

MY BLUE EY'D MAID

Composed and Dedicated to

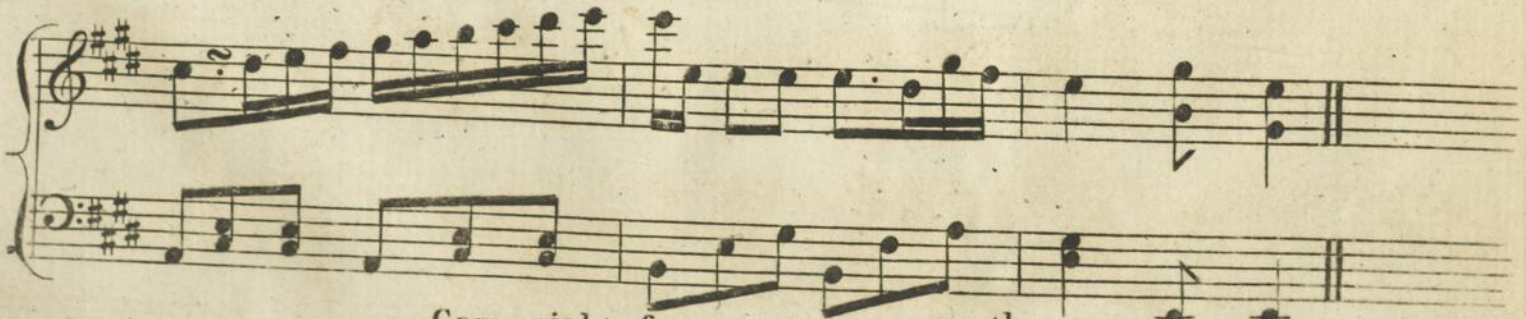
MISS LOUISA BROWN
OF
Boston

BY
JOHN BIANCHI TAYLOR

NEW YORK

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MODERATO



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My blue-ey'd maid with . . in thy bow'r, A - lone thoult sit by

moon - light hour, Thy hand of snow will strew the ground, With

ad. lib. *tempo*
bal - - my leaves and blos - - som round; And oft two lips of

flame will sigh, For - get - - ful lo - - ver art thou nigh, "A -

- lass for hopes by fate betray'd - No lover seeks the

blue - ey'd maid?"

2^d Verse

My Blue ey'd Maid then wilt thou weep,
 And sigh and sob thy heart to sleep,
 If fancy tempt thee with a dream,
 She but renews thy waking theme,
 And thou wilt murmur words of bliss,
 And pout thy lips to print a kiss;
 "Alass for dreams by fate betray'd,
 No lover seeks the blue ey'd Maid"

