

TO
Miss Belle Sheets.
- INDIANAPOLIS Ia. -

ANNIE LEE

BALLAD

WORDS BY

SIDNEY DYER.

Music by

J.P. WEBSTER

PIANO.

25 cent.

GUITAR.

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ANNIE LEE.

THE WORDS BY SIDNEY DYER.

THE MUSIC BY J. P. WEBSTER.

CON GRAZIA.

The musical score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment and two systems of vocal melody with lyrics. The piano part is in G major and 4/4 time, marked *CON GRAZIA*. It features a flowing melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, with several *Ped.* (pedal) markings. The vocal part is in the same key and time, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "3^d V. 'Twas there I told my guileless love, And there she breathed her vow, And 1st V. 'Tis now the merry month of may, When skies and fields are fair, The though she dwells in bliss a -- bove, She seems be -- side me now. I birds pour forth their rounde lay, And fra -- grant is the air; But cres -- en -- do -- diminuen -- do."

3^d V. 'Twas there I told my guileless love, And there she breathed her vow, And
1st V. 'Tis now the merry month of may, When skies and fields are fair, The
though she dwells in bliss a -- bove, She seems be -- side me now. I
birds pour forth their rounde lay, And fra -- grant is the air; But
cres -- en -- do -- diminuen -- do.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by A. E. Jones, in the Clerks office of the District Court of Indiana.

see a form so heavenly bright, That sweet -- ly smiles on me, And

Spring can bring no joyous hours, As once it did to me, For

well I know, though robed in light, My peer -- less An -- nie

oh! she perished with the flow'rs, My peer -- less An -- nie

Lee!

Lee.

4th V. Let oth -- ers hail the light of May, When skies and fields are

2nd V. I seek the grove at even -- tide Where we so of -- ten.

fair, And birds pour forth their rounde - lay, And fra - - grant is the
 met, To wan - - der sweetly side by side, Ere we had known re -

air; But all the bliss of ver - nal hours, That e'er returns to
 gret, And oft her flute like voice I hear, As when she sang to

me, Is when I strew with ear - ly flow'rs The grave of An - - nie
 me, And oh I love to think her near, My saint - ed An - - nie.

Lee!
 Lee!