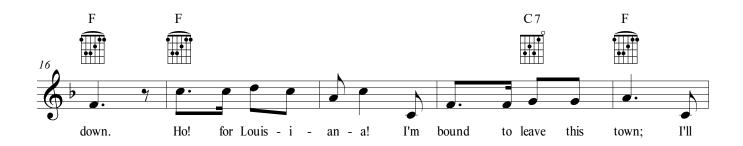
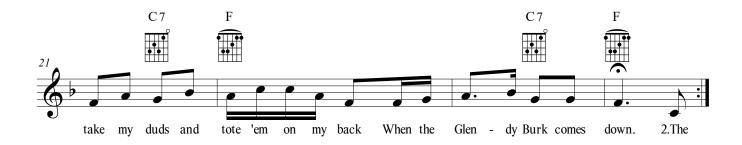
Stephen C. Foster

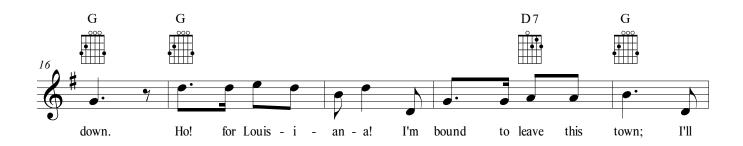


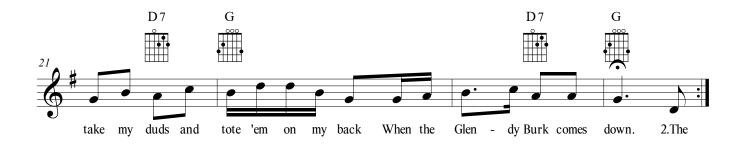




- 3. I'll work all night in de wind and storm, I'll work all day in de rain,
 Till I find myself on de levy dock
 In New Orleans again.
 Dey make me mow in de hay field here
 And knock my head wid de flail,
 I'll go wha dey work wid de sugar
 And de cane And roll on de cotton bale.
- 4. My lady love is as pretty as a pink, I'll meet her on de way I'll take her back to de sunny old south And dah I'll make her stay. So dont you fret my honey dear, Oh! dont you fret Miss Brown I'll take you back 'fore de middle of de week When de Glendy Burk comes down.

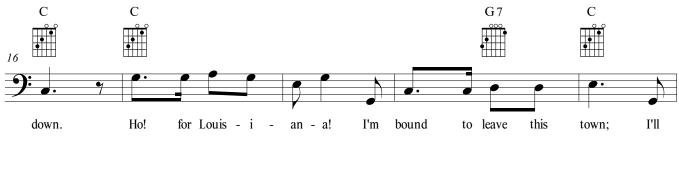


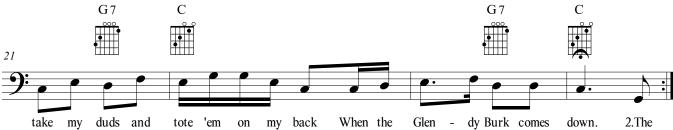




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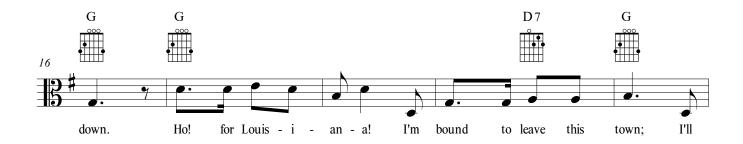


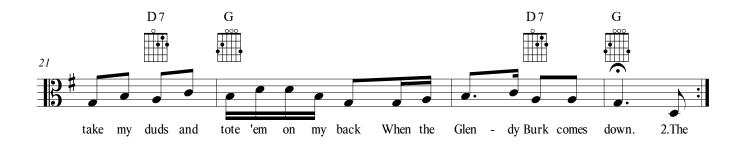


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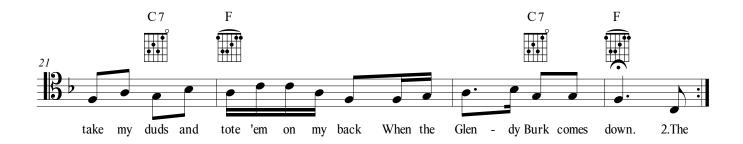




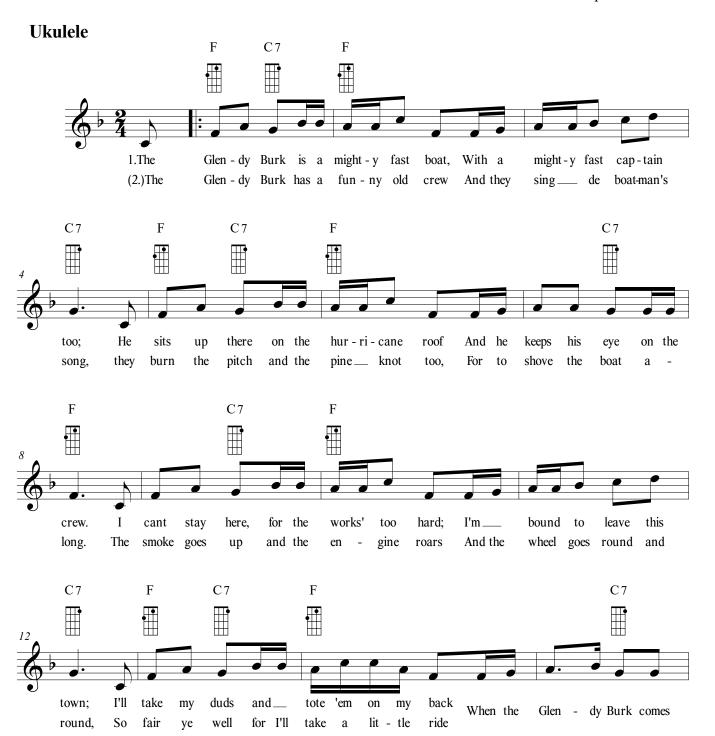
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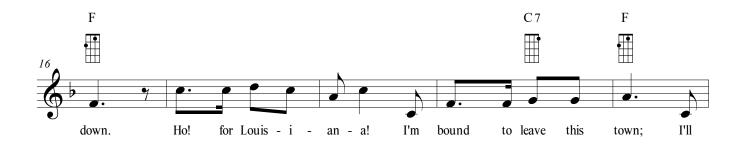






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