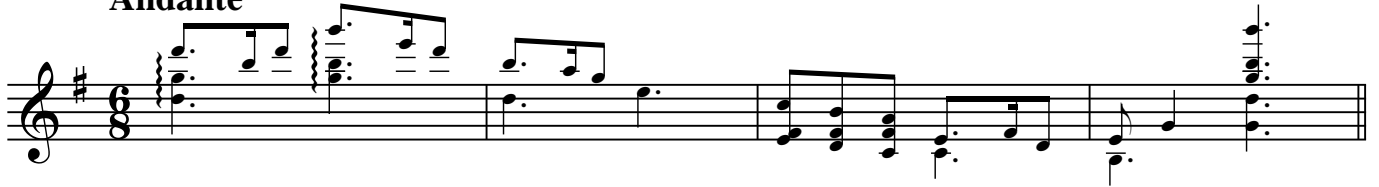


# Lassie O' Mine

Words by  
FRED G. BOWLES

Music by  
EDWARD J. WALT

Andante



5 *p*  
I love a las-sie as fair as can be, And she dwells where the blue - bells grow;—

9  
Far in old Scot-land she's wait-ing for me, Where the heath-er is all a - glow.—

13 *mf* *p* *mf*  
Some - times dream - ing — here a - lone, Mem - 'ry makes — her heart my own, And I

17 *p*  
hear her call - ing — sweet and low For I know that she loves me so.—

21

25 *p*

Far o'er the moun-tains one day I shall roam, For it's there that my heart would

28

be;\_\_\_ Blue-bell and heath-er are call-ing me home, To the las-sie who longs for

32 *p*

me.\_\_\_ Day is dy-ing,\_\_\_ night is near, On-ly one sweet voice I hear; And I

37

soon shall wan-der\_\_\_ o'er the hill To the las-sie who loves me still!\_\_\_