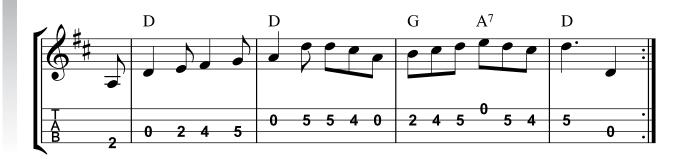
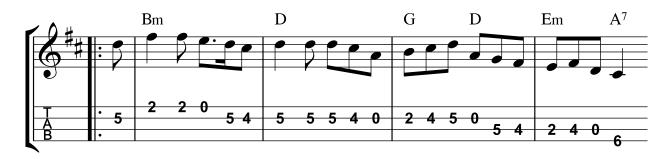
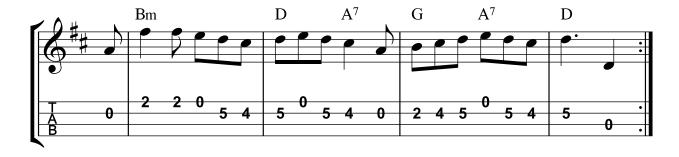
A Rosebud By My Early Walk (traditional)





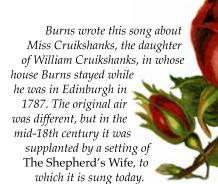






A Rosebud By My Early Walk

A Rose-bud by my early walk, Adown a corn-enclosed bawk, Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, All on a dewy morning. Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In a' its crimson glory spread, And drooping rich the dewy head, It scents the early morning.



Rosebud