POOR OLD NED.

I once knew a darkey, his name was Uncle Ned;
  Oh! he died long ago, long ago;
He had no hair on the top of his head—
  De place where de wool ought to grow.

CHORUS.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

One cold frosty morning old Ned died,
  Oh! de tears down massa's face ran like rain,
For he knew, when Ned was laid in de ground,
  He'd never see his like again.

CHORUS.

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