

Little Jenny Dow.

BALLAD

Written & Composed by

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

By the Same Author.

*Jenny's Coming o'er the Green, Lizzie Dies, To-Fight,
Why have my loved ones gone, A Penny for your Thoughts,
I will be true to thee, A Dream of my Mother and my Home,
Merry little Birds are we, Slumber my Darling, Better times are coming, &c.*

each
35

NEW-YORK

Published by HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway.

Boston, O. DITSON & C^o.

244 Washington Str.

Entered according to Act of Congress, 1862, by E.A. Duggitt, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

LITTLE JENNY DOW.

BALLAD

Words and Music by
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

MODERATO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes in a major key with two sharps (D major). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

I. Lit - tle Jen - ny Dow lives be - yond the mill, Her mer - ry voice is heard all
 II. Ma - ny are the hearts that have sigh'd for her, And ma - ny that have sigh'd in
 III. By the gush - ing stream - lets her foot - steps glide, Leav - ing lit - tle prints in the

The piano accompaniment for the first three lines of lyrics consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line.

round; Her hap - py smiles are seen on the green clad hill, Where
 pain, Ma - ny that I know would have died for her, And a -
 sand; You'll meet her in the dale or the wood - land wide,

The piano accompaniment for the last two lines of lyrics consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line.

ere the bud·ding flow'rs are found, She greets the blushing morn like a
 -las they would have died in vain— Lit·tle Jen·ny Dow ne·ver
 Giv·ing life and joy to the land: Ev·er may she roam with the

dew drop bright, And car·ols thro' the live long day; She
 clouds her brow In sor·row o'er a love lorn swain; With
 same light heart, Ev·er may she sing with glee;

gladdens up my heart like a beam of light, And drives my bit·ter cares a·way.
 spirits full of glee none so gay as she, As she rambles o'er the hill and plain.
 While the summer days can their beams im·part, And summer birds their me·lo·dy.

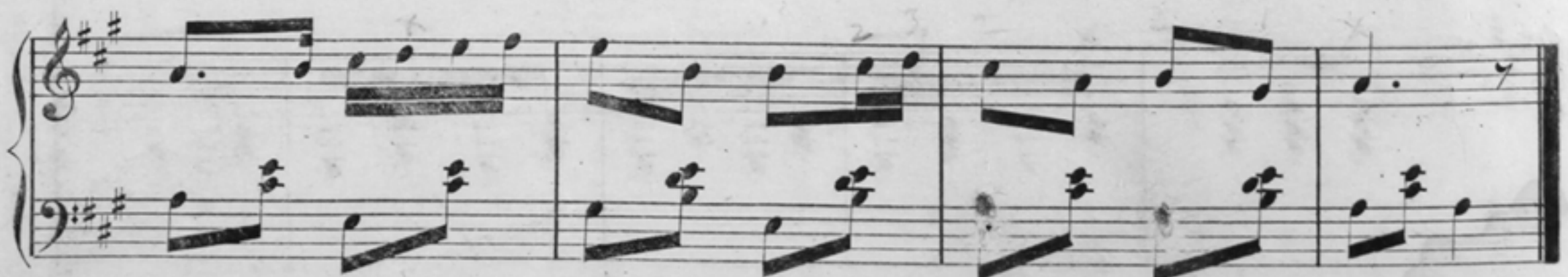
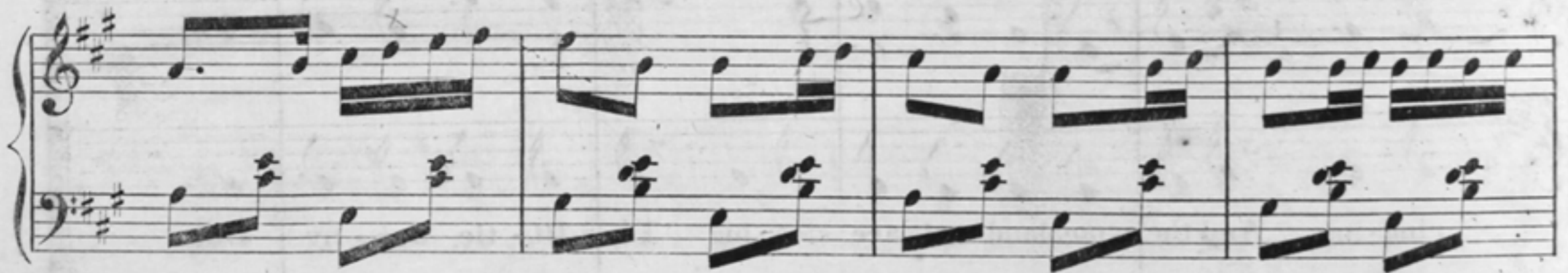
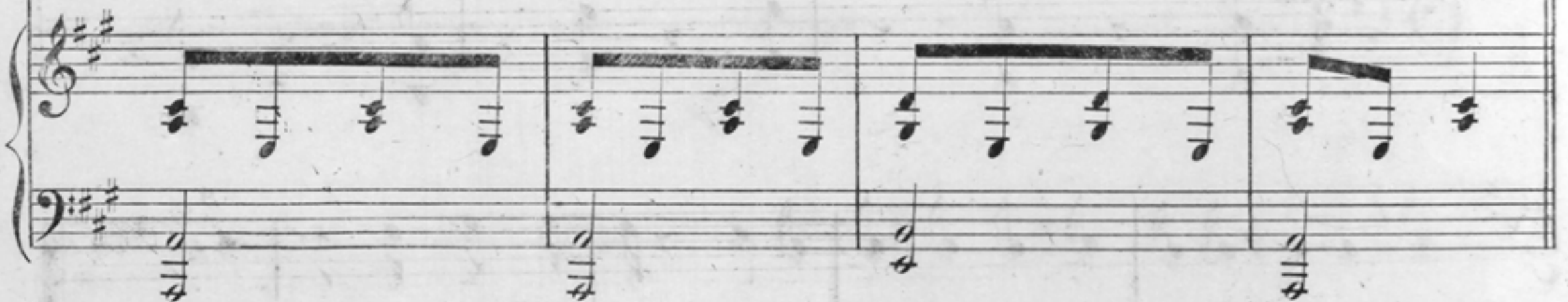
VIVACE.



Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Her winning little voice is ring-ing, And the



wood-land birds are sing-ing To lit-tle Jen-ny Dow.



CHORUS.

VIVACE.

Tenor. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, Her win-ning lit-tle voice is

Treble. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, Her win-ning lit-tle voice is

And Treb. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, Her win-ning lit-tle voice is

Bass. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, Her win-ning lit-tle voice is

Piano. VIVACE.

ring-ing, And the wood-land birds are sing-ing To lit - tle Jen - ny Dow.

ring-ing, And the wood-land birds are sing-ing To lit - tle Jen - ny Dow.