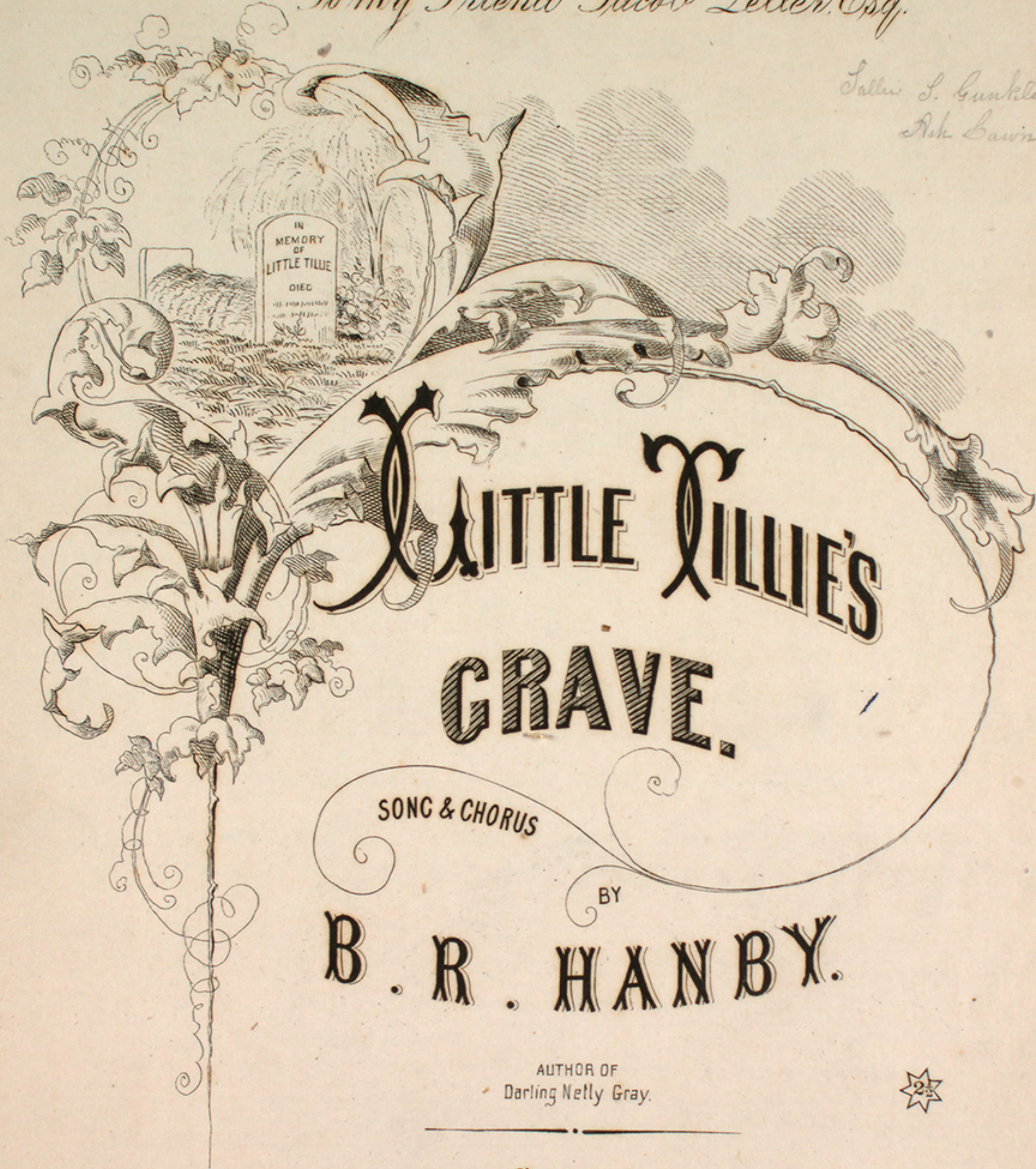


To my Friend Jacob Teller, Esq.

