

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

L. N. H. Crosby.



BOSTON

Published by OLIVER DITSON Washington St

S. T. Gordon N. York

BECK & LANTON.
Philad^a

THOMAS & BALDWIN.
Cincinnati.

Boston C. C. Clapp & Co



1843

DEAREST MAE.

3

WRITTEN BY FRANCIS LYNCH.



COMPOSED BY L.V.H. CROSBY.

ALLEGRO.
ALLEGRETTO.

p
Now Niggers listen to me, A sto-ry I'll re-late; It

happen'd in de val-ly, In the Old Carli-na state; Way down in de meadow, 'Twas

dare I mow'd de hay; I always work de harder, When I think ob lubly Mae.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO. Oh! dear - - est Mae you'r lub - ly as the day, Your

ALTO. Oh! dear - - est Mae you'r lub - ly as the day, Your

TENOR. Oh! dear - - est Mae you'r lub - ly as the day, Your

BASS. Oh! dear - - est Mae you'r lub - ly as the day, Your

PIANO

FORTE.

eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwane a - way!

eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwane a - way!

eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de moon am gwane a - way!

eyes are bright, Dey shine at night, When de 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 de 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.

DEARLY
No 51
Foster's Melodies



SO MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME TOLD ME
I DID NOT TRAY
SO DID MEMORIES
SWEETIE LMA
I WILL BE REMEMBERED YOU

Stephen V. Foster
PIANO

Published by
New York
BROADWAY
Foster's Melodies
No 51