Her Smiling Eyes

a Ballad

Sung by

Mr Keene

for whom it was

Composed by

P. K. MORAN.

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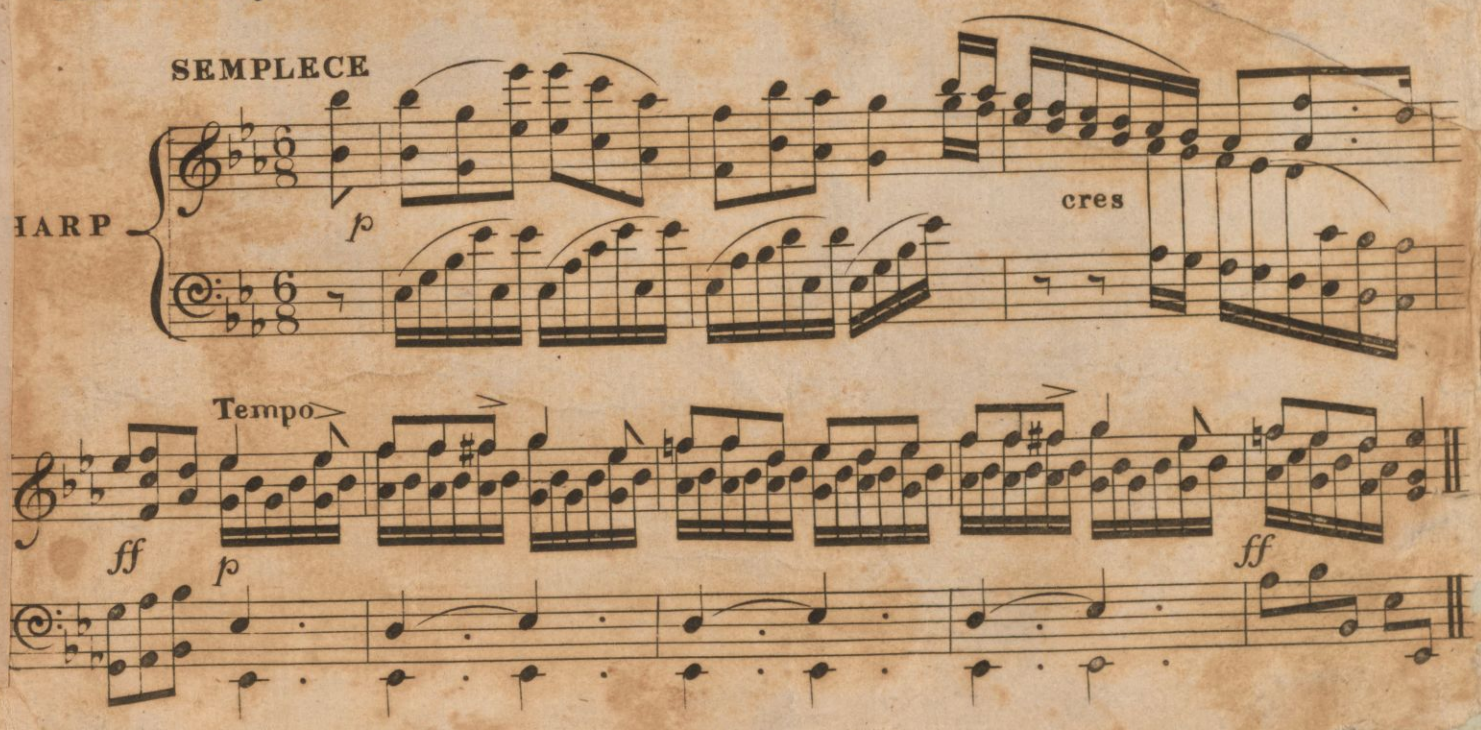
Last night, while glow'd the ling'_ring skies, I trac'd a path I dear_ly rue; And

p

caught my death from two bright eyes, Two smil_ing eyes of love_ly blue, He

gold_en ring_lets, shin_ing bright, with lips like Ro_ses bath'd in dew; And

hea_ving, bosom, Li_ly white, All grac'd her Eyes of love_ly blue. of

love _ ly blue. of love_ _ly blue. All grac'd her eyes of love_ly blue.

Cres _ _ _ _ cen _ _ _ do

2d. VERSE.

Her language charm'd Her smiles a larm'd, My heart I felt e_mo_tions new; I

blest the sound yet still the wound, came from her Eyes of love ly blue. But

when I speak, how short my breath! Per_haps she'll fa _ vor when I woo; If

not, in faith, I'll lay my death, To those dear Eyes of love_ly blue. of

love_ly blue. of love_ly blue. To those dear Eyes of love_ly blue.