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# Gretchen Mädchen Mine

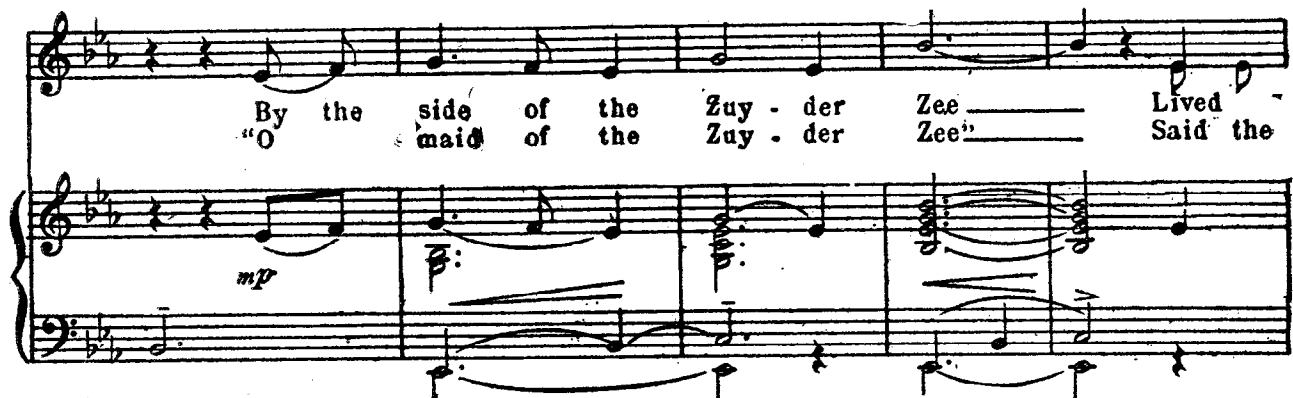
## The Song of the Old Dutch Mill

Words & Music by  
JOHN L. GOLDEN.

Valse Holländische.



mf

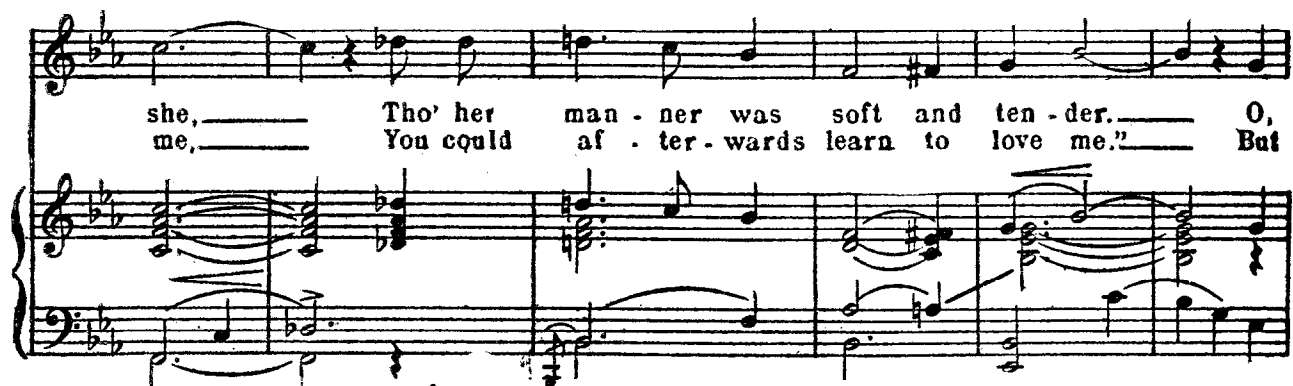


By the side of the Zuy - der Zee Lived  
"O maid of the Zuy - der Zee" Said the

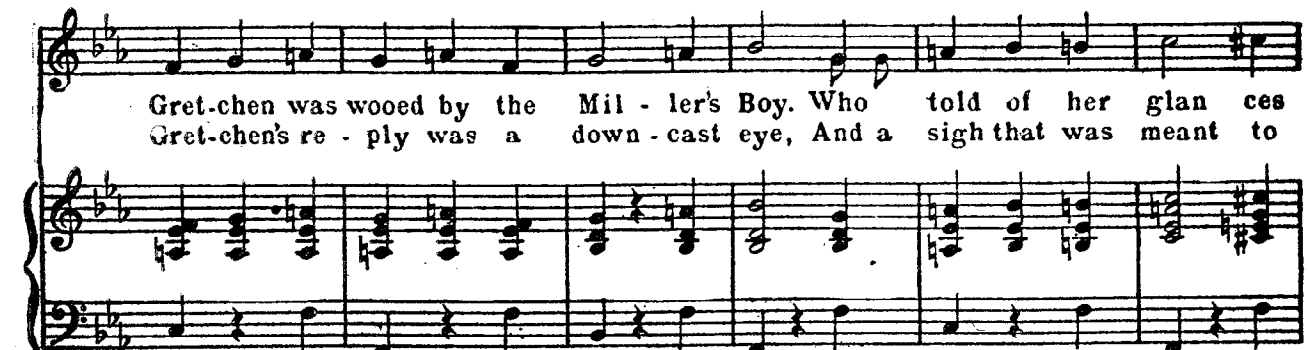
mp



Gret - chen, a mäd - chen sien - der, An am - bi - tious young - la - dy  
boy "tho' you're a - bove me, Per - haps if you mar - ried



she, Tho' her man - ner was soft and ten - der. O,  
me, You could af - ter - wards learn to love me." But



