

12. Old Black Joe

This is another of the songs by Stephen C. Foster and is similar to the others. It has always been a peculiar favorite with men and boys. Considerable freedom is allowed in the tempo of the chorus. The use of an echo choir in the singing of the chorus produces a very lovely effect.

Stephen C. Foster

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

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

7 CHORUS
 8 hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my
 9 hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
 10 hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

10 head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
 11
 12



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Source: Dykema, Peter, Will Earhart, Osbourne McConathy, and Hollis Dann. *I Hear America Singing*; 55
Songs and Choruses for Community Singing Boston, : C. C. Birchard & Company, 1917.