

Old Black Joe

By: Paul Robeson

composed by Stephen Collins Foster

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, "Poor Old Joe."

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

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

Where are the hearts once so happy and 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, "Poor Old Joe."

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