

Respectfully dedicated to  
MRS. GEORGE S. KNIGHT.

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# My Bonnie Baby Girl

WORDS BY  
GEORGE COOPER.

Music by  
**T. B. Kelley**



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To  
Mrs GEORGE S. KNIGHT.

# MY BONNIE, BABY GIRL.

Words by GEO. COOPER.

Music by T. B. KELLEY.

The musical score is presented in two systems. Each system consists of three staves: a vocal line at the top, a piano accompaniment in the middle, and a bass line at the bottom. The music is in 2/4 time and the key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first system begins with a vocal staff containing a whole rest, followed by a piano staff with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking and a bass staff with a whole rest. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The second system continues the piano accompaniment and bass line, with the vocal staff again containing a whole rest.

1. I have a lit - tle treas - ure sweet, And dear - er none could be! The  
 2. She climbs up - on my knee each night, When cares of day are done; She  
 3. At morn she bids me sweet good bye, And pats her lit - tle hands; When

*p*

pat - ter of her ti - ny feet, Is mel - o - dy to me! Her  
 kiss - es me with fond de - light, And laughs in child - ish fun, And  
 sun - set gol - dens all the sky, To wel - come me she stands! Her

dimpled arms are round me thrown, I smooth each sunny curl; She  
 then she nes - tles on my breast, And, while I smooth each curl. She's  
 kiss - es make my life so dear, Tho' storms may round me whirl; She

cheers me when my heart is lone, My bon-nie, ba-by girl!  
 like a bir-die in its nest, My bon-nie, ba-by girl!  
 came an An-gel to me here, My bon-nie, ba-by girl!

The first system consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

My bon-nie, bon-nie ba-by girl! My joy, my rose, my pearl!

*mp*

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature remains one flat, and the time signature is 3/4. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The dynamic marking *mp* (mezzo-piano) is indicated.

— Take what you will, but leave me still, My bonnie, ba-by girl! —

The third system concludes the piece with a final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is 4/4. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The vocal line ends with a fermata over the final note.

# Popular Songs by T. B. Kelley.

## Papa's Picture in the Pocket Mother Wore.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Papa's picture in the locket mother wore so long ago,  
How I love this simple keepsake surely none can ever know;  
It is sacred by the memories that forever to it cling,  
And for sweetest recollections that its beauties ever bring.  
Oft my heart is touched with sadness as I dream of bygone days,  
And the loving one who kissed me in my happy childish plays,  
Who is now in heaven yonder, so in joy I like to show  
Papa's picture in the locket mother wore so long ago.  
CHORUS.—Papa's picture in the locket, just a little bit of gold,  
Mother wore it till he left her in those happy days of old.  
'Tis a dear and cherished token of the moments passed away,  
Papa's picture in the locket that I call my own to-day.

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## Nestled in the Cradle Bed.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Nestled in the cradle bed,  
Mother's baby blossoms lie;  
Sweet and low each golden head,  
While the starry hours go by;  
With sweet songs and tender words,  
Into dreamland they were led,  
With the vesper's of the birds,  
Nestled in the cradle bed.  
CHORUS.—Mother sings above them there,  
Bending o'er each golden head,  
Angels keep my blossoms fair,  
Nestled in the cradle bed.

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## My Mother's Dear Old Face.

SONG AND CHORUS.

I sat last night in the old arm chair,  
Where my mother, dead and gone,  
Sat many a year by the fire-light's glare,  
All the day from mornin's dawn;  
A picture rose from the embers' beam,  
Full of tenderness and grace,  
And fancy brought unto me a gleam  
Of my mother's dear old face.  
CHORUS.—'Tis many a year since she left me here,  
Yet no other fills her place,  
And many a day, God's blessing I say  
On my mother's dear old face.

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## Dear & Darling Name of Mother.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Dear and darling name of mother  
That I ever loved sweet can be,  
In the whole world there's no other  
Falls so sweetly on my ear.  
Other tender words are spoken,  
Friendship, love, the heart's own guest,  
But there's not so sweet a token  
As a mother's name so blest.  
CHORUS.—Dear and darling name of mother,  
Sweet as ever sweet can be,  
In the whole world there's no other  
Half as precious unto me.

