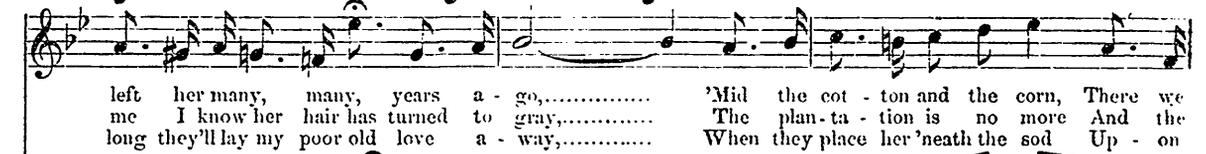


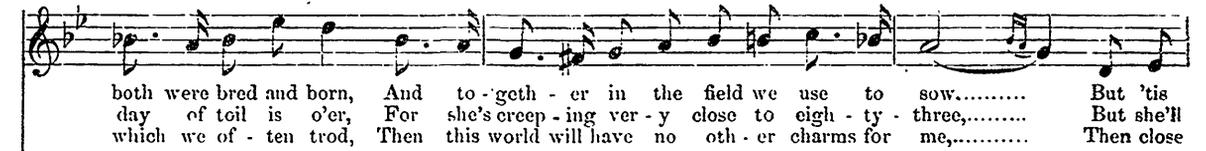
hoe,..... There is one I long to see She was al - ways true to me, But I  
day,..... She is wait - ing for her Joe And I long to see my Clo, For like  
gay,..... I am bound to see my Clo And 'tis ver - y sad to know, That ere

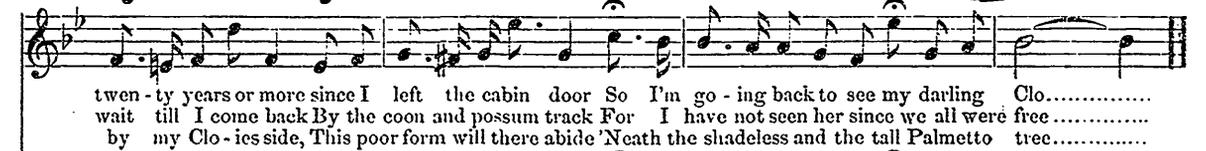
left her many, many, years a - go,..... 'Mid the cot - ton and the corn, There we  
me I know her hair has turned to gray,..... The plan - ta - tion is no more And the  
long they'll lay my poor old love a - way,..... When they place her 'neath the sod Up - on



*rit. a tempo.*



both were bred and born, And to - geth - er in the field we use to sow,..... But 'tis  
day of toil is o'er, For she's creep - ing ver - y close to eigh - ty - three,..... But she'll  
which we of - ten trod, Then this world will have no oth - er charms for me,..... Then close

twen - ty years or more since I left the cabin door So I'm go - ing back to see my darling Clo.....  
wait till I come back By the coon and possum track For I have not seen her since we all were free.....  
by my Clo - ies side, This poor form will there abide 'Neath the shadeless and the tall Palmetto tree.....



I'm going home to Clo.