

Daisy Dean

As sung by
Hamilton Lobdell
06-24-1941 Mukwonago, WI

Verse



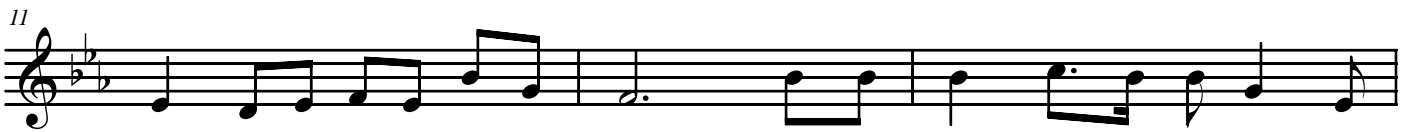
It's way down in the mea-dow I still love to wan-der where the grass in the spring time's fresh and



green, and the birds by the brook-let their sweet songs were sing-ing when I first met my dar-ling Dai-sy



Dean. None knew thee but to love thee, thou dear one of my heart, oh thy



mem - ory is ev - er fresh and green. Though the sweet buds may wi - ther, and



fond hearts be bro - ken, still I love thee my dar - ling Dai - sy Dean.

Verse 1.

It's way down in the meadow I still love to wander
Where the grass in the springtime's fresh and green,
And the birds by the brooklet their sweet songs were singing
When I first met my darling Daisy Dean.

Chorus

None knew thee but to love thee, thou dear one of my heart,
Oh thy memory is ever fresh and green.
Though the sweet buds may wither, and fond hearts be broken,
Still I love thee my darling Daisy Dean.

Verse 2.

Her eyes were soft and tender the violets out vying
And her [fairer form] I'd never seen,
With her brown silken tresses her cheeks like the roses
There was none like my darling Daisy Dean.

Chorus

Critical Commentary

Editor's notes:

This song was probably first published in 1863, written by Lieutenant T.F. Winthrop and James R. Murray (McNeil 164). Sheet music editions were published by Root and Cady, Chicago and S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland; a broadside of the song was sold in Boston (McNeil 164-5).

Sources:

McNeil, W.K., ed. *Southern Folk Ballads*, vol. 2. The American Folklore Series, ed. W.K. McNeil. Little Rock: August House Publishers, 1987.

K.G.