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# MY RED-HEAD COUNTRY BEAU

WORDS BY  
CATHERINE ERRET

MUSIC BY  
LEO FRIEDMAN

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# My Red-Head Country Beau

Words by CATHERINE ERRET

Music by LEO FRIEDMAN



The crick-ets were a chirp-ing, and the night was moon-y bright, When down the coun-try  
He used to bring me ap-ples from his fa-ther's spe-cial tree, And steal his moth-ers



lane would come, a lad each Sun-day night; He was shy and he was bash-ful, and his  
ros-es when she was-n't there to see; And he used to hang a-round the gate long



hair was aw-ful red, He al-ways was a scared, 'till Pop had gone to bed.  
af-ter time for bed, 'Till Ma would throw a buc-ket full of wa-ter on his head.

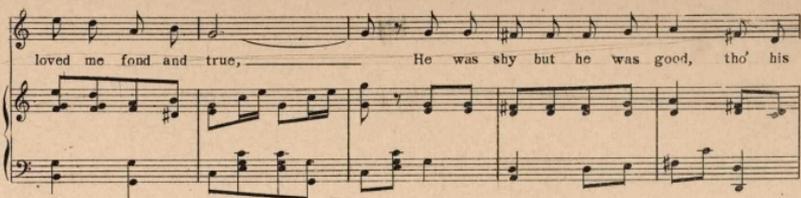


## CHORUS

'Neath the bar-vest moon one Sun-day night in June, He told me that he



loved me fond and true, He was shy but he was good, tho' his



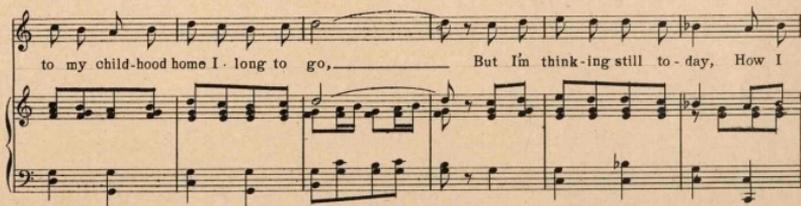
head was made of wood, that he meant each word he said, I surely knew;



But those days are gone and past, still the memories will last, And



to my childhood home I long to go, But I'm thinking still to-day, How I



laugh'd his love away, And broke his heart, my red-head country boy.



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