cal - ling, "Old Black Joe."

D

DUL A

D 6+ 7 8 6+ 7 5 4 5 2 1 0

D

DUL A

A 9 10 11 9 10 8 7 8 5 4 3
