

N^o 42
Dep: Jan'y 13. 1854
J. E. Gould
Perp

To Mr. Rainer

SWEET LUCY MAY



H. AVERY.

25¢ net

Philadelphia J. E. GOULD 164 Chestnut St. No 3 Swaim's Building
Successor to A. Fisk

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Entered according to act of Congress in 1853 by J. E. Gould in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the S. D. of Pa.
Oak & M'Callister, etc.

SWEET LUCY MAY.

COMPOSED BY

H. AVERY.

VOICE. *ALLEGRETTO.*

PIANO *p*
Lively.

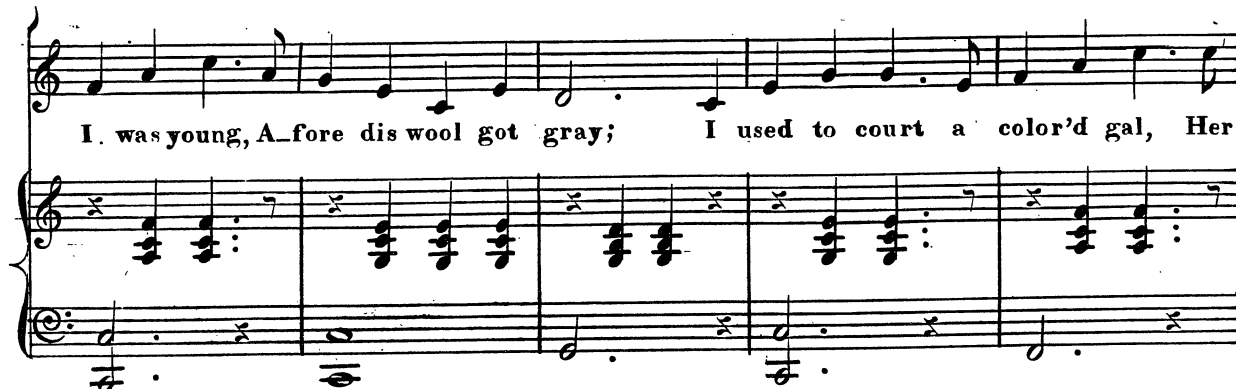
FORTE.



A long time since when



I. was young, Afore dis wool got gray; I used to court a color'd gal, Her



Ent: according to Act of Congress A.D. 1853 by J.E. Gould in the Clerks Office of the Dist Court of the Eastern Dist. of Pen^a.

name was Lu - cy May. She liv'd near by a cross de creek, And dar at close ob

day, I'd go at least eight nights a week, To see sweet Lu - cy may.

CHORUS.

CANTO. Oh Lu - cy! dear Lu - cy, Dem days am past a - way But I'll neb - ber for -

ALTO. Oh Lu - cy! dear Lu - cy, Dem days am past a - way But I'll neb - ber for -

TENOR. Oh Lu - cy! dear Lu - cy, Dem days am past a - way But I'll neb - ber for -

BASS. Oh Lu - cy! dear Lu - cy, Dem days am past a - way But I'll neb - ber for -

PIANO FORTE.

Sweet Lucy May.

The musical score consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. Each vocal staff has the lyrics: "- get thee, My own sweet Lu - cy May." The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and provides harmonic support for the vocal lines.

²
 Oh! how dis heart would palpitate,
 Wid lub as I drew near
 De place whar she would always wait:
 For dis chile to appear.
 An den wid gentle words and kind,
 I'd coax her for to say;
 Dat she'd be mine and only mine
 My own sweet Lucy May.

Chorus.

³
 She promised dat she'd be my true,
 And ebber lubbin wife;
 And den us bofe looked forward to:
 A long and happy life.
 I fixed my little cot up nice
 Made ebry ting look gay
 And only waited to be spliced
 To my sweet Lucy May.

Chorus.

⁴
 But jist afore dat day come round,
 Deff' snatched her right away;
 And left me all alone to mourn:
 My own sweet Lucy May.
 Now ebry day I cross de creek,
 To kneel upon de clay;
 Dat covers all I loved on earth:
 My own sweet Lucy May.

Chorus.

Sweet Lucy May.