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Oh Saw Ye the Lass wi' the Bonny Blue E'En

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When I was YOUNG AND FAIR.

When I was young and fair
I went to Carolina,
And there I was well known
As lovely Miss Dinah ;
Dere all de day I pass'd
In massa's fields, at labour,
And when night came at last
I went home with some neighbour.
Oh ! 'twas a happy day
I went to Carolina ;
All who knew me would say
There goes lively Miss Dinah.

Spoken.—Well what am de use of being sad ? I
am always berry merry, and go about singing—
Oh, oh, ie! oh, oh, ie.

One morn in summer time,
When I went out a reaping,
I saw Virginia Jim
So slyly at me peeping.
At night we both did meet,
I long wid him did tarry ;
Jim said, in accents sweet,—
“ Miss Dinah, will you marry ? ”

Spoken.—And when he said dat he put my heart
all ober in a fluster ; but him roll him eye and look
so lubly, so I muster up courage and say to him
zactly in de same tone of voice, only different, but
berry bashfully,—

Oh, oh, ie! oh, oh, ie!

OH SAW YE THE LASS WI' THE BONNY BLUE E'EN.

Oh, saw ye the lass wi' the bonny blue e'en ?
Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen,
Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher I ween,
She's the loveliest damsel that ever was seen.

The home of my love is below in the valley,
Where sweet flow'rs, welcome the wand'ring being ;
But the sweetest of flowers, that bloom in the valley,
Is the lass that I love wi' the bonny blue e'en.

O, saw ye the lass, &c.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
She steals out to meet her loved Donald again ;
And when the moon shines in the valley so green,
He'll welcome the lass wi' the bonny blue e'en.

O, saw ye the lass, &c.

As the fond dove that wanders away from the nest,
Returns to the mate that his heart loves the best,
So I'll leave the wide world's false and vanishing scene,
And I'll fly to the lass wi' the bonny blue e'en.

O, saw ye the lass, &c.

THE AMERICAN SERENADERS.

WE come from de Ohio States,
Where de night wolf does howl all de day,
Where the negro works early and late,
And de whip all de wages do pay ;
And when the bell tolls four
Den the negro work no more.
Den we laugh and sing that our day's work done :
Ru re, ra, rou, our day's work done,
Oh ! den in my heart I do pity dat Old Joe.
I hope soon de big spirit will take him to where
there's no sorrow or woe.
Re rou, re rou, our day's work is begun ;
Aint you glad when your day's work is done ?

[?]

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