

Lit-tle Jenny Dow lives be - yond themill, Her merry voice is heard all round; Her
Many are the hearts that have sighed for her, And many that have sighed in pain, _____

hap-py smiles are seen on the greenclad hill, Where e'er the bud-ding flow'rs are
Man-y that I know would have died for her, And a - las they would have died in

found, She greets the blushing morn like a dew drop bright, And car-ols thro' the live long
vain _____ Lit - tle Jen - ny Dow nev - er cloud her brow In sorrow o'er a love-lorn

day; She glad-dens up my heart like a beam of light, And drives my bit-ter cares a -
swain; With spir - its full of glee none so gay as she, As she ram-bles o'er the hill and

way. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Her win-ning lit-tle voice is ring-ing And the
plain.

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

glad-dens up my heart like a beam of light, And drives my bit-ter cares a - way.

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Her win-ning lit-tle voice is ring-ing And the

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