*Teller, S. Gunkle.
Ash Lawn.*



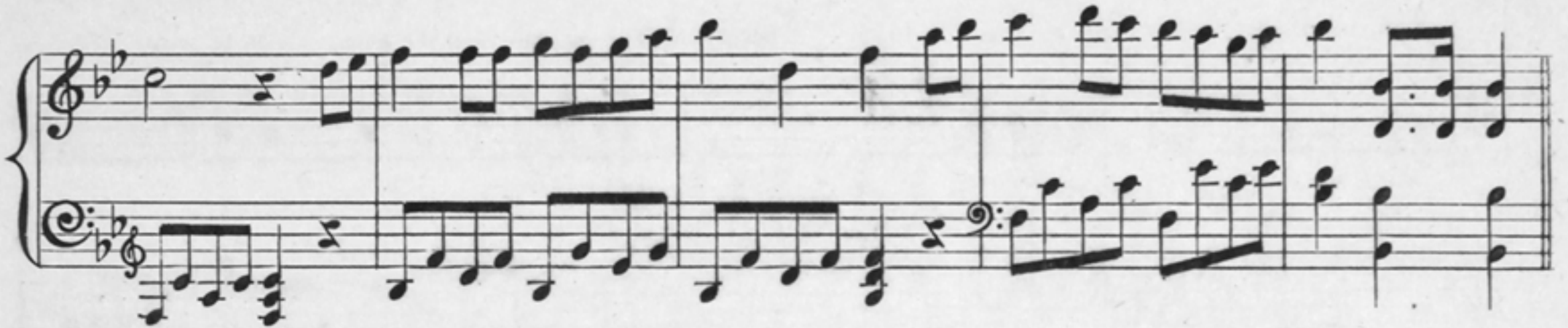
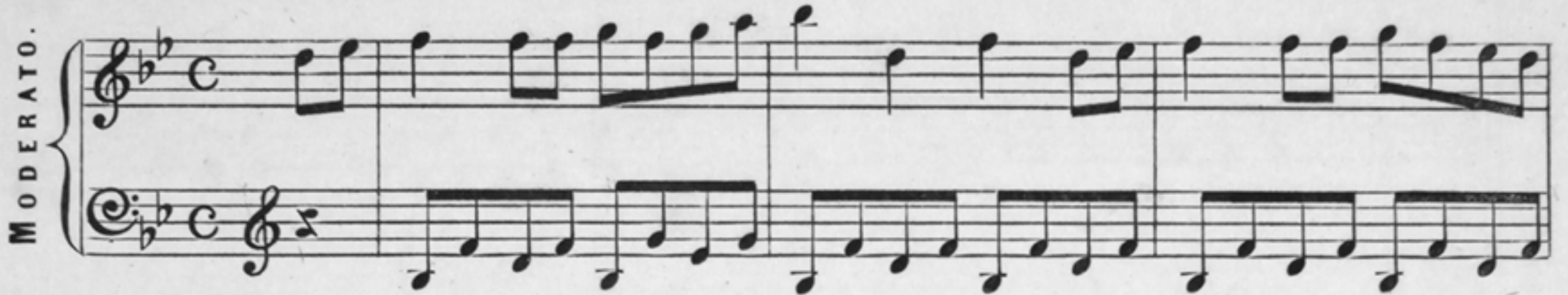
Cincinnati
Published by John Church Jr. 66 West Fourth St.

Firth Pond & Co.
N. York.

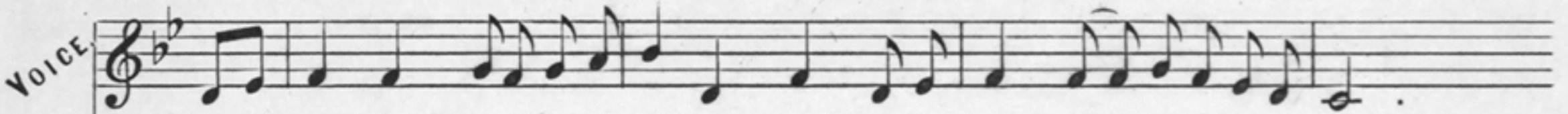
Oliver Ditson & Co.
Boston.

Lee & Walker.
Philad^a.

LITTLE TILLIE'S GRAVE.



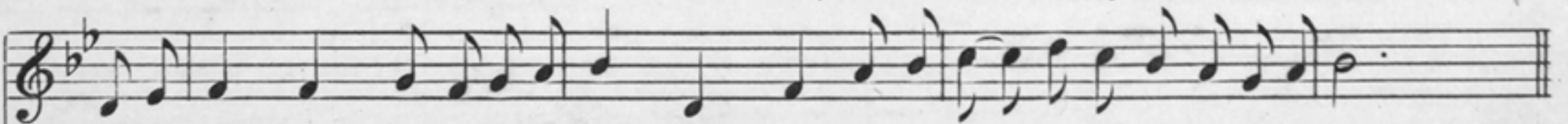
2. When they tore my Jennie from her sweet sweet child. And her heart was withering with mine.



