

. Randall.

OLD BLACK JOE.

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

cot-ton fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know,
 friends come not a-gain? Grief-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go,
 held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

CHORUS

I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my

head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"

Three Little Kittens

TENORS
 1, 2, 3. Once upon a time there were three little kittens who lay in a basket of saw-aw-dust;
 BASSES

After last stanza

Bald the { first
 second
 third } little kitten un-to the { other two
 little cats, } { If you don't get
 out of this, then } I must; That's all.