

C F C C

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain,
Gone are my friends from the
Why do I sigh that my

F Dm G⁷ C F C

cot - ton fields a-way, Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land I know, I
friends come not a-gain, Griev-ing for forms how de - part-ed long a-go? I

G C F C G⁷ C Chorus C

hear their gen-tle voic-es call-ing "Old Black Joe." I'm coming, I'm coming, for my

F C G⁷ C F C G⁷ C

head is bending low: I hear those gen-tle voic-es call-ing "Old Black Joe."

D^b G^b D^b D^b

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free, Child-ren so dear that I

G^b E^bm A^b7 D^b G^b D^b

held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go. I

A^b D^b G^b D^b A^b7 D^b Chorus D^b

hear their gen-tle voic-es call-ing "Old Black Joe." I'm coming, I'm coming, for my

G^b D^b A^b7 D^b G^b D^b A^b7 D^b

head is bending low: I hear those gen-tle voic-es call-ing "Old Black Joe."