

OLD BLACK JOE

American folk song / Traditionnel américain

C F C

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay. Gone are my

F G C

friends from the cotton fields away. Gone from the earth to a

F C G Am F C F C/G G7

bet-ter land I know. I hear their gen-tle voi-ces cal-ling "Old Black

C F

Joe". I'm co-ming, I'm co-ming, for my head is ben-ding

C G Am F C F C/G G7 C

low, I hear their gen-tle voi-ces cal-ling "Old Black Joe".

2. 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"

3. 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"