

FAIRY BELLE

Stephen Foster (1826-1864)

1. The pride of the vil-lage and the fair-est in the dell Is the
 2. She sings to the mead-ows and she car-ols to the streams, She
 3. Her soft notes of mel-o-dy a-round me sweet-ly fall, Her

queen of my song, and her name is Fair-y Belle; The sound of her light step may be
 laughs in the sun-light and smiles while in her dreams, Her hair like the this-tle down is
 eye full of love is now beam-ing on my soul. The sound of that gen-tle voice, the

heard up-on the hill Like the fall of the snow-drop or the drip-ping of the rill.
 borne up-on the air, And her heart, like the hum-ming bird's, is free from ev-'ry care.
 glance of that eye, Sur-round me with rap-ture that no oth-er heart could sigh.

Fair-y Belle, gen-tle Fair-y Belle, The star of the night and the lil-y of the day,

Fair-y Belle, the queen of all the dell, Long may she rev-el on her bright sun-ny way.