

Poor Old Ned - song lyrics

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POOR OLD NED.

I once knew a darkey and his name was uncle Ned,
O, he died long ago.-long ago,
He had no hair on the top of his head,
The place where the wool ought to grow.

Chorus.

Lay down the shovel and the hoe;
Hang up de fiddle and the bow;
Fo' no more work for poor old Ned,
He's gone where the good darkies go.

His fingers were long like the cane in the break,
And he had no eyes for to see;
He had no teeth for to eat the hoe-cake,
So he had to let the hoe-cake be.-Chorus.

One cold frosty morning old Ned died,
Oh, the tears down massa's face run like rain;
For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground.
He'd nebber see his like again.-Chorus.