



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## Nelly Bell.

Indianapolis: A.E. Jones & Co., 1862

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/PQ42PJNYRZHGX8H>

<http://rightsstatements.org/vocab/NKC/1.0/>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

**NELLY**  
**BELL**  
AN EXQUISITE  
**ETHIOPIAN**

AS SUNG BY  
**E.P. CHRISTY OF CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS**  
OF NEW YORK

WRITTEN BY



MUSIC COMPOSED

& DEDICATED TO THE ETHIOPIAN BANDS THROUGHOUT THE  
UNITED STATES  
by

**JAMES W. PORTER**

Nelly Bell Quick Step. 25 Cts

Nelly Bell Waltz. 13 Cts

Philad. Published by **WINNER & SHUSTER** N<sup>o</sup> 110 N<sup>o</sup> Eighth St

**G. P. REED & CO.**  
Boston.

**FIRTH, POND & CO.**  
N. York.

**W. C. PETERS & SON.**  
Cincinnati.

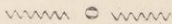
**A. E. JONES & CO.**  
Indianapolis.

Entered according to act of Congress in the Year 1852 by J.W. Porter in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pa

# NELLY BELL

Composed by

James W. Porter.



Moderato.

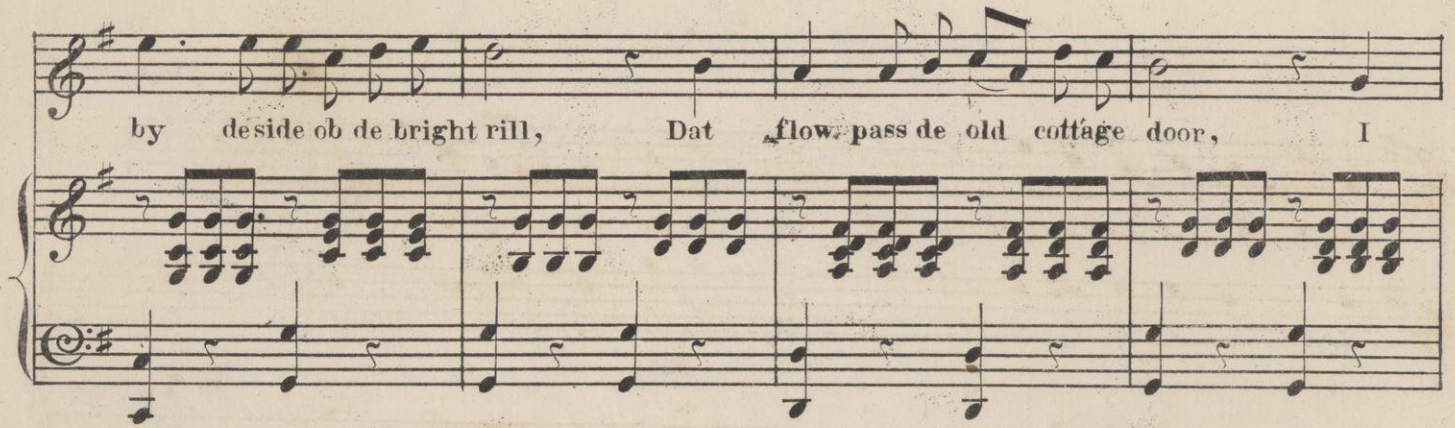
PIANO *p*

Oh place me in dat same dear spot, Whar lies my Nel - ly Bell, Tis

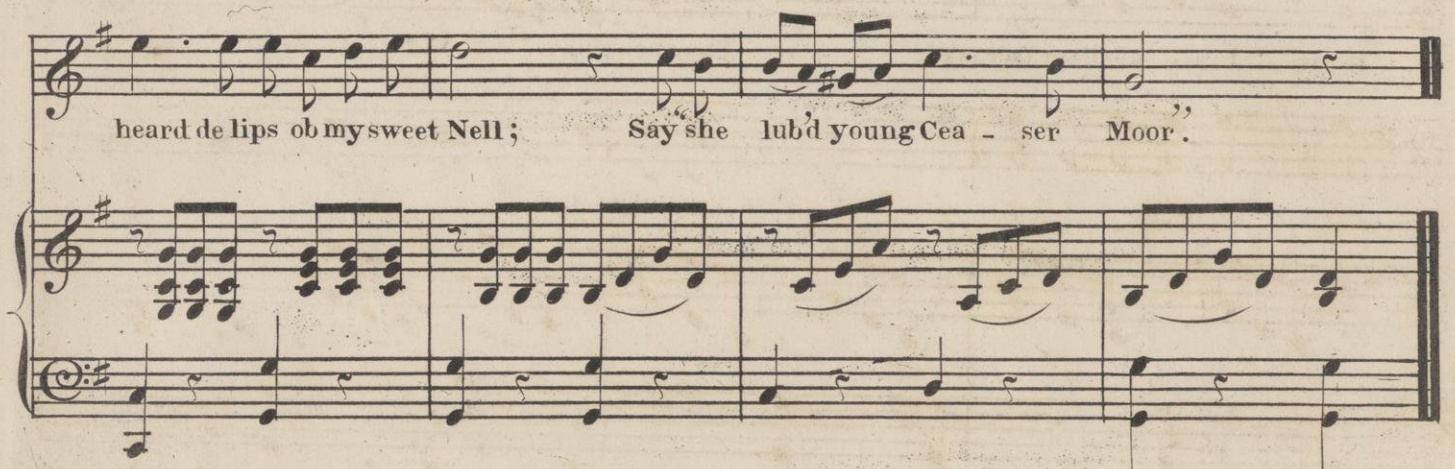
*mf*

near dat well remember'd cot, Neath de wil - low in de dell; 'Twas

by deside ob de bright rill, Dat flow pass de old cottäge door, I



heard de lips ob mysweet Nell; Say she lubd young Cea - ser Moor.



