DEAR OLD GIRL.

WORDS BY
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MUSIC BY
THEODORE F. MORSE.

Andante moderato.

'Twas a sunny day in June, when the birds were all in tune, and the songs they sang all seemed to be of

Dark and drear the world has grown, as I wander all alone, and I hear the breezes sobbing thro' the

you, And the words I came to speak, brought the blushes to your cheek, as you

I can scarce hold back my tears, when the southern moon appears, for 'tis

Dear Old Girl.

whispered "yes," and fondly kissed me, too. I could see the love light shine, in your
on our humble cottage where it shines, Once again we seem to sit, when the

bright eye, sweet-heart mine, When the preacher said the words that made us one, And you
evening lamps are lit With our faces turned toward the golden west, When I

were a faithful wife, thro' the chang-ing scenes of life, 'Till the Master said your work on earth was done.
prayed that you and I ne'er would have to say, 'good-bye,' but that still to-geth-er we'd be laid to rest.

a tempo.

Dear Old Girl.
Dear Old Girl.

CHORUS. Expressive.

Dear old girl, the robin sings above you, Dear old

girl, it speaks of how I love you, The blinding tears are falling, as I

think of my lost pearl, And my broken heart is calling, calling for you, Dear old girl.

Dear Old Girl. 3 pp—3d p.  

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