

1837

Oh Little Daisy Growing Wild

Edward J. Loder

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic>

Recommended Citation

Loder, Edward J., "Oh Little Daisy Growing Wild" (1837). *Historic Sheet Music Collection*. 1608.
<http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/sheetmusic/1608>

This Score is brought to you for free and open access by the Greer Music Library at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Historic Sheet Music Collection by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu.

The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

OH LITTLE DAISY GROWING WILD,

Ballad

in the old English style

SUNG BY

Mrs. Loder,

Composed by

E. I. LODER.

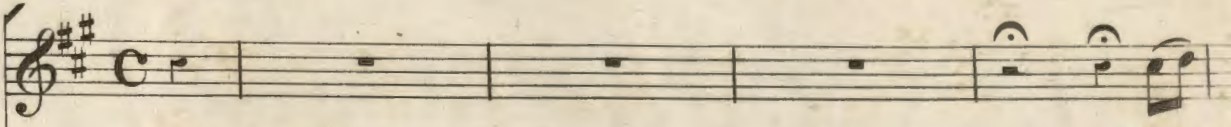
Pr. 50 Cts.

NEW YORK

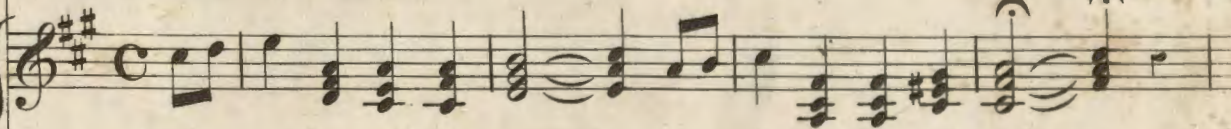
Published by HEWITT & JAQUES 239 Broadway.

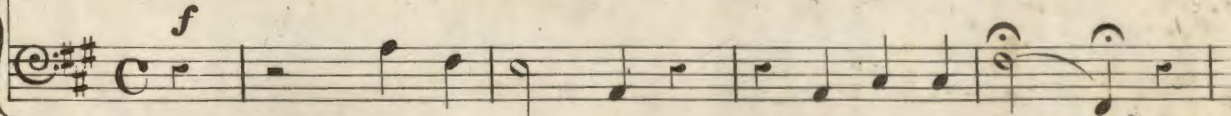
O! LITTLE DAISY GROWING WILD.

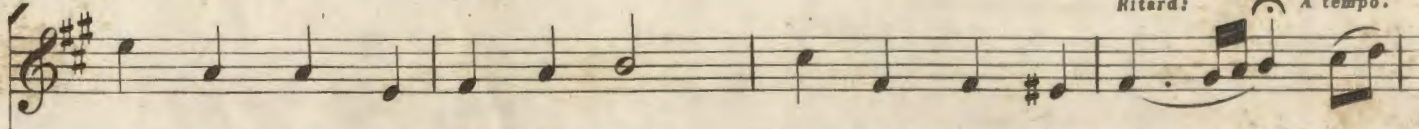
Composed by E. J. Loder.

VOICE. 

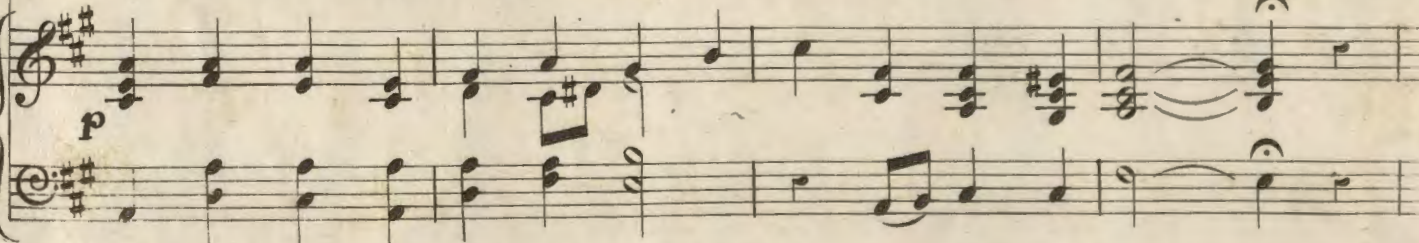
NOT TOO FAST. O!

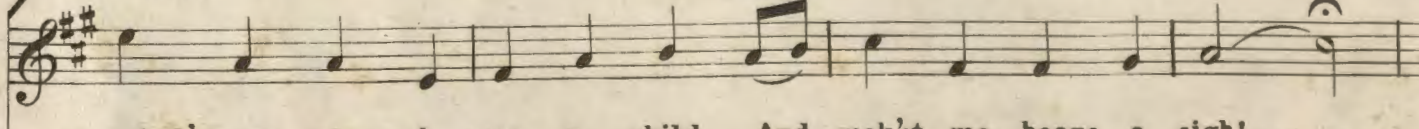
PIANO 

FORTE. 

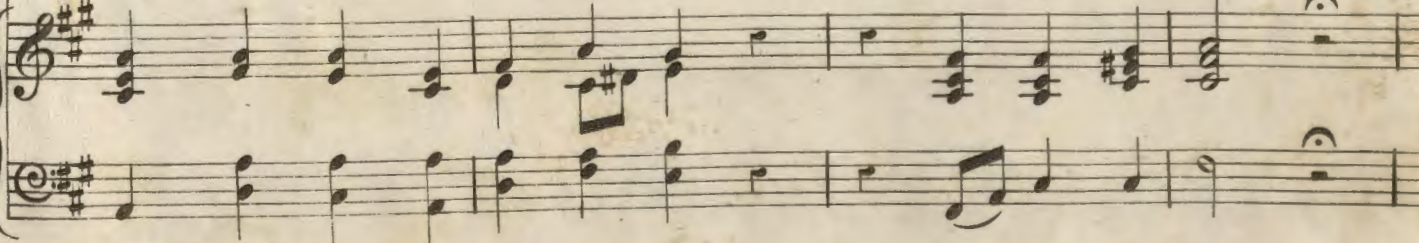
 *Ritard:* *A tempo.*

lit--tle dai---sy grow--ing wild, Edged with crim--son dye,----- Thou





mind'st me when I was a child, And mak'st me heave a sigh!-----



When in the meadows gay I strayed, A_dorn'd----- with ma_ny a flow'r, When

in the mea_dows gay I strayed, A_dorn'd with many a flow'r, A--

dorn'd----- A_dorn'd with ma_ny a flow'r, I

mea-----sur'd not, I mea_sur'd not the hour. O!

Ad lib. *A tempo.*

Ritard: *A tempo:*

lit--tle dai--sy growng wild Edged with crim--son dye----- Thou

mind'st me when I was a child And mak'st me heave a sigh! And

pp

mak'st me heave a sigh!

p *Cres:*

Ritard:

pp

Ritard:

A tempo.

Those days to mem'ry e--ver dear, Oft have I in re--view----- When

soon forgot each sil-ly tear, And smiles re-turnd a-new. Say why amongst ten

thou--sand flow'rs I lov'd----- thee best of all, And why those past and

happy hours The rose can ne'er re-call The rose----- the

rose can ne'er re-call The rose----- The rose can ne'er re-

Ad lib.

call O! lit_tle dai_sy grow_ing wild, Edged with crim_son dye----- Thou

A tempo. *Ritard.* *A tempo.*

mindst me when I was a child, And mak'st me heave a sigh. And mak'st me

mf

heave a sigh!

pp *Ritard.* *P Cres.* *f* *pp*

