



Daisy Deane

James R. Murray
(1841-1905)

Daisy Deane

J. R. Murray

S
'Twas ___ down in the mead - ows, the vio - lets were blow - ing, And the

A
'Twas down in the mead - ows, the vio - lets were blow - ing, And the

T
'Twas down in the mead - ows, the vio - lets were blow - ing, And the

B
'Twas down in the mead - ows, the vio - lets were blow - ing, And the

S
3
spring - time grass was fresh and green; And the birds by the brook - let their

A
spring - time grass was fresh and green; And the birds by the brook - let their

T
spring - time grass was fresh and green; And the birds by the brook - let their

B
spring - time grass was fresh and green; And the birds by the brook - let their



6

S sweet _____ songs were sing - ing, When I first met my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

A sweet _____ songs were sing - ing, When I first met my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

T sweet songs were sing - ing, When I first met my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

B sweet songs were sing - ing, When I first met my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

CHORUS

Repeat after last verse pp

9

S None knew thee but to love thee, Thou dear one of my heart, O, thy

A None knew thee but to love thee, Thou dear one of my heart, O, thy

T None knew thee but to love thee, Thou dear one of my heart, O, thy

B None knew thee but to love thee, Thou dear one of my heart, O, thy

12

S mem - 'ry is ev - er fresh and green; Tho' the sweet buds may with - er, And

A mem - 'ry is ev - er fresh and green; Tho' the sweet buds may with - er, And

T mem - 'ry is ev - er fresh and green; Tho' the sweet buds may with - er, And

B mem - 'ry is ev - er fresh and green, ev - er fresh and green; The sweet buds may with - er, And

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15

S fond _____ hearts be bro - ken, Still I'll love thee, my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

A fond _____ hearts be bro - ken, Still I'll love thee, my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

T fond hearts be bro - ken, Still I'll love thee, my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

B fond hearts be bro - ken, Still I'll love thee, my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

VERSE 2

S Her _____ eyes soft and ten - der, the vio - lets out - vy - ing, And a

A Her eyes soft and ten - der, the vio - lets out - vy - ing, And a

T Her eyes soft and ten - der, the vio - lets out - vy - ing, And a

B Her eyes soft and ten - der, the vio - lets out - vy - ing, And a

20

S fair - er form was nev - er seen; With her brown silk - en tress - es, her

A fair - er form was nev - er seen; With her brown silk - en tress - es, her

T fair - er form was nev - er seen; With her brown silk - en tress - es, her

B fair - er form was nev - er seen; With her brown silk - en tress - es, her

23

S
A
T
B

cheek like the ros - es, There was none like my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

cheek like the ros - es, There was none like my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

cheek like the ros - es, There was none like my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

cheek like the ros - es, There was none like my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

VERSE 3

S
A
T
B

The bright flow'rs are fad - ed, the young grass has fall - en, And a

The bright flow'rs are fad - ed, the young grass has fall - en, And a

The bright flow'rs are fad - ed, the young grass has fall - en, And a

The bright flow'rs are fad - ed, the young grass has fall - en, And a

28

S
A
T
B

dark cloud hov - ers o'er the scene; For the death an - gel took her, and

dark cloud hov - ers o'er the scene; For the death an - gel took her, and

dark cloud hov - ers o'er the scene; For the death an - gel took her, and

dark cloud hov - ers o'er the scene; For the death an - gel took her, and

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31

S left me in sor - row, For my lost one, my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

A left me in sor - row, For my lost one, my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

T left me in sor - row, For my lost one, my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

B left me in sor - row, For my lost one, my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

VERSE 4

34

S O, down in the mead - ows I still love to wan - der, Where the

A O, down in the mead - ows I still love to wan - der, Where the

T O, down in the mead - ows I still love to wan - der, Where the

B O, down in the mead - ows I still love to wan - der, Where the

37

S young grass grew so fresh and green; But the bright gold - en vis - ions of

A young grass grew so fresh and green; But the bright gold - en vis - ions of

T young grass grew so fresh and green; But the bright gold - en vis - ions of

B young grass grew so fresh and green; But the bright gold - en vis - ions of

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40

S
spring - time have fad - ed With the flow'rs, and my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

A
spring - time have fad - ed With the flow'rs, and my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

T
spring - time have fad - ed With the flow'rs, and my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

B
spring - time have fad - ed With the flow'rs, and my dar - ling Dai - sy Deane.

Root & Cady
(1867)

James Ramsey Murray (1841-1905) was born to Scottish immigrants in Ballard Vale, Andover, Massachusetts. He was educated in the public schools and started a business career with the Tyer Rubber Company. His life changed directions when, at the encouragement of his friends, he studied at the Musical Institute in North Reading, Massachusetts. There he studied with some of the best teachers of the day including Lowell Mason, George F. Root, William B. Bradbury, and George J. Webb. He enlisted as an Army musician during the Civil War and his first song, "Daisy Deane," was composed in a Virginia camp in 1863. After the war, he returned home and taught piano, but soon moved to Chicago, Illinois, to join the Root & Cady publishing house as editor of "The Song Messenger." He remained there until the great Chicago fire of 1871, when he returned to Andover and taught music privately and in the public schools. In 1881, he moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, to work for the John Church Company as editor of "The Musical Visitor" and taking charge of the publishing department. He died in Cincinnati. He wrote many songs and gospel songs, compiled and edited many volumes of music for church or school use, and edited five volumes of Wagner's musical dramas.

'Twas down in the meadows,
The violets were blowing,
And the springtime grass was fresh and green;
And the birds by the brooklet
Their sweet songs were singing,
When I first met my darling Daisy Deane.

*None knew thee but to love thee,
Thou dear one of my heart,
O, thy memory is ever fresh and green;
Though the sweet buds may wither,
And fond hearts be broken,
Still I'll love thee, my darling Daisy Deane.*

Her eyes soft and tender,
The violets out-vying,
And a fairer form was never seen;
With her brown silken tresses,
Her cheek like the roses,
There was none like my darling Daisy Deane.

The bright flowers are faded,
The young grass has fallen,
And a dark cloud hovers o'er the scene;
For the death angel took her,
And left me in sorrow,
For my lost one, my darling Daisy Deane.

O, down in the meadows
I still love to wander,
Where the young grass grew so fresh and green;
But the bright golden visions
Of springtime have faded
With the flowers, and my darling Daisy Deane.

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