Chorus

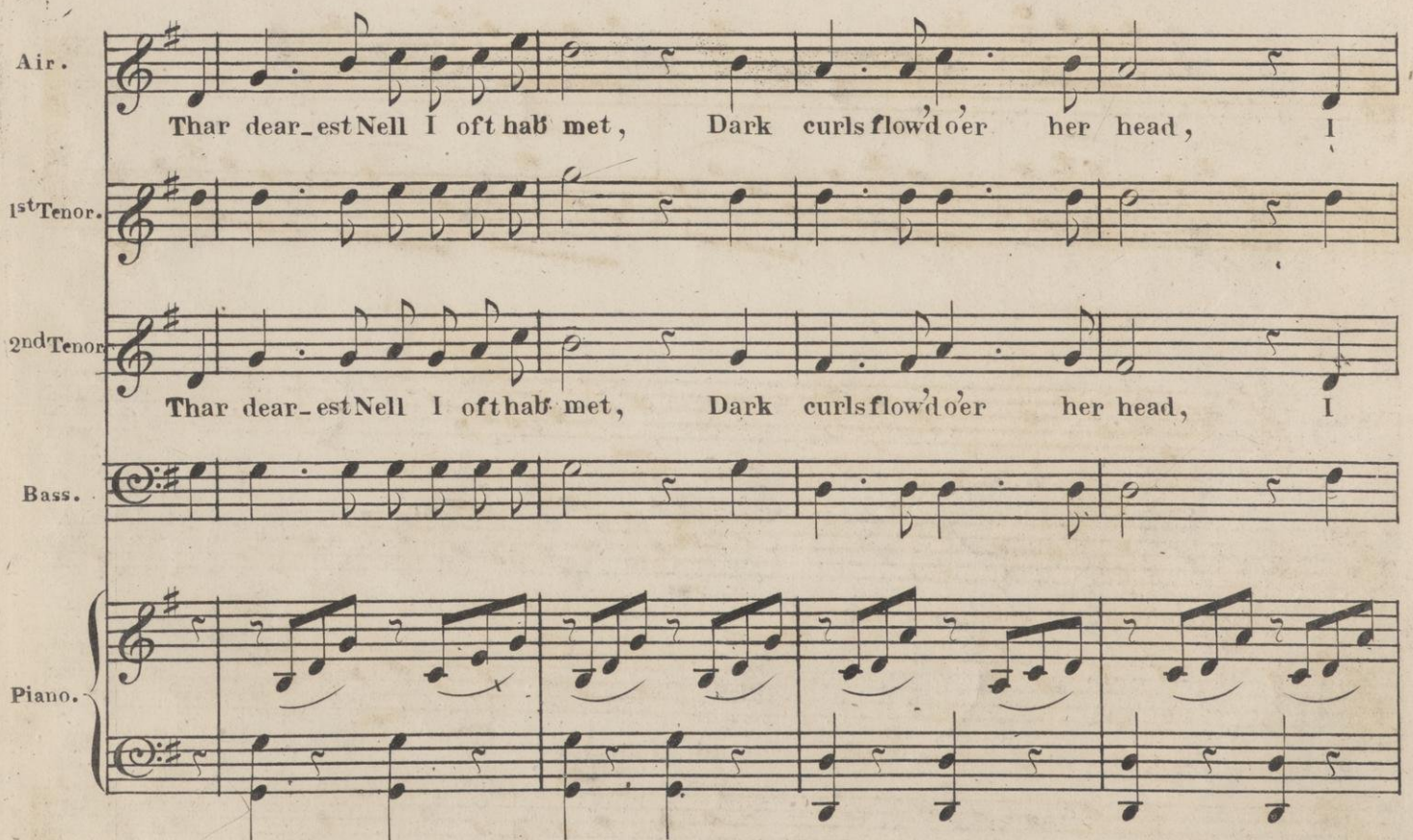
Air. Thar dear-est Nell I oft hab met, Dark curls flowd o'er her head, I

1<sup>st</sup> Tenor. Thar dear-est Nell I oft hab met, Dark curls flowd o'er her head, I

2<sup>nd</sup> Tenor. Thar dear-est Nell I oft hab met, Dark curls flowd o'er her head, I

Bass.

Piano.



think I see her dear face yet, Tho she's sleep-ing wid de dead.

think I see her dear face yet, Tho she's sleep-ing wid de dead.

2nd Verse. 'Twas on a dark and stormy night, When ri-ding side de hill; At de  
lightnings flash de horse took fright, And dash'd in - to de rill, Dar  
she was drown my dearest maid, And found close by de shore, And  
in *rit e espress.* de cold graves she was laid; Sweet flow-ers I plan - ted o'er. (Chorus.)