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"The Plaint of Sweet Marie."

Words by Wm. P. Burt.

Music by E. Cutting.

Allo Modto.

Vamp

Voice

SOME- WHERE IN FRACE A YAN-KEE BOY HE MAKE SWEET LOVE TO
DOSE YAN-KEE BOYS TALK SO FUNN-EE BUT OH HOW DEY MAKE

ME, WHEN HE COME BACK FROM
LOVE, DA CALL SUCH FUNN-EE

NO-MAN'S LAND HE CALL ME "SWEET MAR - IE",
FUNN-EE NAMES CHICK - EN AND TUR-TLE DOVE,

M1646
.C

HE GAVE DE BOSCHE DE ONE SWIFT KICK DAT WON MY HEART A-
AND OH YOU KID NOW WHAT DIS MEAN FOR ME I CAN-NOT

WAY, HE PROM-IS' DAT HE LOVE ME TRUE AND DEN HE SAIL NEXT
SAY, I KNOW I HATE HIS SAL-LY ANN HE'S GOT IN I-OW

DAY, I FEEL SO BLUE, I'LL SAY TO YOU,
-A, I FEEL SO BLUE, I'LL SAY TO YOU,

Ri-.

MY HEART MOST BROKE IN TWO,
MY HEART MOST BROKE IN TWO,

Chorus

"THE PLAINT OF SWEET MARIE"

Words by William P. Burt.
Music by E. Cutting.

"Some where in France a Yankee boy, he make sweet love to me.
When He come back from "no-mans-land" he call me Sweet Marie.
He gave de Bosche de one swift kick, dat won my heart away
He promise dat he love me true and den he sail next day,
Refrain-I feel so blue- I say to you--My heart most broke in two,
Cho-
He sail away, to de U.S.A. in a great big Yankee boat,
He lef' me flat jus' like dat, he got my--nanny goat,
I jus' fin' out, what its all about, jus' dis verse day.
He got a "SweetMarie" call' Sally Ann, in a town call' Iowa,

2nd verse-
Doze Yankee boy talk so funee, But oh· how he make lov'
He call such funee, funee name, "Chicken" an' Turtle dove"
An' Oh, you kid- now what dat mean, for me I can not say,
I know I hate dis Sally An dat liv' in Iowa.
Refrain (same as 1st verse)
2nd Cho--
(First two lines same as 1st cho- then---
I jus' fin' out what its all about, I hope he break his jaw.
He got a "SweetMarie" call' Mary Jane, somewhere in Omaha,

3rd Cho--
(First tw lines same-- then---
I jus' fin' out what its all about, Ma Dieu, he make me sware.
He got a "SweetMarie" call' Clara Bell, in la rue de Deleware.

HE

LEF'

JUST F

MA BLEU HE MAKE ME SWEAR —

SWEET MAR-IE CALLED SAL-LY ANN IN A TOWN CALLED I-OW-A.
MA-RY JANE SOME — WHERE IN O-MA-HA.
CLA-RA BELL IN LA RUE DE DEL-A-WARE.

Chorus.

HE SAIL A-WAY JUS' YES-TER-DAY ON A GREAT BIG YAN-KEE BOAT,

LEF' ME FLAT, JUS' LIKE THAT, DAT GET MY NAN-NY GOAT, — I

JUST FIND OUT WHAT ITS' ALL A-BOUT, JUS' DIS VE-RY DAY, — HE GOT A
I HOPE HE BREAK HIS JAW, —
MA BLEU' HE MAKE ME SWEAR —

SWEET MAR-IE CALLED SAL-LY ANN IN A TOWN CALLED I-OW — A.
MA-RY JANE SOME — WHERE IN O-MA — HA.
CLA-RA BELL IN LA RUE DE DEL-A — WARE.

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