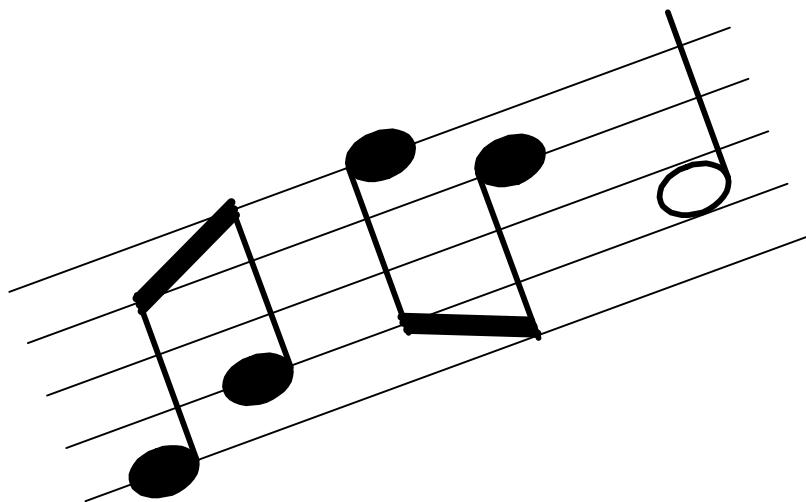


## MEDIUM-HIGH VOICE

# EDVARD GRIEG

# THE FIRST PRIMROSE



# The First Primrose

Edvard Grieg  
1843-1907

**Allegretto dolcissimo**

**p**

Oh dar - ling take this rose from me, the first bud - ded rose of

*con moto*

spring - time. Don't leave \_\_\_\_ it on the branch \_\_\_\_ to bloom for

ma - ny more \_\_\_\_ wil fol - low. Though sum - mer has its

charms and spells, and fall is the sea - son for play - ing. still

*poco rit.*

spring could be the best of all if you could just hear what I'm

*poco rit.*

say - ing! For you and I should nev - er sigh and

*pp* *a tempo*

*pp* *a tempo*

dream of the love we're miss - ing. It's nev - er too soon when

*mf*

*dim. e poco rit.*

ro - ses bloom, for spring is the sea - son for kiss - ing.

*dim. e poco rit.*

*p*

*p*

*Reo.* \*