



Words by ROBERT RICHARDSON.

Allegretto.

Music by J. W. HINTON, M.A., Mus.Doc.

ACCOMP.

p

1. My la - dy plucks a red, red rose,
 2. My la - dy walks at dew - y dawn
 3. Her hair is like a sun - kissed cloud,

And pins it
 The haw - thorn
 Her bo - dy

ben legato.

dim.

on her breast, With pa - ler fire the sun - set glows A -
 lanes a - long, And hears, a - bove the glim - mer - ing lawn,
 like a larch, Her looks are nei - ther shy nor proud, The But

dim.

pp

p

- long the crim - son west : And yet, my la - dy's cheek be -
lark's tri - umph - ant song ; But, when my love be - gins to
bright ly sweet and arch ! Her words are nei - ther bold nor

poco rall. tempo.

- side, The flow - er shines less fair, So bright and rich the
sing, So pure the note and true, The list - ning lark on
light, But maid en - frank, and free ; Her heart is gold, and

poco rall. cresc.

cres. Un poco, agitato. f

da - mask tide, So bright and rich the da - mask tide, So bright and
lev - el wing, The list - ning lark on lev - el wing, The list - ning
yes - ter - night, Her heart is gold, and yes - ter - night, Her heart is

f

rich the da - mask tide That mounts..... and man - tles there.
lark on lev - el wing Hangs si - lent in the blue.
gold, and yes - ter - night She gave..... that gold to me.

D.C.

After last verse. p rall.