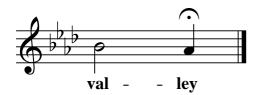
## Flowers in the Valley [The Red, The Green and the Yellow]





O there was a woman and she was a widow
Fair are the flowers in the valley
With a daughter as fair as a fresh sunny meadow
The Red, the Green and the Yellow
The Harp - The Lute - The Pipe, the Flute, the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble violin
The maid so rare, and the flowers so fair
Together they grew in the Valley

There came a Knight all clothed in red
Fair are the flowers in the valley
"I would thou wert my bride", he said,
The Red, the Green and the Yellow
The Harp - The Lute - The Pipe, the Flute, the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble violin
"I would", she sighed, "ne'er wins a bride!"
Fair are the flowers in the valley.

There came a Knight all clothed in green
Fair are the flowers in the valley
"This maid so sweet might be my queen",
The Red, the Green and the Yellow
The Harp - The Lute - The Pipe, the Flute, the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble violin
"Might be", sighed she, "will ne'er win me!"
Fair are the flowers in the valley.

There came a Knight in yellow was he
Fair are the flowers in the valley
"My bride, my queen, thou must with me!,
The Red, the Green and the Yellow
The Harp - The Lute - The Pipe, the Flute, the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble violin
With blushes red, "I come", she said
"Farewell to the flowers in the valley."