

Dearest Mae

FRANCIS LYNCH

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1. Now dar - kies, list - en to me, a sto - ry I'll re -
 2. My Mas - sa gib me a ho - li - day, he said he'd gib me
 3. Be - neath de sha - dy old oak - tree, we sat for ma - ny

late, It hap - pen'd in de val - ley of de old Car - li - na State; A -
 more, I tank him ber - ry kind - ly, and I push'd my boat from shore; As
 hours, As hap - py as de buz - zard bird dat flies a - mong de flow'rs; Oh!

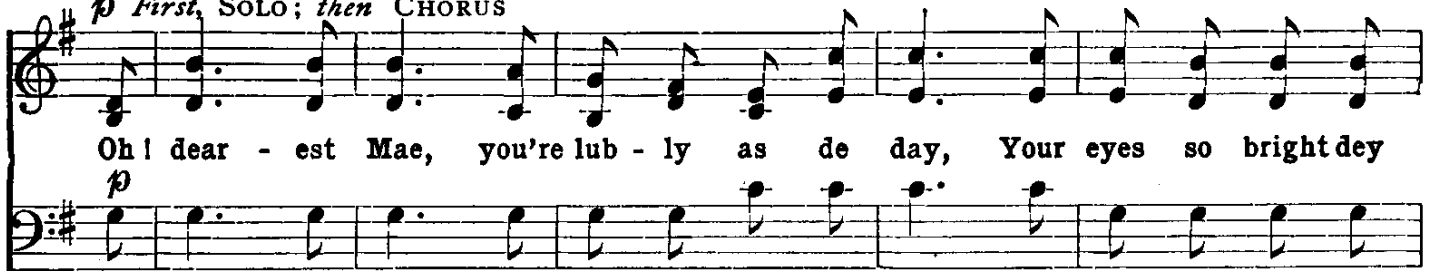
way down in de mead - ows 'twas dere I mow'd de hay, And I
 down the rib - ber I glide a - long, wid a heart so light and free, To de
 dere's de spot where's dear - est Mae, she al - ways looks so sweet, Her



al - ways work de hard - er when I tink ob dear - est Mae. . .
cot - tage ob my dear - est Mae, I lub'd so much to see. . .
eyes dey spar - kle like de stars, and her lips as red as beet. . .



p First, SOLO; then CHORUS



Oh! dear - est Mae, you're lub - ly as de day, Your eyes so bright dey



shine at night, When de moon am gwan a - way.

