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Elsie Gray.

Chicago: T. G. De Motte, 1861

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FLOWERS OF AFFECTION

DON'T BE SORROWFUL, DARLING

ELSIE GRAY

THE EVENING HEARTHSTONE

ONLY GOING HOME

DOWN BY THE RIVER SIDE

SHE CAME TO US ONE MORN IN MAY

I'VE TWINED ME A BOWER

PAUL VANE -or- LORENA'S REPLY

BROTHER AND THE FALLEN DRAGOON

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN

82
51
32
33
34
35
24
51
82

-B V-
J. P. WEBSTER

NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED BY J. L. PETERS.

St. Louis J. J. Dabmeyer & Co.

Chicago T. G. De Motte.

Cincinnati J. J. Dabmeyer & Co.

Entered according to Act of Congress in 1861 by H. M. Higgins in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of the North Dist of Ill.

ELSIE GREY.

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

What was that you talked about El - sie Grey, El - sie Grey,

Com - ing through the clo - ver field That sweet summer day?

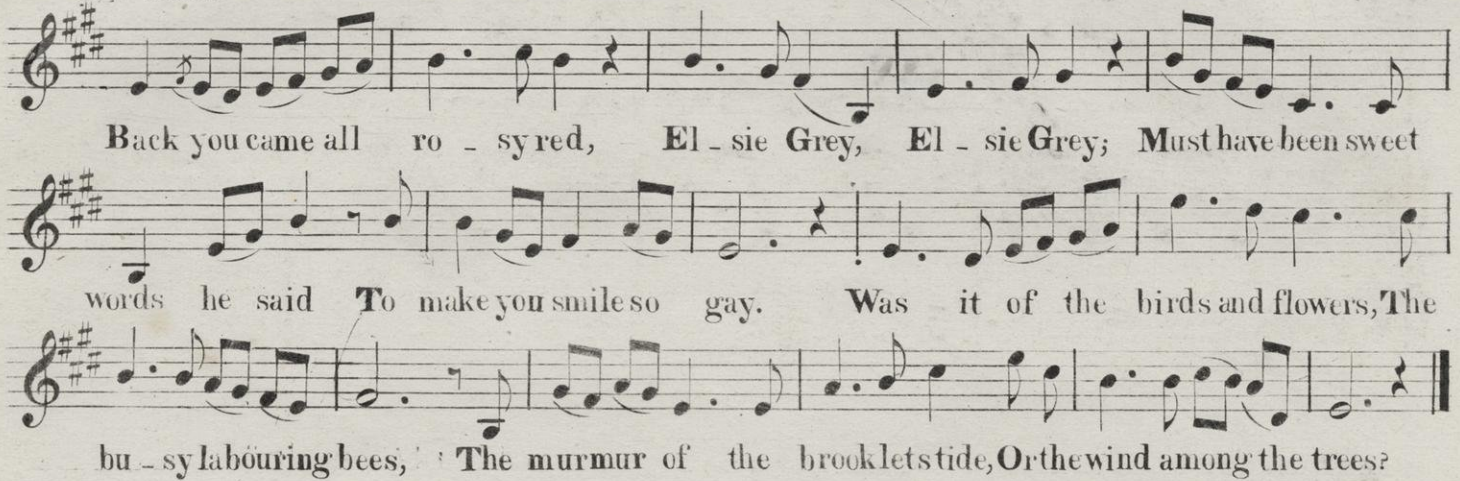
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Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1861 by H.M. HIGGINS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

