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Amy Rosy Lee

Negro Song

as sung by

Dumbletons Minstrels

WORDS & MUSIC

BY

H. DUMBLETON

Director

Pays 10 — 25 Cts Nett

New York
Published by Horace Waters 333 Broadway

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403.

Deposited in Clerk's Office S. Dist N.Y. July 26. 1854.

AMY ROSY LEE

H. Dumbleton.

Spiritoso.

p

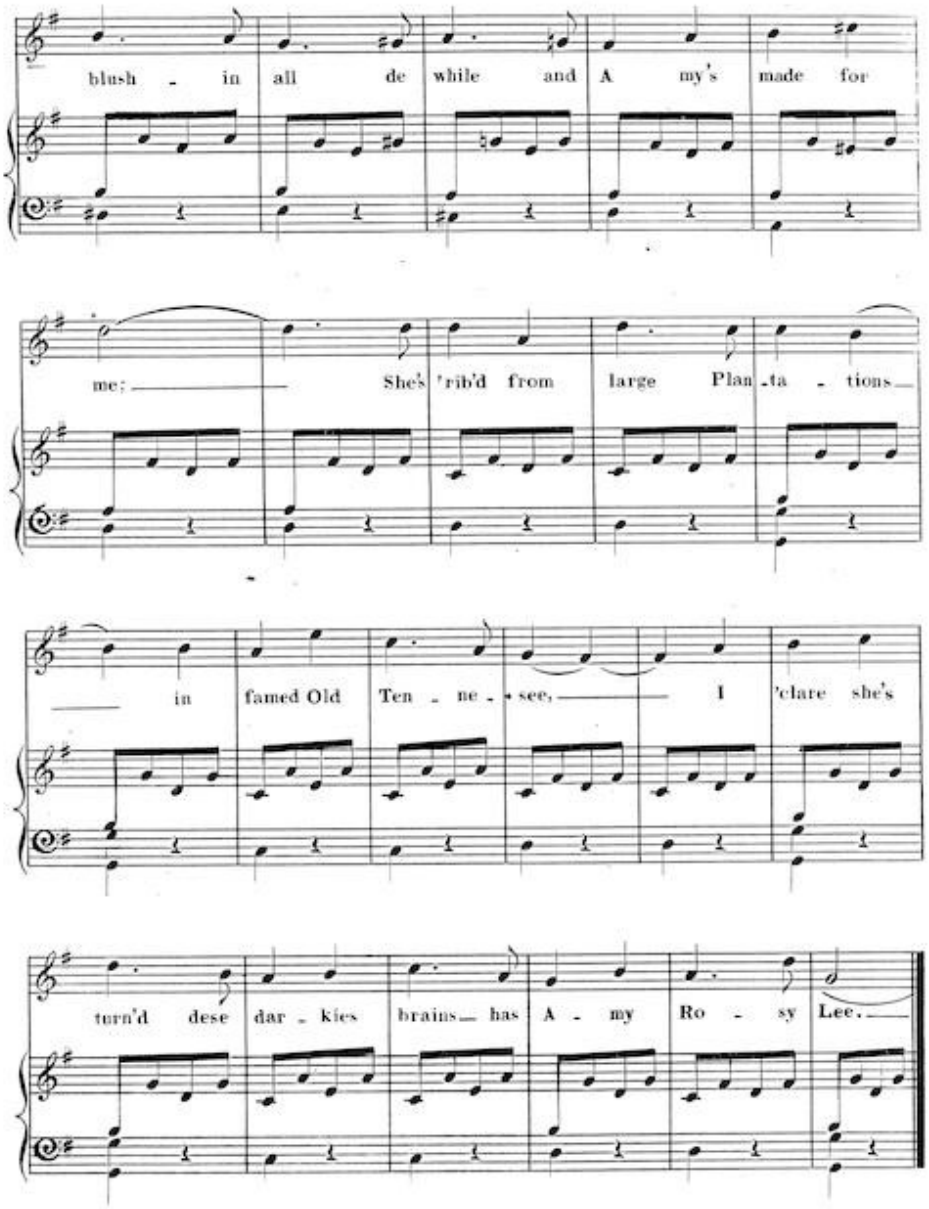
cres.

f

ff

Oh, hab you eb - er seen dat gal, call'd

A - my Ro - sy Lee, She'm bright as


blush - in all de while and A my's made for
me: She's 'rib'd from large Plan - ta - tions
in famed Old Ten - ne - see, I 'clare she's
turn'd dese dar - kies brains has A - my Ro - sy Lee.

CHORUS.

Soprano. Sweet A - my Ro - sy Lee, she's

Alto. Sweet A - my Ro - sy Lee, she's

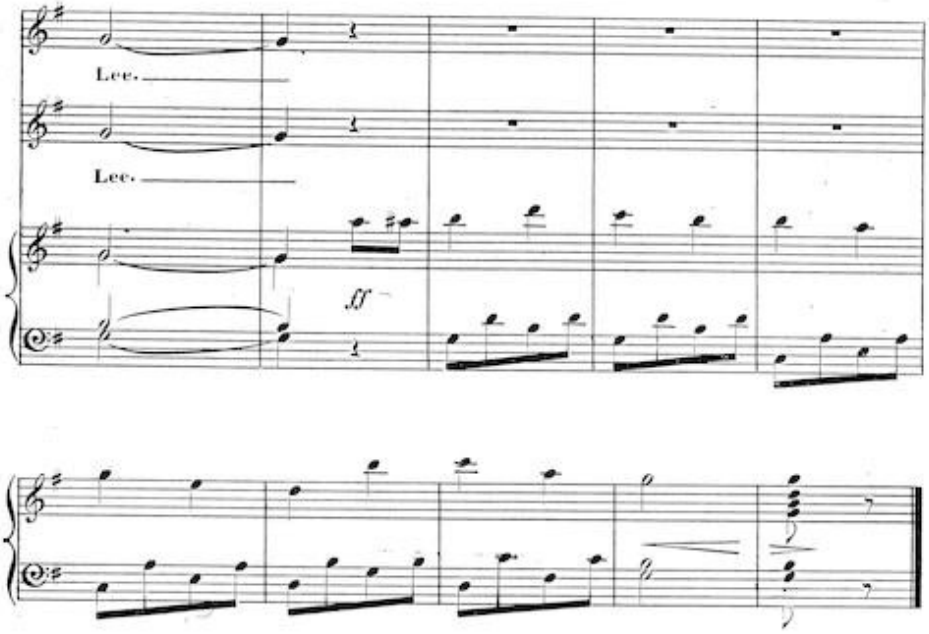
PIANO. Tenor. Bass.

com to mar - ry me; No white or

com to mar - ry me; No white or

col - or'd can com - pare wid A - my Ro - sy

col - or'd can com - pare wid A - my Ro - sy



2

Her cheeks look like de glorious sun some bright and sunny morn,
Her smile would cheer de heart ob man when low and all forlorn:
She's eyes like stars, she's teef like pearls an lips like coral bright,
Her tonge has ne'er beguil'd us all de darkies she'd delight.

Chorus { Sweet Amy Rosy Lee, when will you marry me,
I 'gins to feel quite jealous of dear Amy Rosy Lee.

3

Oh, 'ceptive Amy Rosy Lee, you am a cruel flirt,
And only come your powers to prove and trample on dis heart;
I see'd you ogling all de men de oder afternoon,
So go 'long back to Tennesee, and I'll a wife hab soon.

Chorus { Base Amy Rosy Lee, you'll never marry me,
I hate you, dad I realy does, Miss Amy Rosy Lee.