

NO

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Copy 1973

*Cordially inscribed to
WM. MILES. ESQ.
New-York.*

BLUE-EYED JEANNIE

BALLAD

SUNG BY

Mr. Gerald Buckley's Opera House New York.

Written & composed by

J. R. THOMAS.

By Greene and Sons
Buffalo.

Published by S. THOMAS & SONS Cleveland.



Entered according to act of Congress in 1879 by J. R. Thomas in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of Mass.

BLUE-EYED JEANNIE.

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Written and composed by

J. R. THOMAS.

With feeling.



O the days of long a-go, When my heart's unclouded glow, Shed its

The first line of the song spans two measures. The melody in the right hand starts with a quarter rest, followed by quarter notes G-A, eighth notes B-A, quarter notes G-F, eighth notes E-D, and a quarter note C. The left hand accompaniment begins with a piano (p) dynamic, featuring quarter notes G-B, A-C, B-D, and E-G.

radiance o'er my pathway, Like the springtime fresh and bright; When I

The second line of the song spans two measures. The melody in the right hand continues with quarter notes B-A, eighth notes G-F, quarter notes E-D, eighth notes C-B, and a quarter note A. The left hand accompaniment continues with quarter notes G-B, A-C, B-D, and E-G.

floated down life's stream, In a calm and pleasant dream, And the

The third line of the song spans two measures. The melody in the right hand continues with quarter notes G-A, eighth notes B-A, quarter notes G-F, eighth notes E-D, and a quarter note C. The left hand accompaniment continues with quarter notes G-B, A-C, B-D, and E-G.

3548

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1856 by Henry Tolman, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

light that shone around me then, Was love's own light; When

hand in hand I strayed, With a young and rosy maid, O'er the

hill side, through the meadow, and the daisy covered glen; And with

many a garland fair, I entwined her flowing hair. Sweet



2.

O! those happy, happy days,
 When I tuned my careless lays,
 And fondly deemed that life was one long summer-time of love,
 They will never come again;
 And no more through brake and glen,
 With Jeannie, blue-eyed Jeannie, as of old shall I rove.
 Though my dream of life is past,
 Like a cloud before the blast;
 I would not if I could, forget those happy days of yore;
 And she with whom I strayed,
 That young and rosy maid,
 Sweet Jennie, still I love her, though I see her no more.