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My lubly Dinah Mae.

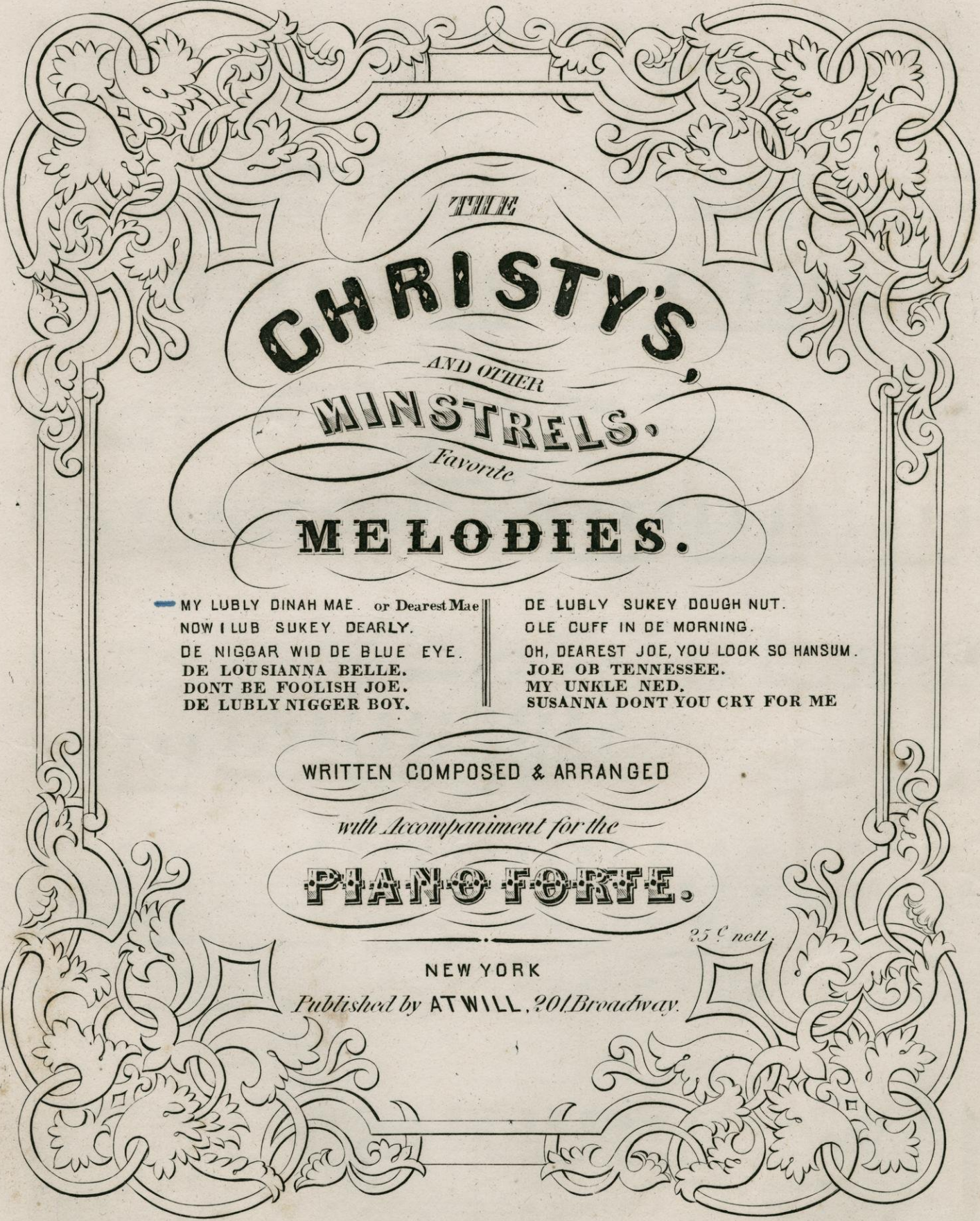
New York: Atwill (201 Broadway), 1848

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THE
CHRISTY'S,
 AND OTHER
MINSTRELS,
Favorite
MELODIES.