Gret - chen was wooed by the Mil - ler's Boy. Who told of her glan ces  
Gret - chen's re - ply was a down - cast eye, And a sigh that was meant to

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thrill, — But Gret - chen was wise she just used her eyes, By the  
kill, — Don't blame me, it's fate You're a lit - tle too late I've

side of the Old Dutch Mill. — A - gain and a - gain he re -  
mar-ried the Boss of the Mill. — Tho' his heart was in pain he re -

peat - ed this strain, The re - frain of the Old Dutch Mill. —  
peat - ed this strain, The re - frain of the Old Dutch Mill. —

CHORUS.

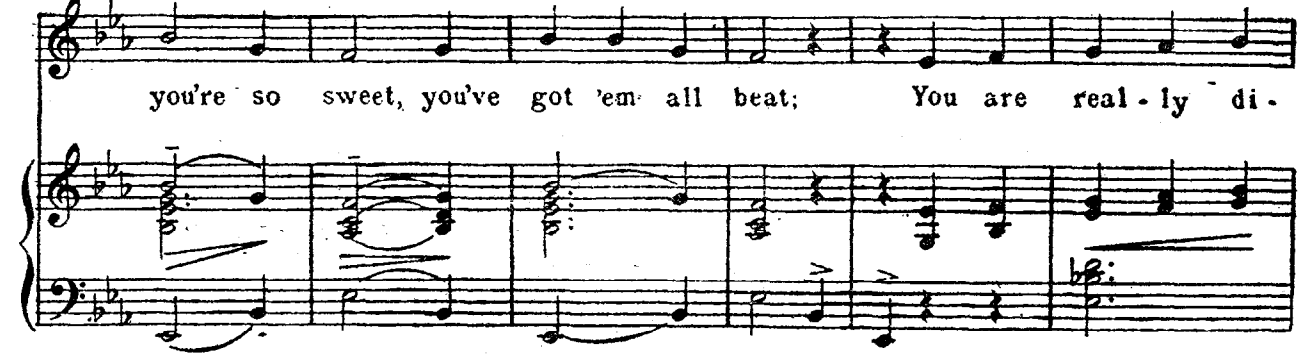
Dear - est Gret - chen, Schön - es Mäd - chen; How your

bright eyes do shine, — Lots of Dutch girls in

Am-ster-dam, Rot-ter-dam oth-er-dam pla-ces are fine. But



you're so sweet, you've got 'em all beat; You are real-ly di-



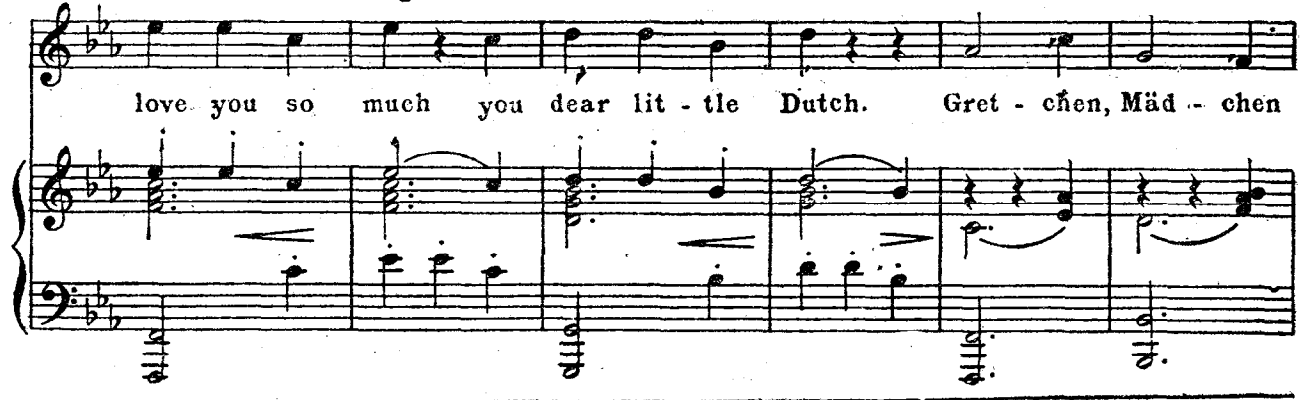
vine. I love you so much, you dear lit-tle



Dutch Gret-chen, Mäd-chen mine. I



love you so much you dear lit-tle Dutch. Gret-chen, Mäd-chen



mine. D.S. mine.

