

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.