Image: series logs as the same wall line line in the growth line line or series of the series of	16	UNCLE NED.	
For he know when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd never see his like a - gain. RETRAIN. Fass Solo. Harmony. Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow: Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow: Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow: Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow: Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow: Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow: Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow: Then lay down the shov-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow: Then lay down the show-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow: Then lay down the show-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow: Then lay down the show-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow: Then lay down the show-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow: Then lay down the show-el and the hoe, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow: Then lay down the show end law the show end law end the bow end law end the source the fid thee; In wars ar-ray ap-pear-ing. The Harmone shall be-hold thee, Or to my hear end fold thee; In wars ar-ray ap-pear-ing. The Harmone shall be-hold the swith tears come thronging; And on the field, if ly-ing. The Harmone shall be-hold the swith tears come thronging; And on the field, if ly-ing. The Harmone shall be hold the swith tears come thronging; And on the field, if ly-ing. The Harmone shall be hold the swith tears come thronging; And on the field, if ly-ing. The Harmone shall be hold the swith tears come thronging; And on the field, if ly-ing. The Harmone shall be hold the swith tears come throng the swith tears come throng the swith tears come throng the swith tears the swith tear tears the	1. Thero was 2 His finge 8. One cold, 1. Thero was 2 His finge 1. Ther	Stephen C. Foster. Stephen C. Foster. Stephen C. Foster. I old darkey and his name was Uncle Ned, And he died long a -go, long a -go; were long as the cane in the brake, And he had no eyes for to see; frost - y morn-ing, old Ned died, Mas-sa's tears they fell like the rain; The second se	
The lay down the show-el and the hee, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow; The lay down the show-el and the hee, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow; The lay down the show-el and the hee, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow; The lay down the show-el and the hee, Hang up the fid-dle and the bow; The there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies The there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies The there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies The there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies The there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies The there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies The there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies the there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies the there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies the there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies the there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies the there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies the the the the gone work gone wor	For he knew	when Ned was laid in the ground, He'd nev-er see his like a - gain.	3
THE SOLUTION HOLE WE GOT WHILE WE GOT WE WE HAVE	Then lay dov		
1. Ah, love, how can I leave thee? The sad thought deep doth grieve me; But know, whate'er befalls me, 1 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 Compared to the state of the s	For there's no		
	3. I'll think of the state of t	an I leave thee? The sad thought deep doth grieve me; But know, whate'er befalls me. I I be-hold thee, Or to my heart en-fold thee; In war's ar-ray ap - pear-ing, The ee with longing, When tho'ts with tears come thronging; And on the field, if ly-ing, I'll	