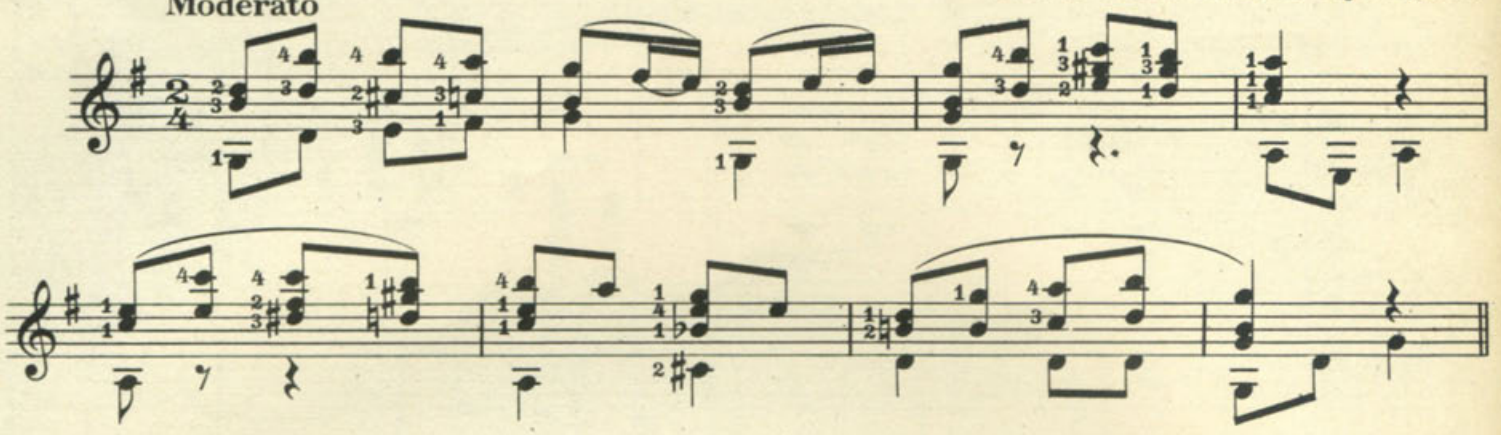
The Red Sarafan

Russian Folk Song

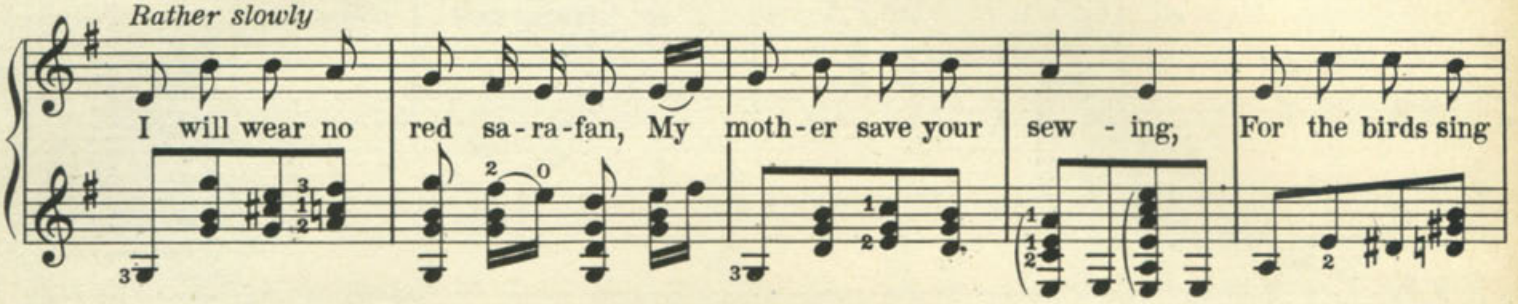
Guitar accomp. by
Vahdah Olcott Bickford Op. 69, No. 3

