



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Dearest Mae.

New York: W. DuBois (315 Broadway), 1847

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/4LZANUYZ5NXV38B>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/NKC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

DEAREST YEAR

a Celebrated Ethiopian Song

SUNG BY THE

HARMONEONS

The Words by FRANCIS LYNCH.

The Music by JAMES POWER.

COMPOSED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

BY

L. N. H. Crosby.

Pr 25 Cts. net.

Philadelphia A. FIOT 196 Chestnut St.
Imperter of Music & Musical Instruments
New York W. DUBOIS 515 Broadway

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1841 by A. Fiot in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania

DEAREST MAE.

a Favorite

ETHIOPIAN SONG.

Allegretto.

HARMONEONS.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Now Nig-gers lis-ten

to me, A sto-ry I'll re-late; It hap-pen'd in de val-ly, In de

Old Car-li-na state; Way down in de meadow, 'Twas dare I mow'd de

hay; I al-ways work de har-der, When I think ob lub-ly Mae.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.
Oh! dearest Mae you'r lubly as the day, Your eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, Whende moon am gwane a-way!

ALTO.
Oh! dearest Mae you'r lubly as the day, Your eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, Whende moon am gwane a-way!

TENOR.
Oh! dearest Mae you'r lubly as the day, Your eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, Whende moon am gwane a-way!

BASS.
Mae you'r lubly as the day, Your eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, Whende moon am gwane a-way!

DEAREST MAE.

Now Niggers listen to me, a story I'll relate;
 It happen'd in de vally, In de Old Carlina state;
 Way down in de meadow, 'twas dare I mow'd de hay;
 I always work de harder, when I think ob lubly Mae

Oh! dearest Mae,
 You'r lubly as de day;
 Your eyes so bright
 Dey shine at night
 When the moon am gwane away!

2

Old Massa gib me a Holiday an'say he'd gib me more,
 I tank'd him bery kindly an' shoved my boat from shore;
 So down de river I glides along wid my heart so light and free,
 To de cottage ob my lubly Mae I'd long'd so much to see.

Oh! dearest Mae, &c.

3

On the banks of de river whar de trees dey hang so low,
 De coon among thar branches play, while de mink he keeps below;
 Oh! dar is de spot an Mae she looks so neat,
 Her eyes dey sparkle like de stars, her lips are red as beet.

Oh! dearest Mae, &c.

4

Benead de shady old oak tree, we sat for many an hour,
 Happy as de Bussard bird dat flies about de flower;
 But oh dear Mae I leff her she cried when boff we parted,
 I bid sweet Mae a long farewell and back to Massa started.

Oh dearest Mae, &c.