

know that good quar-ters a-wait me,
 take a full bump-er at part-ing,
 lift up the lid of my cof-fin,
 dig a big hole in a cir-cle,
 rake down that big bel-lied bot-tle,

To wel-come old Ros-in, the beau. . .
 To the name of old Ros-in, the beau. . .
 Saying, "Here lies old Ros-in, the beau." . .
 And in it toss Ros-in, the beau. . .
 And drink to old Ros-in, the beau. . .

Old Black Joe

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Poco adagio

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

from the cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know,
 that my friends come not a-gain, Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go?
 that I held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

CHORUS

I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "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!"