To My Dear Friend and Colleague

Lynn Gackle

LOVE'S A LOVELY LAD
For Treble Voices, French Horn and Piano

Text
Anonymous

Music by
James Mulholland

Slow (J=66)

Love's a lovely lad,
His bringing up is beauty.
Who loves him not is mad;
For I must pay him duty.

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Now I am sad.

Hail to those sweet eyes—That shine celestial
wond'ring; From thence do flames arise. Burns my poor heart a
Cupid sets a crown... On those lovely tresses. Not a frown... what he so sweetly dresses... I'll sit...
Whither shall I go to escape away from folly? For now there's love I know, or else 'tis melancholy.
(More motion)

Yon-der lies the snow

But

(my poor heart can't melt it.

snow

heart can't melt it.

Love shoots from his bow,

And

For Perusal Only
Now I am sad.