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## When Autumn Leaves Turn Red and Gold.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Darling one, to-day I trod thro' the bloom of golden red,  
Down the meadows, where the blossoms scattered lie,  
O'er the brook, and by the mill, with my poor heart  
In a thrill,  
Dreaming of the dear, delightful days gone by.  
Faded leaflets overhead whisper'd there and softly said  
"Youth and beauty fade away and soon grow old,"  
And I thought with just a tear, 'tis the saddest of the  
year,  
Darling, when autumn leaves turn red and gold.  
CHORUS.—But while you are close to me, while your sunny face I see,  
And your little hand within my own I hold;  
It is little that I care for the lonely days just there,  
Darling, when autumn leaves turn red and gold.

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## Angel Achree.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Angel Achree you are sleeping  
Under the white and the gold;  
Where the sweet blossoms bloom over  
Many a face white and cold.  
Kisses of mine cannot reach you,  
Sweet though they ever may be,  
Tender words no more can greet you,  
Little lost Angel Achree.  
CHORUS.—Angel Achree, sweet aensha,  
Why were you taken from me,  
To leave me alone, my dearest O'hone,  
Beautiful Angel Achree.

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## Dreaming in the Moonlight.

BALLAD.

Dreaming in the moonlight, sweetest dreams of love,  
Dew-drops kissing blossom, bud and spray;  
Stars so faintly twinkling in the blue above,  
While the zephyrs' mist the leaflets play,  
Happy birds are sleeping in their cradle nest,  
Hid away in shady, greenwood bowers;  
But love's bird is singing of its own and best,  
Dreaming in the moonlight's silent hour,  
But love's bird is singing of its own and best,  
Dreaming in the moonlight's silent hour.

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## One Kiss, Just One Kiss for Good-bye.

SONG AND CHORUS.

One kiss to remember thee, darling,  
One clasp to your warm, throbbing heart;  
One touch of your hand and a sweet smile,  
To gladden the days we're apart.  
A dream of this moment will linger  
With me where my footsteps will lie,  
So cling to me closer, and give me  
One kiss, just one kiss for goodbye.  
CHORUS.—One kiss to remember thee, darling,  
One clasp to your warm, throbbing heart;  
Come near to me dearest, and give me  
One kiss, just one ki-ss for goodbye.

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## A Violet I Plucked when but a Child.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Years ago when but a child, in the churchyard grasses  
wild,  
Where they laid my sister down to rest;  
Oh! I found a pretty flower in the springtide's sunny  
hour,  
'Mid the moss that lay upon her breast:  
In my treasures laid away, it has been for many a day,  
And no touch its petals has defiled;  
For the riches of the earth have to me not half the  
worth  
Of this violet I plucked when but a child.  
CHORUS.—Men'y bells are ringing dreams of long ago,  
And an angel face so sweet and mild,  
Always so ver-gently near, as I look with falling tear  
On this violet I plucked when but a child.

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## The Best Little Wife in the World.

SONG AND CHORUS.

From the world's busy scene I've a dear little nest  
Where I haste when the day's toil is o'er;  
For its there that I find sweetest comfort and rest  
When I enter its low, humble door.  
Now of course I delight in my home warm and bright,  
And the room by the fire-glow imparted;  
But for these I'd not care were I not welcomed there  
By the best little wife in the world.  
CHORUS.—Such a dear little wife, she's the joy of my  
life,  
And in life's busy cares as I'm whirled,  
It is many a day that I lovingly say,  
She's the best little wife in the world.

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## Lips that Kissed me Long Ago.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Lips that kissed me long ago,  
Crisper as the roses blow,  
Sweeter than the dewy flower  
Where the bees sip hour by hour,  
Back from dear departed days,  
Over memories' pleasant ways,  
Still wherever I may be  
Comes a golden dream of thee.  
CHORUS.—Lips that kissed me long ago,  
Sweet lips, sweet lips of the roses blow;  
Still, wherever I may be,  
Comes a golden dream of thee.

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## Cradle Isn't Empty, Baby Smiled.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Lying there so quiet, baby's fast asleep,  
With his tiny hands across his breast;  
Whisper, lest we wake him, while weat him peep,  
Sleeping there so cosy in his nest;  
On his little face no sorrow can be seen,  
And his little cheeks are red as rose;  
Slumbering so calmly, quiet and serene,  
Lingering in dreamy, sweet repose.  
CHORUS.—Little tootsy woosy, mother's sugar plum,  
Papa's little darling, only child;  
We were only dreaming, chubby's now awake,  
Cradle isn't empty, baby smiled.

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