

# BONNIE BESS

## Ballad.

THE POETRY

*cordially Inscribed as a token of admiration*

### Mrs. Joseph C. Neal,

BY

*Music*

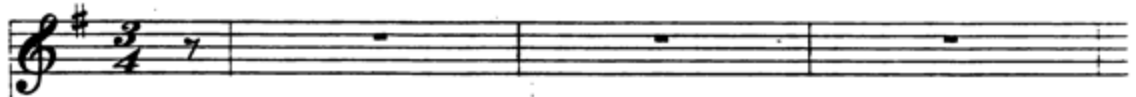
BY

HENRY H. PAUL.

GEO. FELIX BENKERT.

NEW YORK, Published by W<sup>H</sup>HALL & SON, 239 Broadway.  
(Opposite the Park.)

VOICE



*Allegretto Grazioso.*

PIANO

FORTE



Second Verse.

How sweet how pass - - - - ing sweet it is, To

Dear Bon-nie Bess I oft-en think Of

think of thee, dear Bess, And feel though count- - less

those de-light-ful hours, When love lay sleep- - ing

years have passed, I do not love thee less. Thy

in our hearts, As dew in golden flowers; ; Much

ev- - - er kind and gentle words, Were mu- - - sic to mine ear, And

young- - - er then were we sweet Bess, Our hearts were full of glee, Thy

oft when mem- - - -'rys cask...et oped, I shed a si- - - -lent

sun-ny eyes laughed hap- - - -pi- - - -ness, Thy step was light and

tear. Thy love I nev- - - -er doubted Bess, It nev- - - -er raised a

free Ah Bonnie Bess a tal-is-man Thy name hath been to

fear.

me.

*Ritard:*

*f*

And Bess ne'er can I well for-get, Thy bright and ro-sy

charms, Thy long dark ring-lets falling o'er Thy white and dimpled

arms, Thy dreamy glance thy full round eye, As pure as ether

blue, And more than all thy bursting heart, As good as it was

true\_ E'en in my song, my spir.it grieves. To bid thee Bess, a\_

*Ritard.*

\_dieu.

*p*

*pp*