Guitar Intro.
Moderato

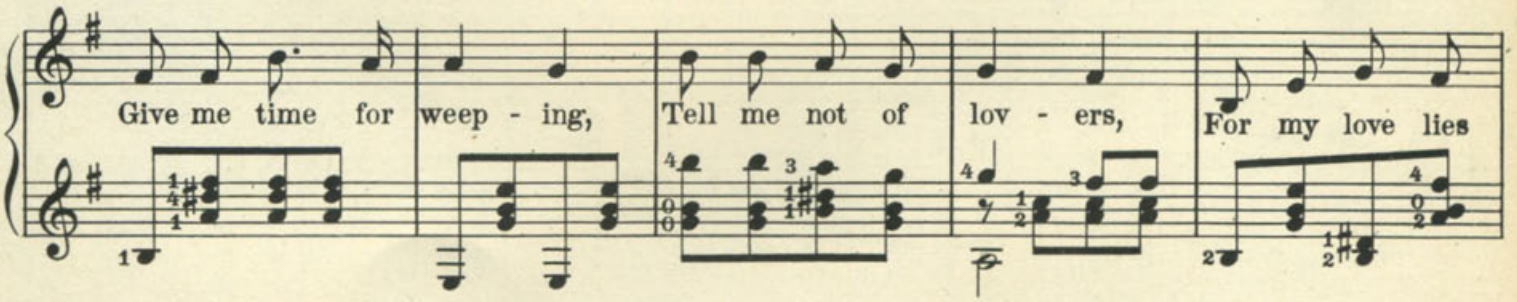


Rather slowly

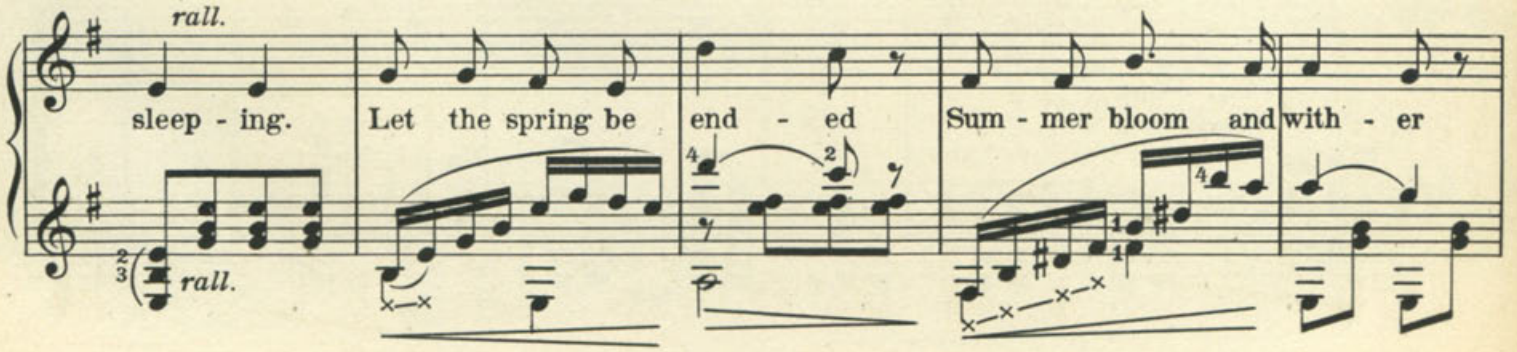
I will wear no red sa-ra-fan, My moth-er save your sew - ing, For the birds sing



o'er his grave and A - pril grass is grow - ing. Grief must have her sea - son,



Give me time for weep - ing, Tell me not of lov - ers, For my love lies



rall.

sleep - ing. Let the spring be end - ed Sum - mer bloom and with - er

rall.

