

Old Black Joe - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

OLD BLACK JOE.
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Gone are the days
When my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends
From the cotton-fields 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 those 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
Now departed long ago?
I hear their gentle voices calling
"Old Black Joe." -Chorus.

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