

Words and Music by JOSEPH P. SKELLY.

1. I'm in love with the fair-est of crea - tures,... Ro - mantic, be - witching and sweet,..... With blue eyes and "classi - cal

fea - tures,".... To gaze up-on her is a treat;..... I met her last sum - mer at Long - -

- Branch, While walk - ing a - lone by the sea,..... And my heart beat with fond-est e - mo - -

*f* *Grazioso.*

- tion, The moment she smil'd up-on me..... She's a gem of the ver-y first wa - - ter, a rich man's

on - ly daugh - - ter; Where we first met, I shall ne'er for - get, 'Twas down by the surg - ing sea.....

2

On the white sand we rambled and chatted,  
 Her voice sounding sweet as the birds,  
 Her soft hand I pressed and I patted,  
 While whisp'ring the fondest of words,  
 Our love every day it grew strouger,  
 Sweet visions of joy I could see;  
 My life will be lonely no longer,  
 My darling will share it with me.  
 She's a gem of the very first water, &c.

3

Though the sweet summer days have departed,  
 Our love is as fervent and true  
 As when on the sea shore we parted,  
 Exchanging a sweet kiss or two;  
 Her image seems ever before me,  
 For me there's a treasure in store;  
 She has promised forever to love me,  
 I'm sure I could ask nothing more.  
 She's a gem of the very first water, &c.