Verse 1 only

Margaret
Andante 4 = 69

1. To a garden full of posies Cometh one to gather nest of weeds and nettles Lay a violet, half

flow-ers, And he wand-ers through its bow-ers, Toy-ing with the wan-ton hid-den, Hop-ing that his glance un-bid-den Yet might fall up-on her

ro-ses, the wan-ton ro-ses, Who, up-

pet-als, up-on her pet-als. Though she
rising from their beds, Hold on high their shame-less heads With their lived a-lone, a-part, Hope lay nest-ling at her heart, But, a

pretty lips a-pout-ing, With their pretty lips a-pout-ing, Never doubting, nev-las, the cruel a-wak-ing, But, a-las, the cruel a-wak-ing Set her lit-tle heart

er doubting That for Cy-the-re-an po-sies He would a-break-ing, For he gathered for his po-sies On-ly

gather aught but roses! 2. In a roses, on-ly ro-

collavoce  a tempo  see!