

from
Bham

POOR OLD SLAVE.

WORDS AND MELODY BY

G. W. H. GRIFFIN.



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

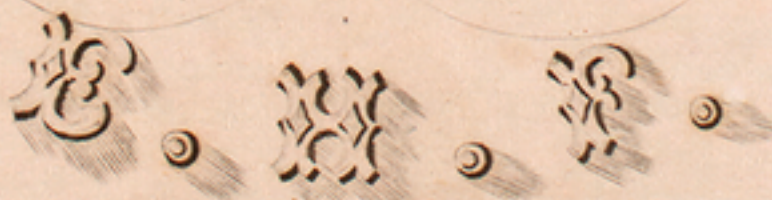
S. B. BALL ESQ.

THE CELEBRATED TENOR OF

Edway's Aeolian Vocalists

Arranged for the Piano

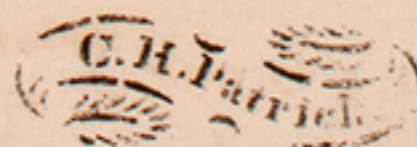
BY



25¢ net.

BOSTON

Published by G. P. REED & CO. 77 N. Market Street



POOR OLD SLAVE.

Arranged by

E. M. F.

Legato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

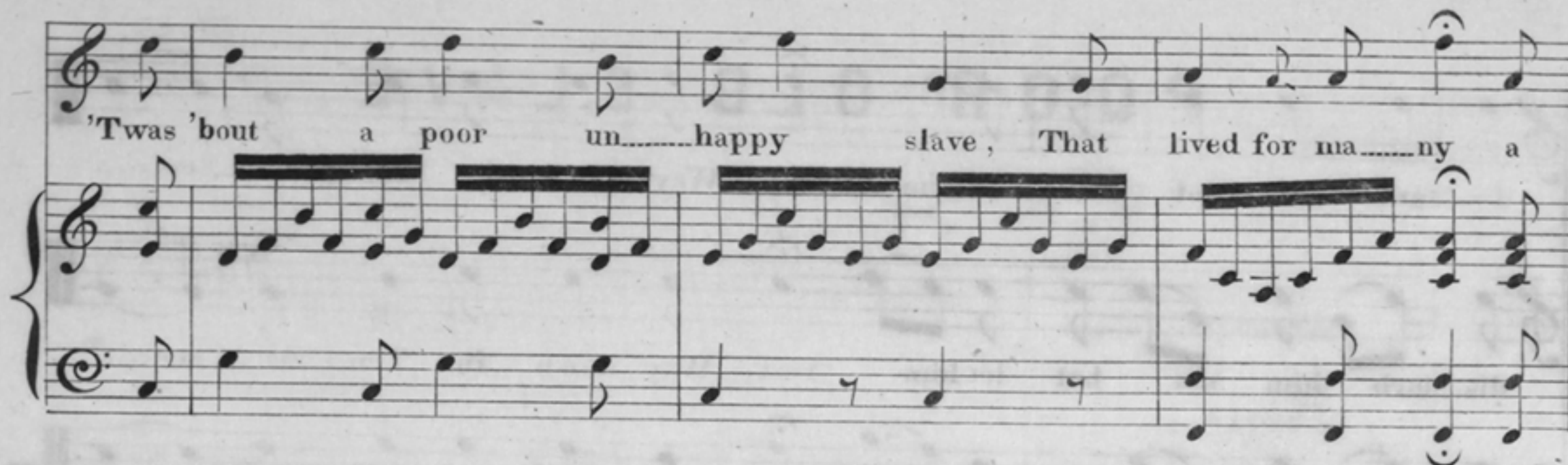
She 'took my arm, we walk'd a.....long, In.....to an o.....pen

'Tis just one year a.....go to day, That I re.....mem.....ber

field, And there she paused to breathe a.....while, Then to his grave did stead.....

