

Stephen C. Foster-1860

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

friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de -
dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my

bet - ter' land, I know, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing,
part - ed long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing,
soul has longed to go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing,

rall. **REFRAIN.** *mf* *pp* *mf*
"Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing

low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

Manual labor is a great good, but only in its just proportion. It must be joined with higher means of improvement or it degrades instead of exalting.—William Ellery Channing.