

24. OLD BLACK JOE (9)

Gone are the days when my heart was
 young and gay;
 Gone are my friends from the cotton-
 fields away;
 Gone from the earth to a better land I
 know,
 I hear their gentle voices calling,
 "Old Black Joe!"

Chorus:

I'm coming, I'm coming,
 For my head is bending low;
 I hear those gentle voices calling,
 "Old Black Joe!"

Why do I weep when my heart should
 feel no pain?
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not
 again?
 Grieving for forms now departed long
 ago,
 I hear their gentle voices calling,
 "Old Black Joe!"

Where are the hearts once so happy and
 so free?
 The children so dear that I held upon
 my knee?
 Gone to the shore where my soul has
 longed to go,
 I hear their gentle voices calling,
 "Old Black Joe!"

25. OLD FOLKS AT HOME (8)

'Way 'down upon the Swanee River,
 Far, far away,
 Dere's where my heart is turning ever,
 Dere's where de old folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation,
 Sadly I roam,
 Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home.

Chorus:

All de world is sad and dreary,
 Everywhere I roam;
 Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home.

All roun' de litle farm I wandered,
 When I was young;
 Den many happy days I squandered,
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playing with my brother,
 Happy was I;
 Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
 There let me live and die.

26. DE CAMPTOWN RACES (72)

De Camptown ladies sing dis song,
 Doo-dah, doo-dah!
 De Camptown racetrack five miles long,
 Oh, doo-dah-day.
 See dem hosses round de bend,
 Doo-dah, doo-dah!
 Guess dat race 'll never end,
 Oh, doo-dah-day!

Chorus:

Gwine to run all night,
 Gwine to run all day.
 I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag;
 Somebody bet on de bay.

De long tail'd filly an' de big black hoss,
 Doo-dah, doo-dah!
 Dey fly de track an' de both cut 'cross,
 Oh, doo-dah-day.
 Den blind hoss stick in a big mud hole,
 Doo-dah, doo-dah!
 Can't touch bottom wid a ten foot pole,
 Oh, doo-dah-day!

Old muley cow come onto de track,
 Doo-dah, doo-dah!
 De bobtail flung her over his back,
 Oh, doo-dah-day.
 Den fly along like a railroad car,
 Doo-dah, doo-dah!
 Runnin' a race wid a shootin' star,
 Doo-dah, doo-dah!

27. DEEP RIVER (25)

Deep river, my home is over Jordan;
 Deep river, Lord I want to cross over
 into camp ground.
 O don't you want to go to that gospel
 feast,
 That promised land where all is peace?
 Deep river, my home is over Jordan;
 Deep river, Lord I want to cross over
 into camp ground.

28. HEAR DEM BELLS (58)

Hear dem bells, Don't you hear dem
 bells!
 They are ringin' out the glory of the
 Lamb.
 Hallelujah!
 Don't you hear dem bells, Don't you hear
 dem bells!
 They are ringin' out the glory of the
 Lamb.

"EVERYBODY SINGS"
