

48.

No 144

Rehearsal April 22 1944

By a for
a. Rep

MISS LUCY NEALE

(A FAVORITE ETHIOPIAN SONG)

Written, Sung & Dedicated to

His friends of his own native City, Philad^a

by

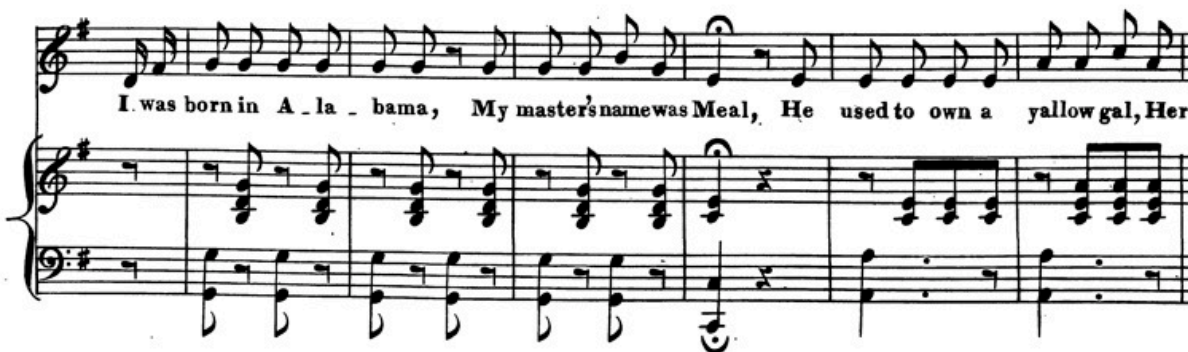
JAMES SANFORD.

THE CELEBRATED NEGRO SINGER & DANGER,

Philadelphia A. FIOT, 196 Chesnut St.

New York W. DUBOIS, 315 Broadway.

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1818 by J. Fiot in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.





2
Miss Lucy she was handsome,
From de head down to de heel,
And all de niggas fell in love,
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

3
She used to go out wid us,
To pick cotton in de field,
And dar is whar I fell in love,
Wid my pretty Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

4
I asked Miss Lucy would she have me,
How glad she made me feel,
When she gave to me her heart,
My pretty Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

5
My massa he did sell me,
Because he thought I'd steal,
Which caused a separation,
Of myself and Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale,
Oh! poor Lucy Neale,
If I had her in my arms,
How happy I would feel.

6
My boat it was a pine log,
Widout eder rudder or keel,
And I floated down de riber,
A crying poor Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

7
De niggas gave a ball,
Miss Lucy danced a reel,
And none dar could compare,
Wid my poor Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

8
Miss Lucy she was taken sick,
She eat too much corn meal,
The Doctor he did gib her up,
Alas! poor Lucy Neale.
Oh! poor Lucy Neale, &c.

9
One day I got a letter,
And jet black was the seal
It was de announcement ob de death
Of my poor Lucy Neale.
And oh! poor Lucy Neale,
And oh! poor Lucy Neale,
If I had her in my arms,
How glad 'twould make me feel.