



ユニゾンピース Y3005DL

オールド ブラック ジョー

# Old Black Joe

Music by Foster Arr. by KINGEN Publishing

① ② ③ ④ ⑤ ⑥ ⑦ ① ②

5 = 開 = Open string

(1) (6) (22) (29) (31) (47) (54)

Order of performance **A**-**B**-**C**-**D**-**B**-**C**-**E**

The number of brackets are the measure number of the accompaniment data sold separately.

$\frac{4}{4}$  ♩ = 86  $\text{O}=\text{O}=\text{O}^3\text{O}$

※Pay attention to fingering inside "O"

**A** Count ↑ ↑ ↑

0 0 0 1 | 7 7- 1̄ 2̄ 2̄- 7̄ | 1̄ 6 5 6 |

親 ⊕ 人 親 中 人 親 人 親

C G7 C **B** c

3 0 2 0 | 1 0 0 0 ||: 1 0 3 3- 4 |

人 中 薬 薬 Gone 親 are 人 the

F C

5 0 0 5- 5 | 6 6- 1̄ 7̄ 7̄- 6 | 5 0 0 0 |

親 days 人 人 人 親 人 中 薬 → 親

when my heart was young and guy,

C F C F

1 0 3 3- 4 | 5 0 0 5- 5 | 6 5 4 4- 3 |

薬 Gone 親 are 人 親 人 親 人 中

Gone are my friends from the Cot - ton fields a-

G C

2 0 0 0 | 1 0 3 3- 4 | 5 0 0 5- 5 |

薬 → 親 薬 Gone 親 人 親 人 親

way, Gone from the earth to a

It is the song that Foster made the theme of an old black named Joe. A score was released in New York in 1860 (the year before the Civil War, three years before the slavery release declaration). Currently there are several kinds of translations.

**F** **C** **G7**

〔 6- 1̇ 1̇ 7 6 | 5 0̄ 0̄ 1̇ | 7 7- 1̇ 2̇ 7 |

人 親 人 中 藥 親 中 人 親 中  
bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle

**C** **F** **C** **F** **C** **G7** **C**

〔 1̇ 6 5 6 | 3 0̄ 2 0̄ | 1 0̄ 0̄ 0 ||

人 親 人 親 人 中 藥  
voi - ces call - ing Old Black Joe

**C** **F**

〔 5 0̄ 3- 55 | 5 0̄ 3- 55- 5 | 6 1̇ 7 6 |

親 人 親 一 人 親 人 中  
I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, for my head is bend - ing

**C** **G** **C** **F** **C** **F**

〔 5 0̄ 0̄ 1̇ | 7 7- 1̇ 2̇ 7 | 1̇ 6 5 6 |

藥 親 中 人 親 中 人 親 人 親  
low I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing

**D**

〔 1. **C** **G** **C**

〔 3 0̄ 2 0̄ | 1 0̄ 0̄ 0 | 0 0 0 0 :||

人 中 藥  
Old Black Joe

**E**

〔 2. **C**

〔 1̇ 0̄ 0̄ 0 ||

藥  
Joe

# Old Black Joe

Music by Foster

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.

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low,  
I hear their gentle voices calling Old Black Joe.

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

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low,  
I hear their gentle voices calling Old Black Joe.