

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Words and Music by S. C. FOSTER.

Poco lento.

1. Round de meadows am a ring - ing, De darkey's mourn-ful song, While de mocking bird am sing - ing,
 2. When de autumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old mas-sa call - ing,
 3. Mas - sa make de darkeys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey sad-ly weep a - bove him,



Happy as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a creep - ing, O'er de gras-sy mound,
 Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de orange tree am bloom - ing, On de sand-y shore
 Mourning cayse he leave dem be-hind. I can - not work before to-mor - row, Cayse de tear-drop flow, I



CHORUS.

1st and 2nd Voice.

Dare old mas-sa am a sleep - ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground. } Down in de corn - field
 Now de summer days am com - ing, Massa nebber calls no more.
 try to drive-a-way my sor - row, Pick-in on de old ban - jo.



Hear dat mourn-ful-sound, All de darkeys am a weep - ing Massa's in de cold, cold ground.



MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND:

S. & Co., 338-F.