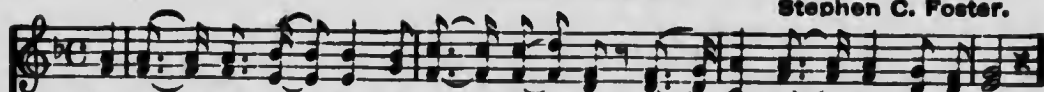
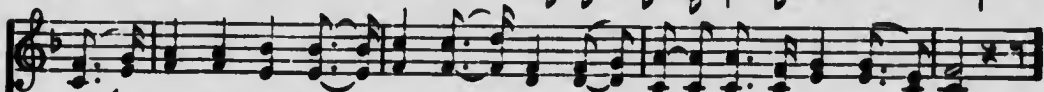
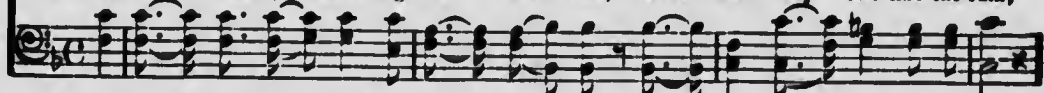


## UNCLE NED.

Stephen C. Foster.



1. There was an old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he died long a-go, long a-go;  
 2. His fin-gers were long as the cane in the brake, And he had no eyes for to see;  
 3. One cold, frost-y morn-ing, old Ned died, Mas-sa's tears they fell like the rain;



He had no wool on the top of his head, In the place where the wool ought to grow.  
 And he had no teeth for to eat a hoe cake, So he had to let the hoe-cake be.  
 For he knew when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd nev-er see his like a - gain.



REFRAIN. Bass Solo.

Harmony.



Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow;

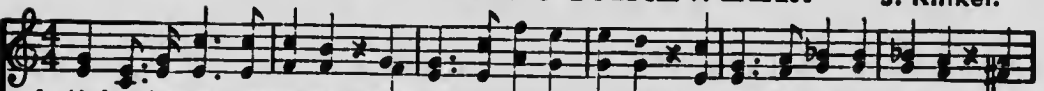


For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies go.

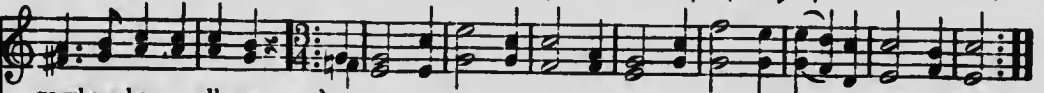


## THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

J. Kinkel.



1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad thought deep doth grieve me; But know, whate'er befalls me, I  
 2. No more shall I be-hold thee, Or to my heart en-fold thee; In war's ar-ray ap-pear-ing, The  
 3. I'll think of thee with longing, When tho'ts with tears come thronging; And on the field, if ly-ing, I'll



go where honor calls me.

foe's stern hosts are nearing.  
 breathe thy dear name, dying.

Farewell, farewell, my own true love! Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

