

# The Trespass

Hugh McCrae

Horace Keats

Voice

Piano

*f* *mf*

O Love, to feel your lips a - gain on mine! To

*p*

draw your breath like hon-ey from the tree, ————— to mar - vel, while your heart's red

flash - ing wine ————— Washt sor - row from your cheeks white mem - o - ry

*rall.*

*rall.*