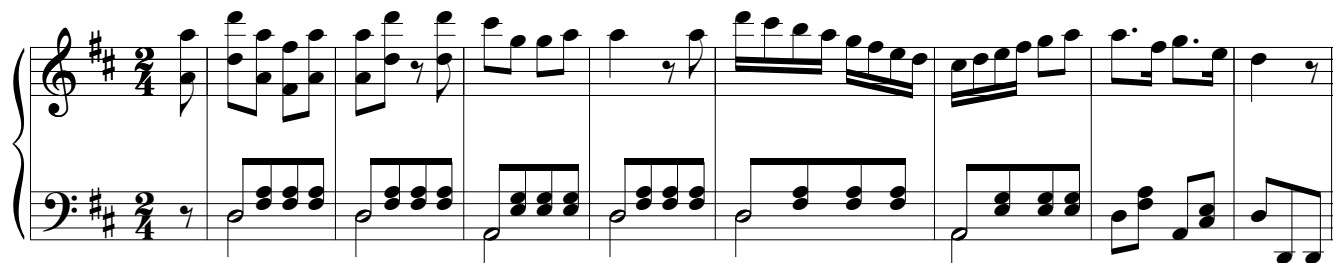


Aunt Harriet Becha Stowe

Words by
Charles Soran

Music by
John H. Hewitt

Moderato



10 I went to New York cit-y a month or two a - go, A hunt-ing for dat la-dy, Aunt Har-riet Be - cha

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "I went to New York cit-y a month or two a - go, A hunt-ing for dat la-dy, Aunt Har-riet Be - cha". The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

18 Stowe; I see'd de Ab-o - li-tions dey said she'd gone a - way, Dey told me in de cit-y it was no use to

The second system continues the song with the lyrics: "Stowe; I see'd de Ab-o - li-tions dey said she'd gone a - way, Dey told me in de cit-y it was no use to". The musical notation follows the same pattern as the first system, with a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand.

26

stay. She take a-way de dol-lars, and put 'em in her pock-et, She laid her hand up - on it, and

26

p

34

dar she safe-ly lock it, Dey said if Mas-sa come for me, den dey would quick-ly meet, Dey'd make a li-on

34

rall.

rall.

41

of me, and gib me 'nuf to eat. Oh! Oh! Oh! Aunt Har-riet Be-cha Stowe! How could you leave de

41

Chorus
a tempo

49

Coun-try and sarve poor nig-ga so? Dey treat-ed dis here

49

58

child, as doe I was a Turk, Den tole me for to leave dem and go a-way to work; I could-n't get no

66

work, I could-n't get no din-ner, And den I wish dis Fu-gu-tive was back to ole Vir-gin-ny, Oh!

74

when I was a pic-a-nin, Ole Un-cle Tom would say, Be true un-to your Mas-sa, and neb-er run a-

81

way, He tole me dis at home, he tole me dis at part-in', Ned, don't you trust de white folks, For

Chorus
a tempo

88
dey am quite un - sar-tin. Oh! Oh! Oh! Aunt Har-riet Be-cha Stowe! How could you leave de Coun-try and

96
sarve poor nig-ga so? Ole Mas-sa's ver-y kind ole

105
Mis-su's gen-tle too, And much I love my Di-nah in ole Vi - gin-ny true, Now I'll go back and

112
stay dar, and neb-er more will roam Lor bress de South-ern La-dies, and my ole south-ern home. But

120

don't come back Aunt Har-riet in Eng-land make a fuss, Go talk a-against your Coun-try, put mon-ey in your

120

p

127

puss And when us hap-py nig-gers you pit-y in your prayer, Oh! don't for-get de WHITE SLAVES dat

127

rall.

rall.

134

star-vin ob-er dare! Oh! Oh! Oh! Aunt Har-riet Be-cha Stowe! How could you leave de Coun-try and

134

Chorus
a tempo

142

sarve poor nig - ga so?

142