

The Negro Girl.

A BALLAD

Composed by Sig.^r Raurrini.Price 1.^s/

Andantino

no Forte

Pedal Harp

Poor O - ra tink on Yanko dear tho; he begone for e - ver for He no dead he -

still live here and he from here go ne - ver for he no dead he still live here and

he from here go ne - ver and he from here - and he from here from here go

never. Like on the sand, me

mark him face, De wave come roll him o-ver, De mark he go, but still the place, 'tis

ea-sy to dis-co-ver the mark the mark he go but still the place - tis ea-sy

ea-sy to dis-cover

Me Sée Some time de tree, de flower
 He droop like Ora Surely,
 And den by by dere comes a Shower
 He hold him head up purely.
 And So Some time me tink me die,
 My heart so Sick it grieve me,
 But in a little time me cry
 Good deal and dat relieve me.