— MY LUBLY DINAH MAE. or Dearest Mae
 NOW I LUB SUKEY DEARLY.
 DE NIGGAR WID DE BLUE EYE.
 DE LOUSIANNA BELLE.
 DONT BE FOOLISH JOE.
 DE LUBLY NIGGER BOY.

DE LUBLY SUKEY DOUGH NUT.
 OLE CUFF IN DE MORNING.
 OH, DEAREST JOE, YOU LOOK SO HANSUM.
 JOE OB TENNESSEE.
 MY UNKLE NED.
 SUSANNA DONT YOU CRY FOR ME

WRITTEN COMPOSED & ARRANGED
with Accompaniment for the
PIANO-FORTE.

25 ¢ nett.

NEW YORK
 Published by AT WILL, 201 Broadway.

MY LUBLY DINAH MAE.

AND DEAREST MAE.

Written and Arranged

by William Clifton.

Moderato.

8va

f

cres *f*

loco 8va

f

ff

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848 by Joseph F. Atwill, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

4

Now nig - gers listen to me, A story I'll re - late, It happen'd in de
 Now darkies listen to me, A story I'll re - late, Which happen'd many
 valley, In de ole Carli - na state, Den way down in de meadow, 'Twar dar I mow'd de
 years a - go, In ole Virginnee state, My massa he buy Dinah, And bring her home to
 hay, I al - ways work de harder, When I tink ob you dear Mae.
 me, De lubliest shining creater, Dat eb - ber you did see.

Old Version.

2

My Massa gib me holliday, and say he'd gib me more,
 I tank him bery kindly, and shov'd my boat from shore;
 Den down de stream I glides along, my heart so light and free,
 To de cottage ob my lubly Mae, I long'd so much to see. Oh, dearest Mae &c.

3

On de bank ob de ribber, whar de trees dey hang so low,
 De coon among de branches play, while de mink he keeps below;
 Oh, dar is de happy spot, and Mae she looks so neat,
 Her eyes dey sparkle like de stars, her lips dey red as beat. Oh, dearest Mae &c.

4

Beneath de shady old oak tree, we sat for many a hour,
 As happy as de bussard bird, dat flies about de flow'r;
 But oh, dear Mae, I left her, she cri'd when we both parted,
 I bid sweet Mae a long farewell, den back to massa started. Oh, dearest Mae &c.

5

CHORUS. Oh, dear . . . est Mae, your lub . . ly as de day, Your

PRIMO Oh, Di . . . nah Mae, My lub . ly Di . nah Mae, How

ALTO Oh, Di . . . nah Mae, My lub . ly Di . nah Mae, How

SECONDO Oh, Di . . . nah Mae, My lub . ly Di . nah Mae, How

BASS Oh, Di . . . nah Mae, My lub . ly Di . nah Mae, How

Moderato.

eyes so bright, dey shine at night, When de moon has gone a . . way.

ma . ny tears I've shed for you, When de moonbeams nightly play.

ma . ny tears I've shed for you, When de moonbeams nightly play.

ma . ny tears I've shed for you, When de moonbeams nightly play.

ma . ny tears I've shed for you, When de moonbeams nightly play.

Repeat *f*

New Version 2

How often wid my Dinah,
 When de moon be on its way,
 We've pledg'd our lubs togedder,
 For ebber and a day;
 And when I tink how happy,
 Wid Dinah I have been,
 Upon dat lubly flowing stream,
 And on its banks so green. Oh, Dinah &c.

3

One night I ax my Dinah,
 If she wid me would go,
 A sailing cross de ribber,
 To see my farder, Joe;
 When on de way so pleasant,
 So happy, and so gay,
 My Dinah she fell over board,
 And on de bottom lay. Oh, Dinah &c.

4

I jump'd into de ribber,
 My Dinah to obtain,
 She say, farewell I'm dying, Joe,—
 She nebber speak again;
 Wid hebby heart I dig de grave,
 And softly laid her down,
 I strew it o'er wid flow'rs sweet,
 And dar I set and moan. Oh, Dinah &c.

5

From dat day to de present,
 My heart it sobs and beats,
 And when dat day comes once a year,
 I nebber nebber eats;
 I takes my seat along side,
 De grave where Dinah lay,
 And softly do I whisper,
 Come to me, Dinah Mae. Oh Dinah &c.