Old Black Joe

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 happy and so free?

Gone are my friends, from the cotton fields away.
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?

Gone from this place, to a better land I know.
Grieving for forms, now departed long ago.
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go.
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hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe." I'm

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

he ar their gen tle voices call ing, "Old Black Joe."