The Message Of The Red, Red Rose.
Karl and Marcelle.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Moderato.

KARL.

A white bridal rose in an
When love whispers first to a

Piano.

f maestro express.

p dolce.

old garden grew The days of Mid-summer were dying But
maid en de marce And stern wisdom urges discretion If

what could she do for no one came to woo? For love she was pining and
one comes to woo tell me what she can do. But to give love a silent ex-

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sighing But a warm heart-ed breeze to that spot chance to stray He
pression? A glow-ing red rose from a maid-en's fair hand Says:

gave her a kiss and then went on his way The rose hung her head—and
"What I would say, let your heart un-der-stand!" And he who is wise in that

blushed and was red The first thrill of love thus im-ply-ing. You have
symbol des-cribes This mes-sage of love's first con-fes-sion.

REFRAIN.
won my hap-py heart most com-plete-ly There is some-thing in my soul sing-ing

M.W.& SONS S81 f
sweetly By my blush-es I con-fess that I long for your ca-ress Tho’ my

pass-ion I a-vow in-dis-cruet-ly ’Tis my first con-fes-sion dear true and ten-der If you

love me claim your own I sur-ren-der Love a - lone makes life di-vine I am

yours if you are mine That’s the mes-sage of the red red rose. You have rose.