

Poor Old Joe

Words & Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andante Doh is D. $\text{d} : \text{m} \text{, f} \text{ l s} : - \text{s} \text{ , s} \mid \text{l} \text{ . d}' : \text{t} \text{ . l} \text{ l s} : - \text{s}$

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
 2. Why do I weep, when my heart should feel no pain?
 3. Where are the hearts, once so hap - py and so free? The

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de -
 child - ren so dear, that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my

bet - ter land I know, } I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing "Poor old Joe!" I'm
 part - ed long a - go, } soul has long'd to go, } (Chorus in

coming, I'm coming, for my head is bend - ing low, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing "Poor old Joe!"

four parts

cresc. *dim.* *p* *D⁵* *Fine*