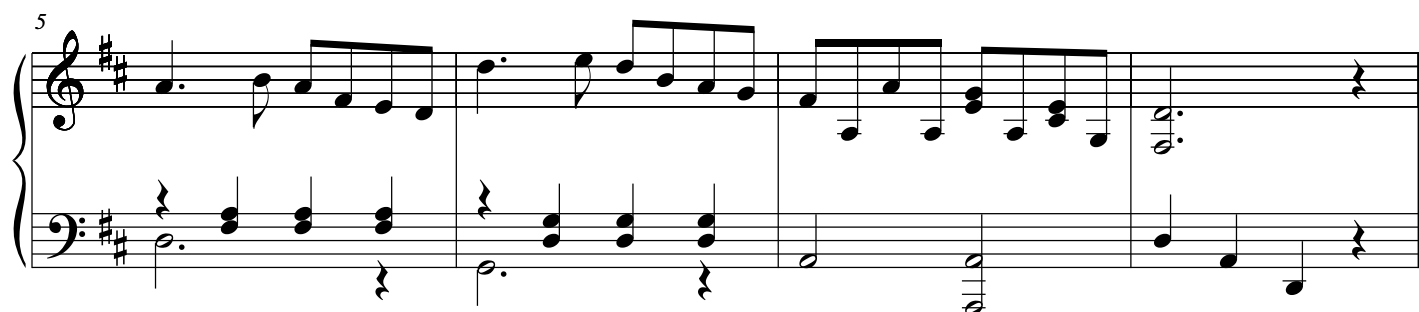


Massa's in de Cold Ground

Edited by
Robert A. Hudson

Words and Music by
Stephen C. Foster

Poco lento



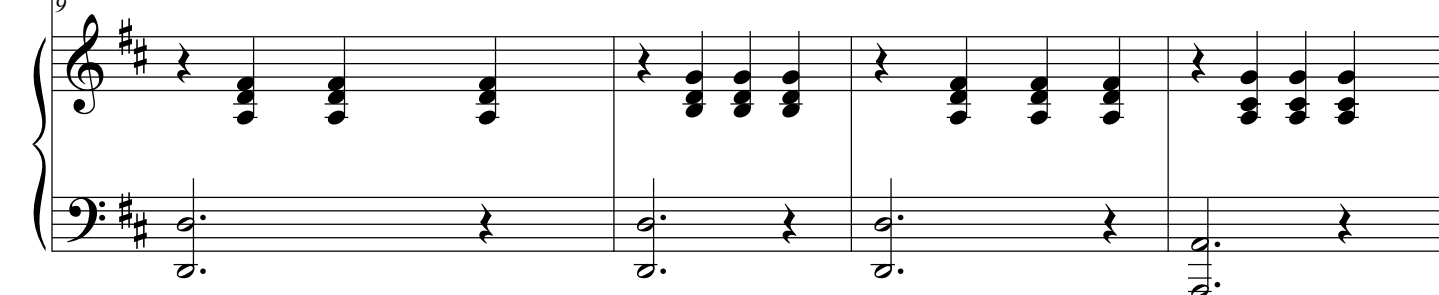
1st Verse Round de mea-dows am a ring - ing, De dark - ey's mourn - ful song,



2nd Verse When de aut - umn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas



3rd Verse Mas - sa make de dark - eys love him, Cayse he was so kind,



13 D G D/A A7 D

While de mock-ing bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long.
hard to hear old mas-sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now, dey sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem be-hind. I

17 D G/D D A7

Where de i - vy am a creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound
Now de or - ange tree am bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore,
can - not work be - fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear-drop flow, I

21

D G D A7 D

Dare old mas - sa am a sleep - ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.

Now de sum-mer days am com - ing, Mas - sa neb-ber calls no more.

try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.

21

CHORUS

1st Voice

25

G A7 G D D A7

Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful sound;

2nd Voice

Optional Voices

25

*

* Changed from the original

29 D G D/A A7 D

All de dar-keys am a weep - ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

29

33

33

33