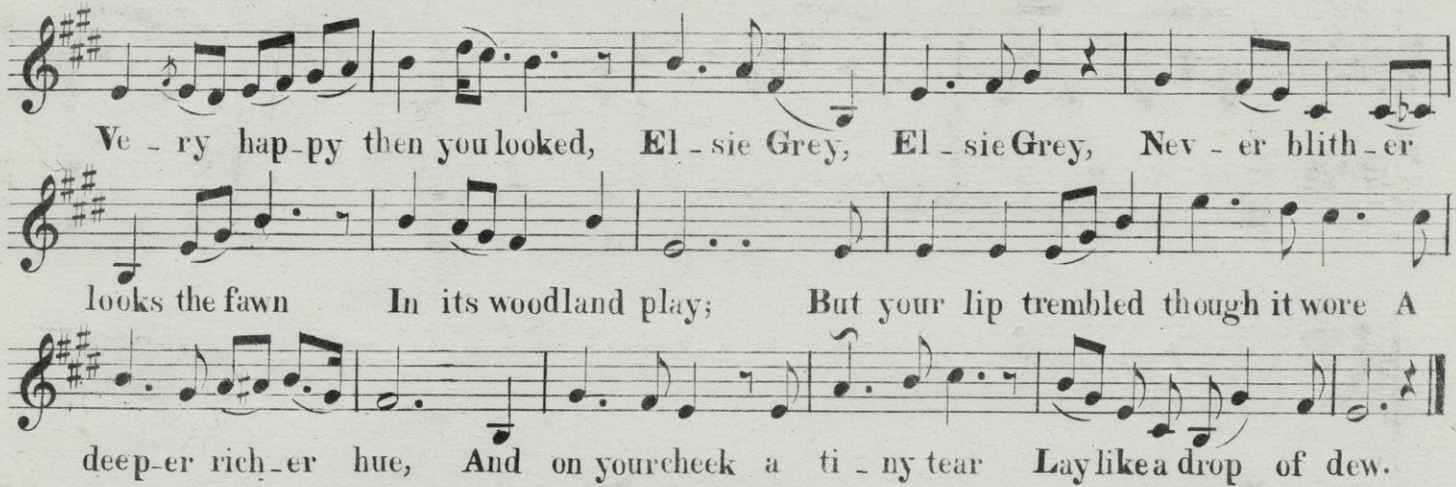
What was it he whispered you, That took so long to say? 'Twas

eve - ning when he saw you home, Little El - - sie Grey.

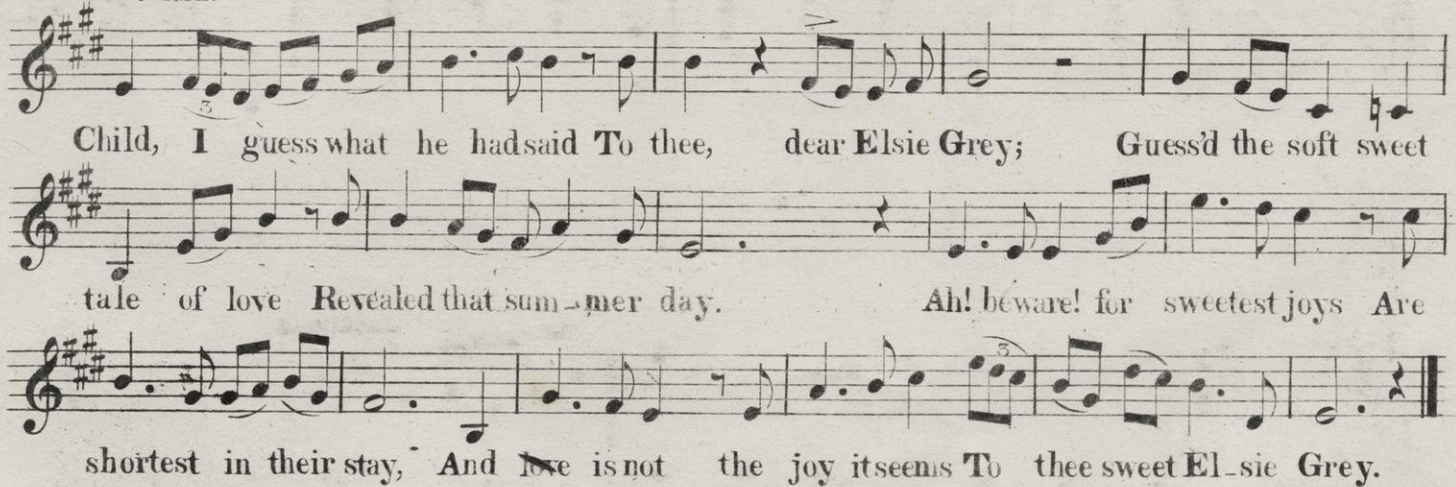
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2^d VERSE.


Back you came all ro - sy red, El - sie Grey, El - sie Grey; Must have been sweet
words he said To make you smile so gay. Was it of the birds and flowers, The
bu - sy labouring bees, The murmur of the brooklet's tide, Or the wind among the trees?

3^d VERSE.


Ve - ry hap - py then you looked, El - sie Grey, El - sie Grey, Nev - er blith - er
looks the fawn In its woodland play; But your lip trembled though it wore A
deep - er rich - er hue, And on your cheek a ti - ny tear Lay like a drop of dew.

4th VERSE.


Child, I guess what he had said To thee, dear Elsie Grey; Guess'd the soft sweet
tale of love Revealed that sum - mer day. Ah! beware! for sweetest joys Are
shortest in their stay, And ~~no~~ is not the joy it seems To thee sweet El - sie Grey.