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The
FINE OLD SOUTHERN LADY
Written, Composed & respectfully
Dedicated
TO
MRS. COL. WALTON
of Mobile Ala.
BY
JOHN H. HEWITT.

Gillingham

25 cts. net.

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THE FINE OLD SOUTHERN LADY.

SONG AND CHORUS.

JOHN H. HEWITT.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

2^d Verse. The hands that work her wide plantation, Go cheer - ly to their dai - ly task; They

feel. no chains; if they need favors, They know they on - ly have to ask. At

2483.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1862 BY G. WILLIS IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF MARYLAND.

eve - ning on the lawn they gather, And greet her as she walks a - long, Each

poor ne'er leave her door neglected, Good cheer she has for those who call; By

striv - ing to out do the other In mer - ry dance and cheer - ful song.

all admired; by all respected, She smiles a-like on great and small.

Moderato.

1st Treble. That model dame of Car-o-lina, Whose mansion's near the still Pedee; The

2^d Treble. That model dame of Car-o-lina, Whose mansion's near the still Pedee; The

1st Bass. That model dame of Car-o-lina, Whose mansion's near the still Pedee; The

2^d Bass. That model dame of Car-o-lina, Whose mansion's near the still Pedee; The

PIANO

world can-not pro-duce a finer, A no-bler mind-ed soul than she.

world can-not pro-duce a finer, A no-bler mind-ed soul than she.

world can-not pro-duce a finer, A no-bler mind-ed soul than she.

world can-not pro-duce a finer, A no-bler mind-ed soul than she.

3.

Her children and her children's children,
 On merry Christmas gather round;
 The halls ring to the viol's music,
 The woods ring to the horn and hound.
 And there she sits that ancient lady,
 A snow white turban on her head;
 The idol of the friend or stranger,
 The link between the quick and dead.

Chorus. That model dame. &c.

4.

God bless that fine old Southern lady,
 If still she lives to cheer mankind;
 May brighter joys dawn with the morrow,
 Than those which time has left behind.
 But, if the green grass waves above her,
 And death has closed her angel eye;
 She leaves behind a host who love her,
 Whose tears bedew her memory.

Chorus. That model dame. &c.