

Dearest Mae

James Power

Allegretto

mf

1. Now, nig-gers list-en to me, — a sto-ry I'll re - late, It hap-pen'd in de val-ley, in de
2. Old mas-sa gib me hol-li-day, an say he gib me more, I tank'd him be-ry kind - ly, an'

old Car - li - na state; Way down — in — de mead-ow, — 'twas — dere I mow'd de
shoved my boat from shore; So down de riv - er I glides a-long wid my heart so light and

CHORUS

f

hay; I — al-ways work de hard-er when I think ob lub - ly Mae. Oh, dear - est
free, To de cot-tage ob my lub - ly Mae, I long'd so much to see.

Mae, you're lub-ly as the day. Your eyes are bright, dey shine at night, When de moon am gone a - way.