

"PRETTY TO ME."

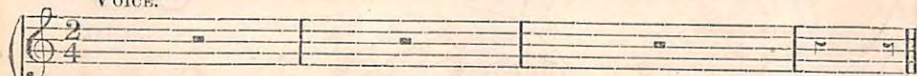
NEW BALLAD.

By ALICE HAWTHORNE.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR.

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VOICE.



GUITAR.



Her eyes are not blue, like the skies o-ver head, Tho' sweet their ex-



pres-sion in sor-row or glee, Her brow is not fair nor her cheeks are they



red But yet ev-en yet she is pret-ty to me. Pret - ty



"PRETTY TO ME."

pret - ty, pret - ty to me, But yet ev - en yet she is

CHORUS.

pret - ty to me Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty,

pretty, pretty, pretty, to me, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty,

Pret - ty to me.

II.

Her hand is not small, nor as white as the snow,
 Nor soft as the down to the touch can it be;
 But great are the blessings it prides to bestow,
 Then wonder not why it is pretty to me.
 Pretty, pretty, &c.

III.

Her voice is not low, like the sigh of the breeze,
 Nor loud as the bird's, ever joyous and free;
 But sweet is her song, with a tone that must please,
 Then ask me not why it is pretty to me.
 Pretty, pretty, &c.

IV.

Her eyes, and her brow, and her cheeks have a charm
 That none like myself in the wide world can see;
 Her hand and her voice give a welcome so warm,
 Then wonder not why she is pretty to me.
 Pretty, pretty, &c.