

• MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Round de meadows am a-ringing
De darkies' mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping,
O'er de grassy mound,
Dar old massa am a-sleeping,
• Sleeping in the cold, cold ground.

CHORUS.

Down in the corn-field
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkies am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

When de Autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
'Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de orange tree am blooming
• On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days am coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.

Down in de cornfield, etc.

Massa make de darkies lub him,
'Cayse he was so kind.
Now dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning 'cayse he leave dem behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
Cayse de tear-drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' en de ole banjo.

Down in de cornfield, etc.