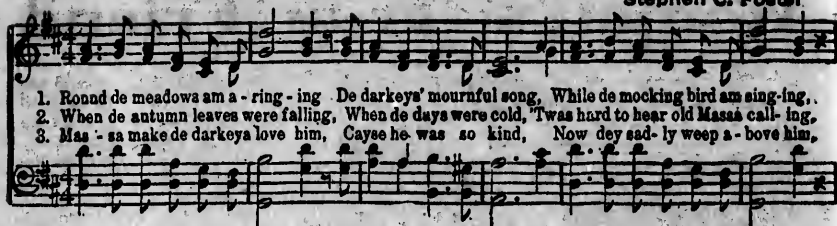
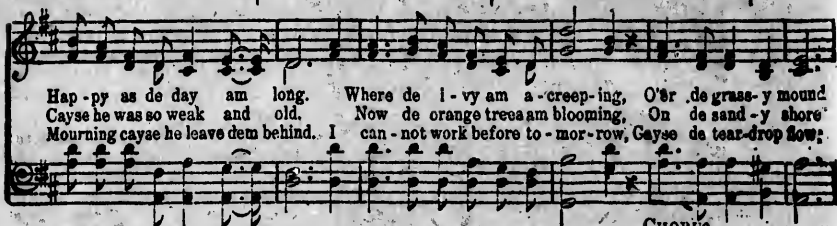


# MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND.

Stephen C. Foster.

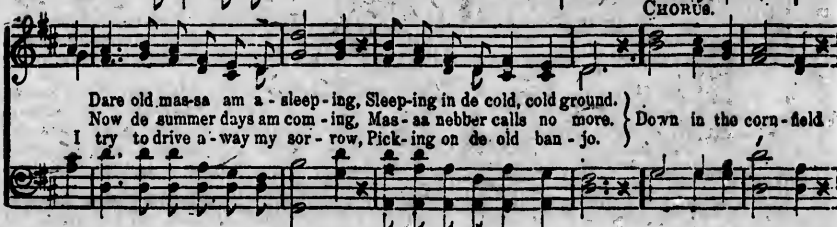


1. Rond de meadows am a - ring - ing De darkeys' mournful song, While de mocking bird am sing - ing.  
 2. When de autumn leaves were falling, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old Massa call - ing.  
 3. Mas - sa make de darkeya love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now dey sad - ly weep a - bove him.

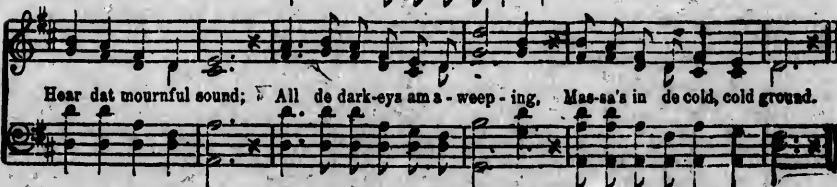


Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a - creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound  
 Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de orange treea am blooming, On de sand - y shore  
 Mourning cayse he leave dem behind. I can - not work before to - mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow.

CHORUS.



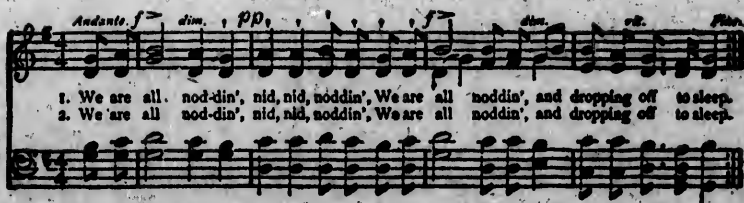
Dare old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing, Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground. }  
 Now de summer days am com - ing, Mas - sa nebbes calls no more. } Down in the corn - field  
 I try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pick - ing on de old ban - jo.



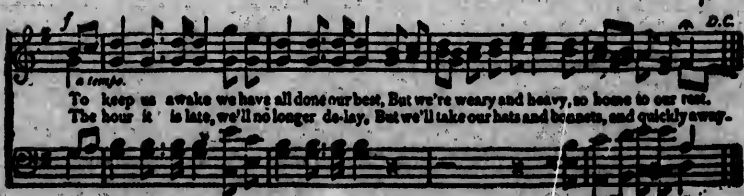
Hear dat mournful sound; All de dark - eyes am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

## We Are All Noddin'.

*Andante f dim. pp. f dim. rit. fine.*



1. We are all. nod - din', nid, nid, noddin', We are all noddin', and dropping off to sleep.  
 2. We are all nod - din', nid, nid, noddin', We are all noddin', and dropping off to sleep.



*a tempo.*  
 To keep us awake we have all done our best, But we're weary and heavy, so home to our rest.  
 The hour is late, we'll no longer de - lay, But we'll take our hats and branches, and quickly away.

THERE IS ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE," that is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Used the world over to cure a cold in one day. Remember the full name.