

Bessy Sheppard

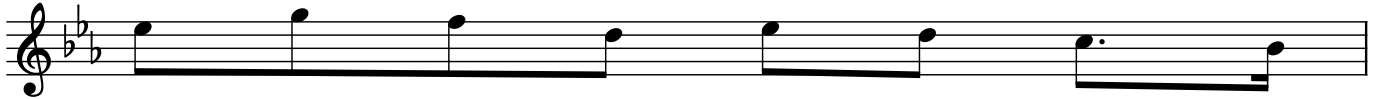
Pete

♩ = 80



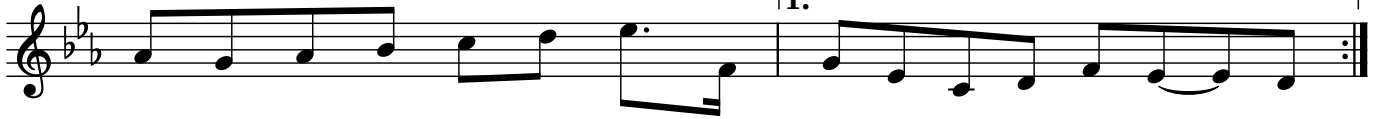
As clouds take flight a cross the moon and
warm in youth and new ly shod in

3



how ling winds in chim neys moan the
dew damp skirts through mead ows trod to

4



rain picks out on moss y stone the name of Bess y Sheppard Once
ward her fate be neath the sod good

6



night poor Bess y Shepp ard And the ribbons of her bonnet blue now
Bess y's gore was cruel ly spilled her

8



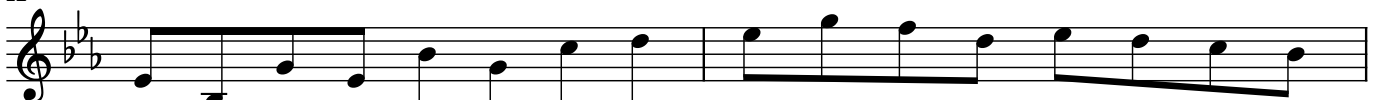
tainted with a ruddy hew all for her par a sol and shoes good
shoes still made it oe'r red hill where Roth er ham will drink his fill to

10



night poor Bess y Shepp ard And though night on Bess y Sheppard Now

12



clouds re veal the ris ing sun and Bess y's tale is told and done there's

14



mor ning dew like tears up on the stone of Bess y Shepp ard