

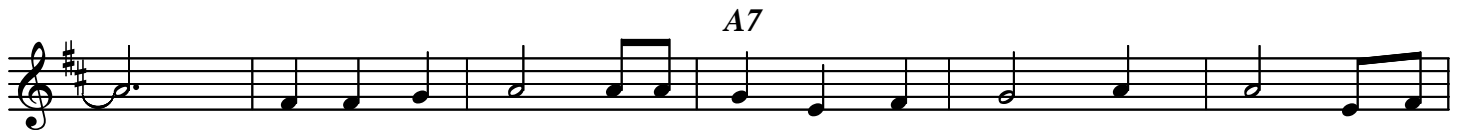
My Blackbird is Gone

Trad. Civil War era



She had the soul of an an - gel;
List to the roar of the can - nons;

She had a heart that was true.
Look at the batt - le a - rray.

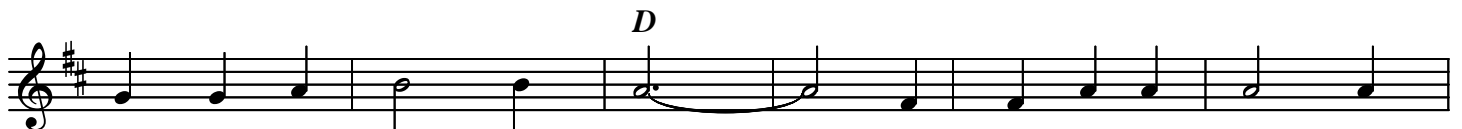


Her lips were sweet as the hum - ming - bird's mouth, All filled with the
It's all be - cause of the tears that I shed When they car - ried my



sweet hon - ey - dew.
black - bird a - way.

She taught me how to be hum - ble;
An - gels a - sing - ing in heav - en



She taught me how to pray.
Hushed their sweet songs when they heard

I thought I would die when
The cries of my heart when they



she said good - bye, And they car - ried my black - bird a - way.
tore me a - part From the arms of my pret - ty black - bird.

My
My



black - bird is gone, My black - bird is gone, My black - bird is gone a - way.
black - bird is gone, My black - bird is gone, I'll nev - er for - get the sad day.



They came with a chain, They called her sweet name, And they car - ried my
They came with a chain, They called her sweet name, And they car - ried my



black - bird a - way.
black - bird a - way.

As sung by Jimmy Driftwood (1961)

<http://www.lyon.edu/wolfcollection/songs/driftwoodblackbird1250.html>