



# Old Black Joe

Bew. Hans van der Laan

Mannenkoor

Stephen C. Foster

Ten. I  
Ten. II

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

Bas I  
Bas II

friends      from the cot-ton fields a way;      Gone from the earth      to a  
sigh      that my friends come not a-gain?      Griev-ing for forms now de-  
dear      that I held up-on my knee?      Gone to the shore where my

bet-ter land I know,      I hear their gen-tle-voic-es calling „Old Black Joe!“  
part-ed long a-go,      I hear their gen-tle-voic-es calling „Old Black Joe!“  
soul has long'd to go.      I hear their gen-tle-voic-es calling „Old Black Joe!“

*Fine*

*mf* CHORUS *pp* *D.S. al Fine*

I'm com-ing I'm com-ing For my head is bend-ing low;

*mf* *pp*