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# DAT'S ME PLANTATION SONG.



Refrain:  
Dinah! Dinah!  
Oh you's my lubly little Dinah!  
Dinah! Dinah!  
You's de gal foh me!

Written by  
**ARTHUR ROGER CARTER,**  
Composed by  
**BOND ANDREWS.**

Sung by  
**MISS KATE  
JAMES.**



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# DAT'S ME.

Words by  
ARTHUR ROGER CARTER.

Music by  
BOND ANDREWS

VOICE. 





(H & C<sup>o</sup> 2765.)

When de sun am shin . in' bright up dere, And de

sky am blue as blue can be; Den

Di . nah an' her coon Lub to lie a . round an' croon, An'

Di . nah's lub . bin coon . dat's me. When de

(H & C<sup>o</sup> 2765.)

sun an set - tin' soft - ly on de cot - ton fields, 'Tis de

time we rouse a - bout an' play, An' we

make de ban - jo ring Wid de songs de nig - gers sing, An' we

dance de mer - ry time a - - way.

(H &amp; C. 2765.)

2nd time Orchestra sing melody *ppp*, with closed mouth.

*pp*

1st Di - nah Di - nah Oh you's my lub-ly little Di - nah.  
 2nd Yah! (laugh.) Yah! (laugh.)

1st Di - nah Di - nah You's de gal for..... me!  
 2nd Yah! (laugh.) Yah! (laugh.)

1st & 2nd Verses.

*p*

*D. C. dal Segno.*

DANCE. (After 3rd Verse.)

When de sun am shinin' bright up dere,  
 An' de sky am blue as blue can be;  
 Den Dinah an' her coon  
 Lub to lie around an' croon,  
 An' Dinah's lubbin coon — dat's me.  
 When de sun am settin' softly on de cotton fields,  
 'Tis de time we rouse about an' play,  
 An' we make de banjo ring,  
 Wid de songs de niggers sing,  
 An' we dance de merry time away.

*REFRAIN.*

Dinah! Dinah!  
 Oh you's my lubly little Dinah!  
 Dinah! Dinah!  
 You's de gal foh me!

When de moon am shinin' right up dere,  
 An' de niggers all is sleepin' sound;  
 De moonlight's silver beam,  
 Shines upon us as we dream,  
 All settin' on de sun-bak'd ground.  
 When de shadows fall so softly on de cotton fields,  
 Den in mine her little hand is laid,  
 An dere's no one but us two  
 Tellin' all our love so true,  
 An' Din' an' me we's not afraid.

When de sun am shinin' right up dere,  
 An' de mornin' comes foh Din' an' me,  
 We'll married be the day  
 Dat de massa says we may,  
 Two merry little nigs we'll be.  
 When de sun is gleamin' brightly on de cotton fields,  
 'Tis de time dat we must work — do say,  
 But I'll happy be foh life,  
 Wid Dinah foh my wife,  
 An' some piccaninnies, too, some day.