

Bonny Eloise

The Belle of the Mohawk Vale

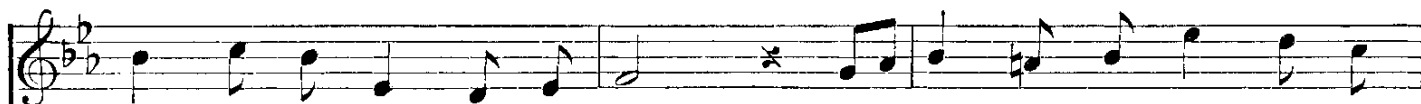
A song taken up by Military Bands North and South in 1861

C. W. ELLIOTT

J. R. THOMAS



1. O, sweet is the Vale where the Mohawk gently glides On its
 2. O, sweet are the scenes of my boy-hood's sunny years, That be -
 3. O, sweet are the moments when dream - ing I roam, Thro' my



clear wind-ing way to the sea, And dear - er than all sto - ried
 span - gle the gay val - ley o'er, And dear are the friends seen thro'
 loved haunts now mos - sy and grey, And dear - er than all is my



streams on earth be - sides, In this bright roll - ing riv - er to me;
 mem - o - ries' fond tears That have lived in the blest days of yore;
 child-hood's hal-low'd home, That is crumb - ling now slow - ly a - way;



First, SOLO; then CHORUS

But sweet-er dear - er, yes, dear-er far than these Who charm where others all

fail Is blue-eyed, bon-ny, bon-ny E - lo - ise, The Belle of the Mohawk Vale.

Soft, Soft Music is Stealing

Andante

German Melody

1. Soft, soft mu - sic is steal - ing, Sweet, sweet lingers the strain: Loud, loud now it is
2. Join, join, chil - dren of sad - ness, Send, send sor - row a - way; Now, now changing to
3. Sweet, sweet mel - o - dy's num - bers, Hark! hark! gen - tly they swell, Deep, deep, wak - ing from

peal - ing, Waking the ech - oes a - gain. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Wak - ing the ech - oes a - gain.
 glad - ness, Warble a beau - ti - ful lay. Yes, yes, yes, yes, War - ble a beau - ti - ful lay.
 slumbers Thoughts in the bosom that dwell. Yes, yes, yes, yes, Thoughts in the bosom that dwell.