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MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

Round the meadows am a ringing, the darkeys' mournful song,
While the mocking bird am singing, happy as the days am long;
Where the ivy am a creeping, o'er the grassy mound,
Dare old Massa am a sleeping, sleeping in the cold, cold ground.

When the autumn leaves were falling, when the days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling, cause he was so weak and old;
Now the orange tree am blooming, on the sandy shore,
Now the summer days are coming, massa nebber calls no more.

Massa made de darkeys love him cause he was so kind,
Now they sadly weep above him, mourning cause he leave dem behind.
I cannot work tomorrow, cause de tear drop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow, picking on the old banjo.

CHORUS.

Down in de corn field, hear dat mournful sound,
All de darkies am a weeping, massa's in de cold, cold ground.