

THE CHARLESTON BLUES

March and Chorus.

AS SUNG IN

ED. HARRIGAN'S

NEW PLAY,

“THE MCSORLEYS.”

EMBRACING

I never drink behind the bar.
The Old Feather Bed.

McNally's Row of Flats.

The Charleston Blues. March and Chorus.

The Market on Saturday Night.

WORDS BY

ED. HARRIGAN.

MUSIC BY

DAVE BRAHAM.

4

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THE CHARLESTON BLUES.

MARCH AND CHORUS.

Words by ED. HARRIGAN.

Music by DAVE BRAHAM.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four systems of music. The first system is the introduction, marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The second system continues the introduction. The third system is the first part of the chorus, featuring a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The fourth system contains the lyrics and continues the musical accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:

- 1 We're all the way from Car- o - line,
- 2 With teeth so white aint we a sight?
- 3 Each New York gal, we hope you shall
- 4 Oh, fare you well, white folks and black,

The Spring has come, the flow'rs in bloom, The birds sung out their lay, . . . Down
 by a lit - tle run-ning brook, I first saw Maggie May; . . . She
 had a roug - ish jet black eye, Was sing - ing all the day, . . . And
 how I loved her none can tell! My lit - tle Maggie May. . .

The musical score is written for a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The vocal line consists of four staves of music, each corresponding to a line of lyrics. The lyrics are written in a stylized, early 20th-century font. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

2d Chorus.

7

1. 2.

The corn is waving, Annie, dear, Oh, meet me by the stile, To hear thy gentle voice again, And greet thy winning smile! smile!

D.S.

3d Chorus.

Oh, 'tis but a lit-tle fad-ed flower, . . . But, oh, how fond-ly dear, . . . 'Twill bring me back one gold-en

ho-ur, Through ma-n-y, through many a wea-ry year! . . . Oh, how I love my A - dah!

charming lit-tle A- dah! Frisk-ey lit-tle A - dah! Oh, how I love my A - dah! A-dah with the gold-en

hair! . . . hair! . . . We sat by the riv-er you and I, . . . In the sweet summer time long a -

go; . . . So smoothly the wa-ter glid-ed by . . . Making mu-sic in its tranquil flow. . .