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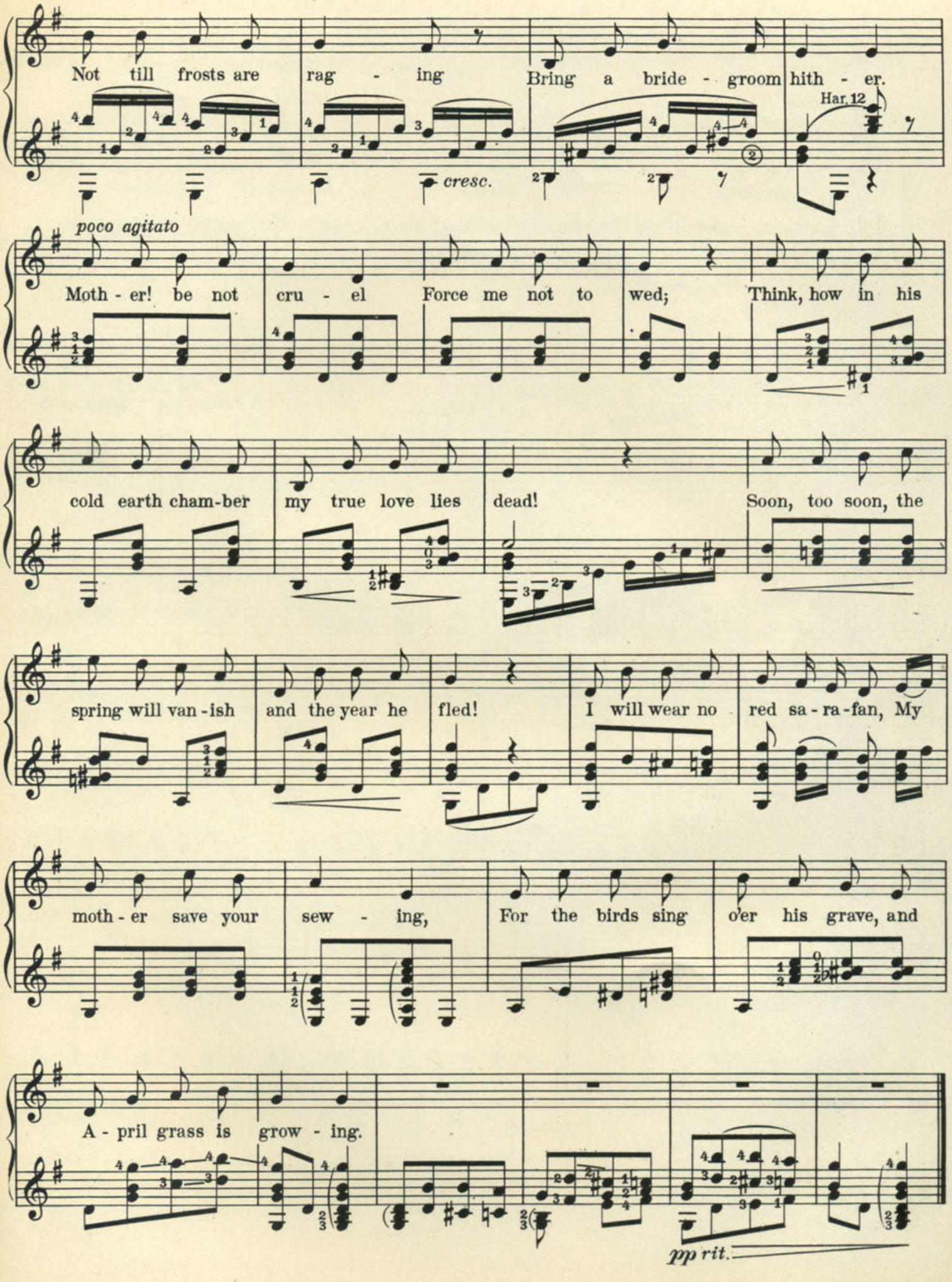
Not till frosts are rag - ing Bring a bride - groom hith - er.
Har. 12
cresc.
poco agitato
Moth - er! be not cru - el Force me not to wed; Think, how in his
cold earth cham-ber my true love lies dead! Soon, too soon, the
spring will van - ish and the year he fled! I will wear no red sa - ra - fan, My
moth - er save your sew - ing, For the birds sing o'er his grave, and
A - pril grass is grow - ing.
pp rit.