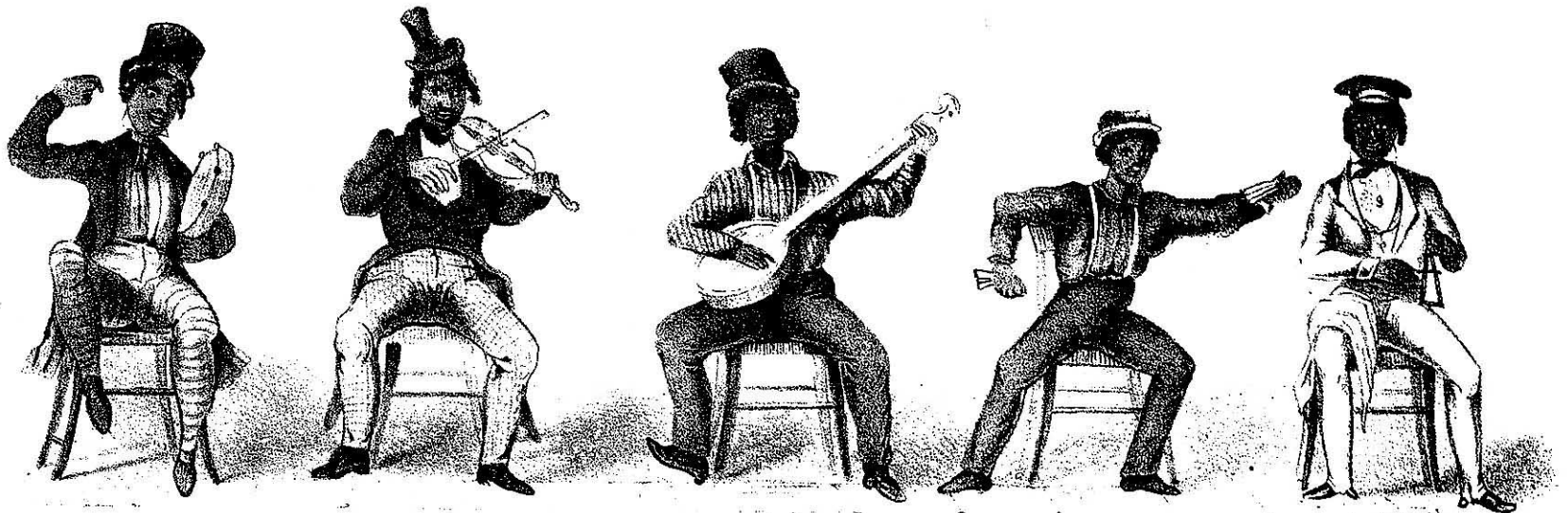


SONGS OF THE VIRGINIA SERENADERS,



J. SANFORD.

J. R. MYERS.

J. P. CARTER.

MASTER R. EDWARDS

C. WHITE.



As sung by them with distinguished success, in the principal Cities of the Union

*Dandy Jim, (from Caroline)
Whar did you come from.
Dat Nigger is in lub wid Dinah.
Boston Gals
Whut's going on
Lucy Long and her answer.*

*Walk Jaw Bone.
Luby Bine
Old Grey Nose.
Charleston Gals.
Walk along John.
Old Peter.*

*Yallar Gals.
Nigger put down dat Jug.
Sandy Boys.
Cynthia Sue.
Who's dat Nigger dare peepin
In the days when we went hoeing corn.*

ARRANGED FOR THE
PIANO-FORTE,
BY
J. W. TURNER.

Price 25 cts. net.

BOSTON.
Published at KEITH'S MUSIC PUBLISHING HOUSE 67 & 69 Court St
Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1844 by Charles H. Keith in the clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.
Buffard & Co Lithography Boston.

*G. B. Woodbridge
for Virginia Serenaders*

CYNTHIA SUE.

Words and Music composed by

JAMES P. CARTER.

KEITH'S Publishing House 67 & 69 Court St. BOSTON.

Allegretto. *mf*

8V

3

8

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It features a treble clef with a melody starting on G4, and a bass clef with a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the dynamic is 'mf'. There are some markings like '8V', '3', and '8' above the treble staff.

Long time a - go I used to lib In State ob Tus - ka -

f

The first line of the song features a vocal line in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are 'Long time a - go I used to lib In State ob Tus - ka -'. The piano part has a dynamic marking of 'f'.

loo, I fall in lub wid a pret-ty gal, Dey call her Cyn-thia Sue.

The second line of the song continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'loo, I fall in lub wid a pret-ty gal, Dey call her Cyn-thia Sue.' The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment.

Ent'd according to Act of Congress A.D. 1844 by C.H. Keith in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of Mass.

Chorus: moderato.

Oh!... Cyn-thia my dear honey Oh! Cyn-thia I have bro't you home some money.

Oh!... Cyn-thia my dear honey Oh! Cyn-thia I have bro't you home some money.

D.C. al seg.

2.

She use to be so glad to see
Her Pompey when he came,
De banjo on his sholder
An dis de song he sung.

Oh! Cynthia, &c.

3.

Pompey could not wread or rite,
Nor sleep nor stay awake;
He syed so for his Cynthia
You'd tho't his hart would brake.

Oh! Cynthia, &c.

4.

Pompey laid awake one nite
To see what he could'dream,
He drempt about his Cynthia,—
Oh! how de nigger scream.

Oh! Cynthia, &c.

5.

De nigger traders bought me,
Cynthia dont you cry;
She hug me an she kiss me,
She call me darlin child.

Oh! Cynthia, &c.

6.

I bin to east I bin to west,
I bin to ole Warginny;
Ob all de gals I eber saw
Cynthia's good as any.

Oh! Cynthia, &c.

7.

I went down to New Orleans
I did not go to stay,
But yaller gals wid dem bake beans
Woodnt let me come away.

Oh! Cynthia, &c.