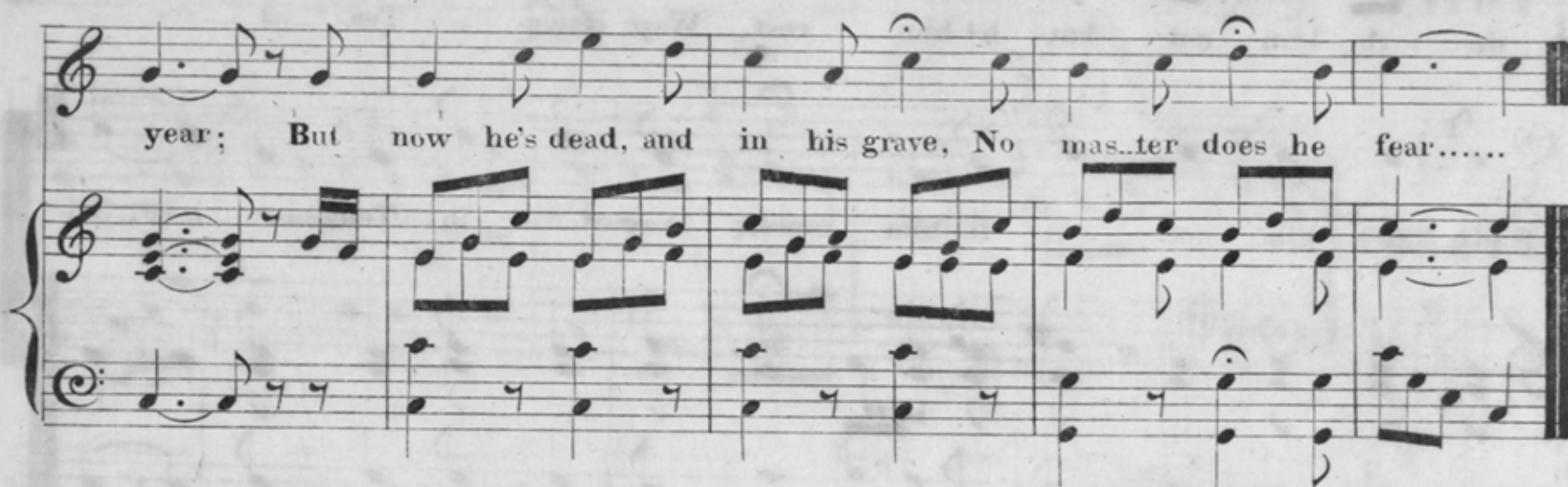
well, I sat down by poor Nelly's side And a sto.....ry she did tell.....

