

# Massa's In The Cold Ground - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

MASSA'S in the cold ground.

'Round de meadows am a-ringing  
De darkeys mournful song,  
While de mocking-bird am singing,  
Happy as de day am long.  
Where de ivy am a-creeping,  
O'er de grassy mound,  
Dar old massa am a-sleeping,  
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

Chorus.  
Down in de corn-field,  
Hear dat mournful sound;  
All de darkeys am a-weeping,  
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de Autumn leaves were falling,  
When de days were cold,  
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,  
'Cayse he was so weak and old.  
Now de orange tree am blooming  
On de sandy shore,  
Now de Summer days am coming,  
Massa nebber calls no more.-Chorus.

Massa make de darkeys lub him,  
'Cayse he was so kind,  
Now dey sadly weep above him,  
Mourning 'cayse he leave dem behind.  
I cannot work before to-morrow,  
'Cayse de teardrop flow,  
I try to drive away my sorrow,  
Pickin' on de old banjo.-Chorus.