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## Dearest Mae.

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**DEAREST MAE**

*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. V. H. Crosby.**

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*Philadelphia* A. FIOT 196 Chesnut St.  
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# 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-pend 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.

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

## DEAREST MAE.

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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.