She sat down by that lit...tle mound, And soft.....ly whisper'd



'Twas 'bout a poor un...happy slave, That lived for ma...ny a

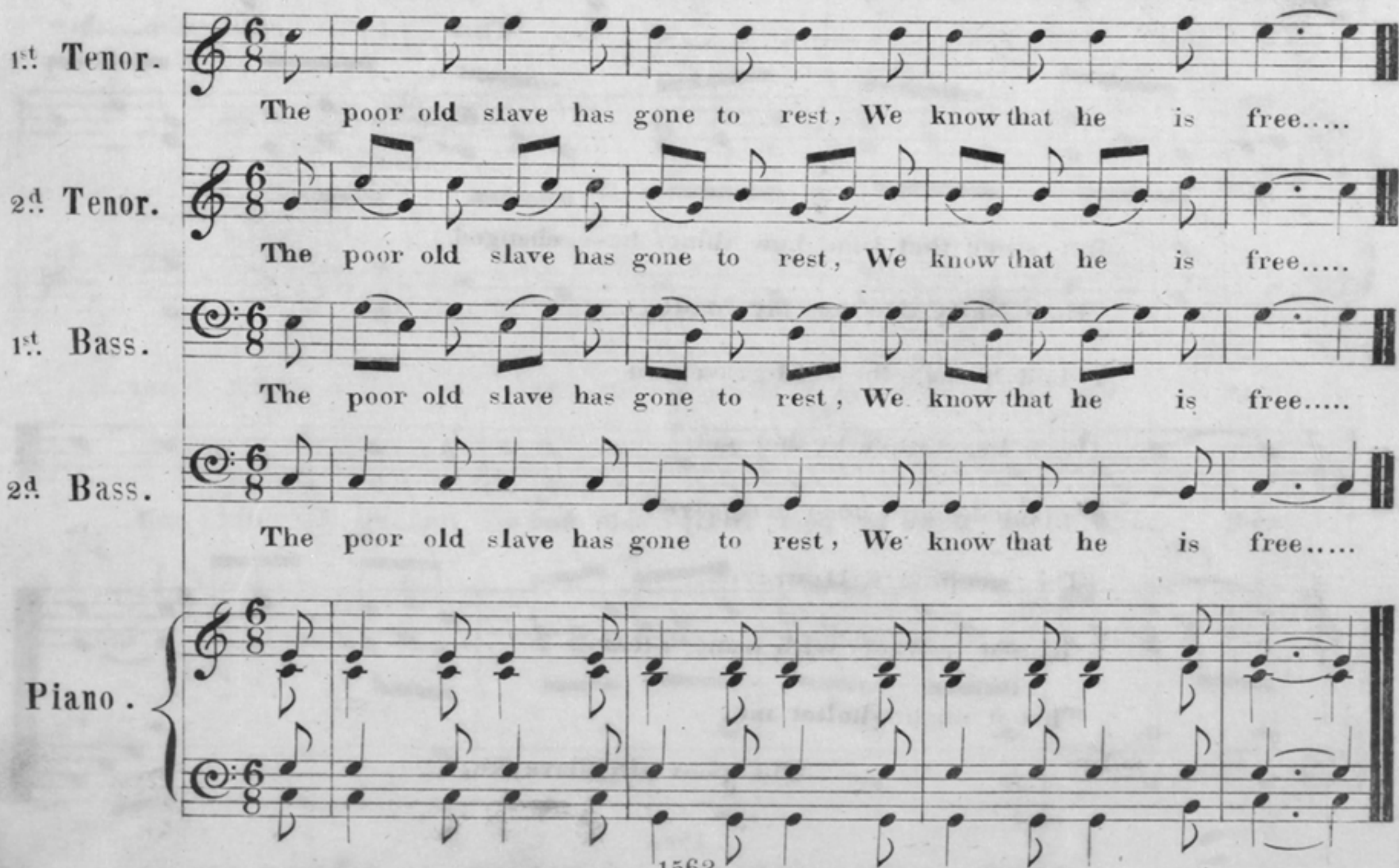
there; Come to me, fa...ther, 'tis thy child, Then gent...ly dropp'd a tear.....



year; But now he's dead, and in his grave, No mas...ter does he fear.....

Legato.

CHORUS.



1st Tenor. The poor old slave has gone to rest, We know that he is free.....

2^d Tenor. The poor old slave has gone to rest, We know that he is free.....

1st Bass. The poor old slave has gone to rest, We know that he is free.....

2^d Bass. The poor old slave has gone to rest, We know that he is free.....

Piano. The poor old slave has gone to rest, We know that he is free.....

The musical score consists of five systems. The first four systems are for vocal parts, each with a single staff and the lyrics "dis...turb him not but let him rest, 'Way down in Ten...na...see.....". The first three systems use a treble clef, while the fourth uses a bass clef. The fifth system is for piano accompaniment, featuring a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The piano part includes chords and single notes, with a final cadence marked by a double bar line.

dis...turb him not but let him rest, 'Way down in Ten...na...see.....

dis...turb him not but let him rest, 'Way down in Ten...na...see.....

dis...turb him not but let him rest, 'Way down in Ten...na...see.....

dis...turb him not but let him rest, 'Way down in Ten...na...see.....

But since that time how things have changed,

Poor Nelly that was my bride,

Is laid beneath the cold grave sod,

With her father by her side.

I planted there upon her grave,

The weeping willow tree;

I bathed its roots with many a tear,

That it might shelter me.

The poor old slave,&c.