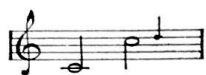


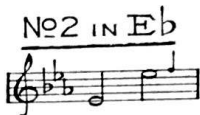
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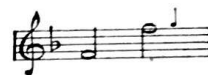
№1 IN C



№2 IN E^b



№3 IN F



RED DEVON BY THE SEA

SONG

WORDS BY
LINA JEPHSON

MUSIC BY
ROBERT CONINGSBY CLARKE

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2/4

To my friend Clive Temperley.

RED DEVON BY THE SEA. Song.

*Words by
LINA JEPHSON.

Blanche R. Williams

Music by
ROBERT CONINGSBY CLARKE.

Very slowly.

Voice.

Piano.

f

Very slowly.
mf *ten.* *ten.* *ten.*

There's a lit - tle place I'm know - ing In red Dev - on by the

mf *ten.* *ten.*

sea, With the tan - gled dog - rose blow - ing And the white - thorn flow'r - ing

f

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked 'Very slowly.' and 'f'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with several measures of chords and single notes. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'There's a lit - tle place I'm know - ing In red Dev - on by the sea, With the tan - gled dog - rose blow - ing And the white - thorn flow'r - ing'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout, with various dynamics and articulations like 'mf', 'ten.', and 'f'.

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free, And the larks a - bove are. sing - ing, And I

think no birds there be Like the birds that sing in

Dev - on, In red Dev - on by the sea.

There's a lit - tle maid I'm

know - ing In red Dev - on by the sea, When the wild wet winds are

ten. *f*

Red. *

blow - ing She puts up a pray'r for me, Oh! she's sweet as sum - mer

pri. *ten.* *ten.*

rit. *Red.* *

ro - ses, And I think no maid there be Like my maid that dwells in

ten. *rit.* *ten.* *ten.*

Red. *

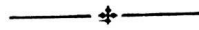
Dev - on In red Dev - on by the sea.

rall. *p* *pp*

rall. *p* *pp*

Red. *

Red Devon by the sea.



There's a little place I'm knowing
In red Devon by the sea,
With the tangled dogrose blowing
And the whitethorn flowering free,
And the larks above are singing,
And I think no birds there be
Like the birds that sing in Devon,
In red Devon by the sea.

There's a little maid I'm knowing
In red Devon by the sea;
When the wild wet winds are blowing
She puts up a prayer for me.
Oh! she's sweet as summer roses,
And I think no maid there be
Like my maid that dwells in Devon,
In red Devon by the sea.

LINA JEPHSON.

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