1. 'Tis mid--night gliding on her deep dark wings, And the wind o'er my gen-tle Tillie sighs



In my arms I bore thee to this is - - land wild, Lest the fate of thy moth-er should be thine



And my poor heart trembles like the ban - - jo strings That I'm tumming near the hillock where she lies.



Chorus V.S.

206-4

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1860 .by J. CHURCH J. in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District Court of O.

CHORUS.

TENOR.

Weep, zephyrs weep in the mid - - night deep. Where the cypress and the vine sad-ly wave; I have

ALTO.

Weep, zephyrs weep in the mid - - night deep. Where the cypress and the vine sad-ly wave; I have

SOPRANO.

Weep, zephyrs weep in the mid - - night deep. Where the cypress and the vine sad-ly wave; I have

BASS.

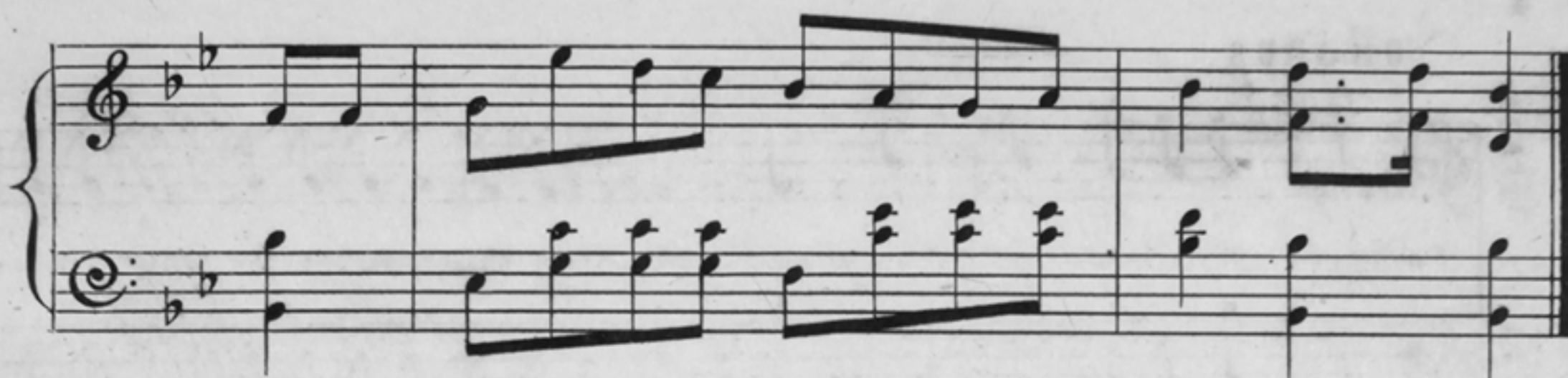
Weep, zephyrs weep in the mid - - night deep. Where the cypress and the vine sad-ly wave; I have

PIANO.

cres

ta - ken down my ban-jo for I could not sleep. And I'm sing-ing by my lit-tle Tillie's grave.

ta - ken down my ban-jo for I could not sleep. And I'm sing-ing by my lit-tle Tillie's grave.



THIRD VERSE.

How sweet have the seasons glided by since then,
 How happy each moment of the year,
 Save a sigh that the lov'd one might come back again
 We have known not a sorrow nor a tear.

CHORUS.

FOURTH VERSE.

But the swamp fever lighted on thy dark brown cheek,
 And I knew death was knocking at the door;
 How my full soul trembled with its bursting grief
 When I saw that my Tillie was no more.

CHORUS.

FIFTH VERSE.

Now the wild cat is wailing and the night hawk screams,
 And the copperhead is hissing in the shade;
 They shall come not hither to disturb thy dreams
 For I'll watch where thy sleeping dust is laid.

CHORUS, TO THE LAST VERSE.

Sleep Tillie, sleep! in the midnight deep,
 Where the cypress and the vine sadly wave,
 Let my fingers keep tumming and my fond heart weep
 Till I die by my little Tillie's grave.

AIR.

And he died by lit - - - tie's grave.

ALTO.

TENOR.

And he died by lit - - - tie's grave.

BASS.