

# Bonnie Eloise

J. R. Thomas

Down the trail in the vale where the Mo-hawk gent-ly

glides, On its clear wind-ing way to the sea,

And the dear-er than all sto-ried streams on earth be-

sides, Is the bright roll-ing riv-er to me;

But sweet-er, dear-er, dear-er far than

these, Who charms where all oth-ers fail,

Is my blue-eyed bon-nie, bon-nie E-lo-

ise, The belle of the Mo-hawk vale.