

CHEER UP MY OWN JEANNETTE

(Composed by)

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MODERATO.

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JEANNOT.

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Cheer up! cheer up! my own Jeannette, Though far a-way I go, In

all the changes I may see, I'll be the same Jeannot: And.

if I win both fame and gold, Ah! be not so un-kind To

think I could for-get you in the home I leave be-hind: There's

not a la-dy in the land, And if she were a Queen, Could

ad lib

win my heart from you, Jeannette, So true as you have been; They

animato

must have gallant Warriors, Chance hath cast the lot on me, But

mind you this, the Sol-dier, love, Shall no de-sert-er be.

Why, ever since the world began, the surest road to fame
 Has been the field, where men unknown might win themselves a name!
 And well I know the brightest eyes have ever brighter shone,
 When looking at some warrior bold returned from battles won:
 And you would put an end to deeds which ladies love so well,
 And have no tales of valor left for history to tell:
 The Soldier's is a noble trade, Jeannette, then rail no more,
 Were only kings allowed to fight there'd be an end to war.