

E. C. 92

To the Readers of
Uncle Tom's Cabin.

AUNT HARRIET BECHA STOWE

Written Expressly for

Kunkel's Nightingale Opera Troupe

BY
Charles Soran Esq.

Music by

JOHN H. HEWITT.

Gillingham.

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AUNT HARRIETT BECHA STOWE

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COMPOSED BY

JNO. H. HEWITT.

Moderato.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a piano introduction and four vocal lines with lyrics. The piano introduction is marked 'Moderato.' and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The vocal lines are written in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'I went to New York ci-ty a month or two a-go, A hunting for dat lady, Aunt Harriet Becha Stowe; I see'd de-Ab-ol-i-tions dey said shed gone a-way, Dey told me in de ci-ty it was no use to stay.'

I went to New York ci-ty a month or two a-go, A hunting for dat

lady, Aunt Harriet Becha Stowe; I see'd de-Ab-ol-i-tions dey

said shed gone a-way, Dey told me in de ci-ty it was no use to stay.

She take a-way de dollars, and put 'em in her pocket, She laïd her hand up -

- on it, and dar she safe-ly lock it, Dey said if Massa come for me, den

Rall.

dey would quick-ly meet, Dey'd make a lion of me, and gib me 'nuf to

Rall.

CHORUS.

eat. Oh! Oh! Oh! Aunt Har-riet Becha Stowe! How could you leave de

Country and sarve poor nigga so

2nd Ver.

Dey treated dis here child, as doe I was a Turk, Den tole me for to leave dem and go a way to work; I could 'nt get no work, I could 'nt get no dinner, And den I wish dis Fugitive was back to ole Virginny, Oh! when I was a picanin, Ole Uncle Tom would say, Be true unto your Massa, and neber run a way, He tole me dis at homie, 'he' tole me dis at partin', Ned, don't you trust de whitefolks, For dey am quite un sartin.

3d Ver.

Ole Massa's very kind ole Missus's gentle too, And much I love my Dinah in ole Virginny true, Now I'll go back and stay dar, and neber more will roam Lor bress de Southern Ladies, and my ole southern home! But dont come back Aunt Harriet in England make a fuss, Go talk against your Country, put money in your puss And when us happy niggers you pity in your prayer, Oh! dont forget de WHITE SLAVES dat starvin ober dere!