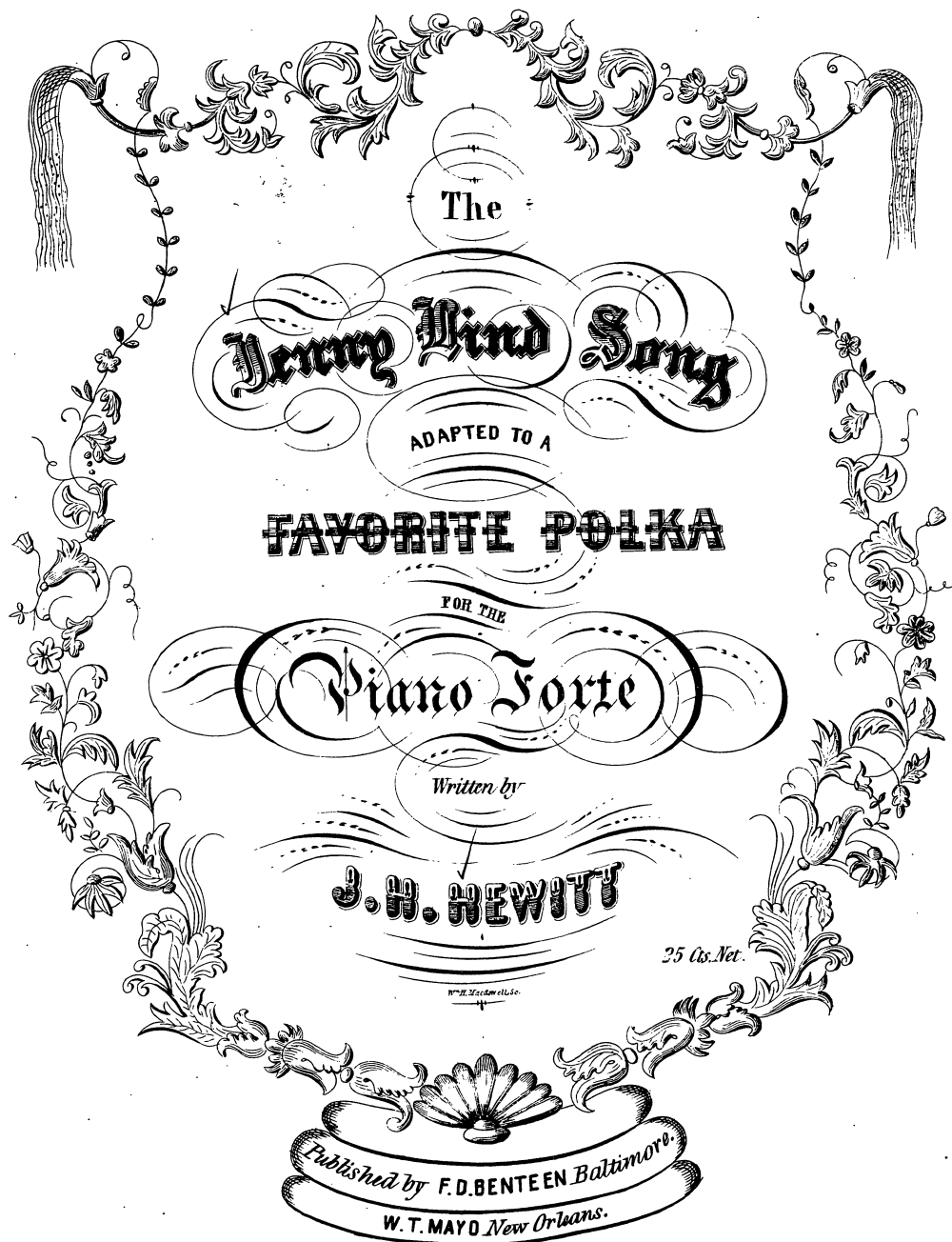


1344

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THE JENNY LIND SONG.

Scherzando.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 




The rage is now for Jen - ny Lind, And all must hear her warbling clear, No



1723

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1850 by F. D. Bonteen in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Md.

mat-ter how we raise the wind; Her notes are sweet and dear. All

Eu- rope says she's quite au fait At changing notes her own for ours; And

when you hear her se- raph lay, You think of love and flowers. Oh!

Jen-ny Lind!—sweet Jen-ny Lind! A- - round you shall the proudest throng; While

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those who can - not raise the wind, Shall out - side hear your song.

2.
 O you're a bird with golden wings,
 A nightingale they say you are,
 And one so rare, that when she sings
 Her notes are over par.
 All other warblers stand aghast
 And "spinning Jennies" are no go;
 Old piping Boreas cries "avast!"
 Æolus sighs "oh, no!"
 Oh! Jenny Lind &c.

3.
 The shops are full of Jenny Lind,
 Her shawls and gloves are every where;
 And dry-goods flaunt upon the wind,
 Just such as Jenny's are.
 No songs are sweet but those you sing,
 No shoes fit well without your name;
 Your bonnet — O that's just the thing
 For miss or stately dame.
 Oh! Jenny Lind &c.

4.
 My daughters — they're all Jenny Lind,
 My own cravat has Jenny ties;
 My wife around her neck has pinn'd
 A kerchief with her eyes.
 The cat and all her kittens too
 To Jenny Lind's array belong;
 And every time they howl or mew,
 I feel the "power of song!"
 Oh! Jenny Lind &c.