

1847

Dearest Mae

James Power

Francis Lynch

L.V.H. Crosby

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George Harvey De...

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

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DEAREST MAE.

a Favorite

ETHIOPIAN SONG.

HARMONEONS.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems of music. The first system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes the vocal line with the lyrics "Now Nig-gers lis-ten" and a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "to me, A sto-ry I'll re-late; It hap-pen'd in de val-ly, In de" and the piano accompaniment.

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, When de moon am gwane a-way!

ALTO.

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

TENOR.

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

BASS.

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

ff

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.

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