

OLD BLACK JOE.

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton field away,
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

CHORUS.

I'm coming, I'm coming. for my head is bending low,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

Where are the children I held upon my knee?
Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

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