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ANNIE LEE

BALLAD

WORDS BY

SIDNEY DYER.

Music by

J.P. WEBSTER

PIANO.

25¢ net.

GUITAR.

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THE WORDS BY SIDNEY DYER.

THE MUSIC BY J. P. WEBSTER.

CON GRAZIA.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked 'CON GRAZIA.' and features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the right hand, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Pedal markings ('Ped.') and fermatas are used throughout. The second system continues the piece, ending with a double bar line.

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

The vocal melody for the first system is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It corresponds to the lyrics provided. The piano accompaniment is shown below the vocal line, with a treble and bass clef and a key signature of one sharp.

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

eres -- en do diminue -- do.

The vocal melody for the second system continues the lyrics. It includes a fermata over the word 'bove' and a 'diminuen' marking. The piano accompaniment continues below, with a 'do' marking in the bass line.

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 roundelay, And fragrant is the
 met, To wander sweetly side by side, Ere we had known re-

air; But all the bliss of vernal 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 early flow'rs The grave of Annie
 me, And oh I love to think her near, My saint-ed Annie

Lee!
 Lee!