

I LUB A LUBLY GAL, I DO.

Arr. by G. B.

Written and Composed by BRANDON THOMAS.

Allegro comodo.

1. I lub a lub - ly gal, I do, an' I hab lub'd a gal or two, An' I know how a gal should be

lub'd, you bet I do, Go out an' seek de gals around, her e - qua' it can not be found, An'

now you've heard me tell you, an' I know it's true; She's the lub - liest black you eb - er see, her

skin it shines like eb - o - ny, Her teeth are white, her lub - ly lips de fea - ture ob her face, An' dem

With the voice.

rall. a tempo.

rall. a tempo.

MPA

lub - ly eyes hab got a look, dat speaks more volumes dan a book, An' when dey smile up-on me, why, dey

rall. CHORUS. *a tempo.*
float me roun' de place. I lub a lub - ly gal, I do, an' I hab lub'd a gal or two, An'

I know how a gal should be lub'd, you bet I do; Go out an' seek de gals around, her

e - qual it can not be found, An' now you've heard me tell you, an' I know it's true.

2

3

When we'd shipp'd away de cotton, d'n a little ring I'd gotten,
An' I'd builded up a cabin, like de ole log hut at home,
An' now she's come to be my wife, I'll lub her while I've bref of life,
An' nebber from dat cabin will I ask to roam;
For she told me dat she lub'd me, an' her darlin' Jake she dub'd me,
I was singin' to my banjo, she sat quiet as a mice.
An' dem lubly eyes was list'nin', till I seen de tears a-glist'nin'
As she crep' up to my side an' whisper'd, "Jake, you are so nice!"

I Lub A Lubly Gal, I Do.—2.

Now, darkies, when you're down our way, look in an' prove de words
Jes say dat Jakey sent you, dat'll make you welcome dar; [I say,
An' white folks, you can come along, an' believe me, dat you won't
In wishin' you was beautiful, an' black, like her; [be long
I'm de happiest nigger down our way, I pick de cotton all de day,
An' when de sun goes down to roost, it's den I'm homeward bound.
An' I smell de cakes a-bakin', dat my Susy's been a-makin',
An' our little Jake gits larlin', when his daddy comes around