

14 *rit.* *a tempo.*

air y like a fair y, With her gold en hair, I call her lit tle Cu pid's
 poes y bright and ros y, With a ten der charm, A pair of blue eyes that can

14 *rit.* *a tempo.*

17

dove. thrill. Oft en times eve as we stroll by the were run ning stream, I
 And last time as the stars they were beam ing bright, I

17 *rit.* *a tempo.*

20

whis per of love in a dream y way; And tell her our life, will be
 asked her if she'd be my bon ny bride; And when her blue eyes shone with

20 *rit.* *a tempo.*

23

one sweet dream, If she'll be my sweet heart; Then I say
 soft love light, I called her my sweet heart; As I sighed

23 *rit.* *a tempo.*

Chorus.

26 *Slow.* *p*

Come tell me do you love me, There's no one else a

30

bove thee, Come tell me, that you'll be, My La dy

34 *f*

Fair, When I'm with you my sun beam, My life it is a

38

sweet dream, Come tell me, that you'll be, My La dy Fair.