Three Roses: Herbaceous Songs of Love

Jonathan D Green, Illinois Wesleyan University

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And shuns to have her graces spy'd, That

hadst thou sprung In Deserts where no man abide, Thou must have uncommed-

Small is the worth of
beauty from the light retir'd;  Bid her come forth,  Suffer her self to be desir'd,  And

not blush so to be admir'd. Then die,  that she,  The common fate of all things

rare,  May read in thee  How small a part of time they share,  That are so won-drous
sweet and fair.
Song: To the Rose

Text—Robert Herrick

Music—Jonathan D. Green

Voice

Giocoso

Goe hap - py Rose, and en - ter - wove With o - ther Flow - ers

Piano

mf

bind my Love. Tell her too, she must not be, Lon - ger flow - ing, lon - ger free,

Pno.

That so oft’ has fet - ter’d me. Say (if she’s fret - ful)

Pno.

meno mosso e legato

mp

3

3

3

3

5
I have bands
Of Pearle, and Gold, to bind her hands:

Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have Mirtle rods, (at will)
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing, thus, and goe,
And tell this, but doe not so.
Lest a hand-some an-ger flye, Like a Light-ning, from her eye, And burn thee up as well as
Ah See the Virgin Rose

Moderato espressivo

Ah see, who so faire thing does faine to see, In

Moderato espressivo

let all notes ring until m. 4

springing flowre the image of the day; Ah see the Virgin

Rose, how sweetly shee Doth first pepe forth with bash full mo-des-tee, That
Pno. 11.

fair-er seemes, the lesse ye see her may; Lo see soone af-ter, how more bold and

Pno.

11.

free Her bar-ed bo-some she doth broad dis-play; Loe see soone

Pno.

14.

af-ter, how she fades, and falles a-way.

Pno. 17.

a tempo

Pno. 17.

mp

poco rit.

poco rit.

poco rit.

a tempo

poco rit.
So pas-seth, in the passing of a day, Of mortal life the leafe, the bud, the flowre, Ne more doth flour-lish after first decay, That earst was sought to decke both bed and bowre, Of ma-ny a La-die, and ma-ny a Pa-ra-mowre:
Gather therefore the Rose, whilst yet is prime, For
soon er comes age, that will her pride de flowre: Gather the Rose of
Love, whilst yet is time, Whilst loving thou mayest loved
be with equall crime.