ROSES OF PICARDY

SONG

WORDS BY
FRED. E. WEATHERLY

MUSIC BY
HAYDN WOOD

ALSO PUBLISHED AS
VOCAL DUET (FOR CONTRALTO AND BARITONE)........... 50
VOCAL DUET (FOR Soprano and tenor).................... 50
FEMALE OCTAVO QUARTETTE FOR S S A A .................. 15
MALE OCTAVO QUARTETTE FOR T T BB .................... 15
PIANOFORTE SOLO ........................................... 50
VIOLIN AND PIANO .............................................

SONG ORCHESTRATIONS (8 OR C.D.):
14 PARTS AND PIANO .......................................... 90
10 PARTS AND PIANO .......................................... 60

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LONDON TORONTO MELBOURNE
ROSES OF PICARDY.

Song.

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Brightly. (Almost two beats in a bar.)

She is watching by the poplars, Colinette with the sea-blue eyes, She is

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watching and longing and waiting Where the long white roadway

colla voce.

lies. And a song stirs in the silence, As the

poco meno mosso.

wind in the boughs above, She listens and starts and

poco meno mosso.

trembles, 'Tis the first little song of love:

poco rit.
“Roses are shining in Picardy, in the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flowing in Picardy, but there’s never a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the summer-time, and our roads may be far apart,
But there’s
poco largamente.

one rose that dies not in Picardy!
'tis the rose that I keep in my

Tempo primo.

And the

years fly on for ever, Till the shadows veil their skies, But he

loves to hold her little hands, And look in her sea-blue eyes. And she

colla voce.

C. 6000
sees the road by the poplars, Where they met in the bygone years, For the first little song of the roses is the last little song she hears:— "Roses are shining in the hush of the silver dew, in the hush of the silver dew,"
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy, but there's nev'er a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the summer-time, and our roads may be far apart.

But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy, 'tis the rose that I keep in my heart!
THE LATEST ENGLISH BALLAD SUCCESS

Love's Garden of Roses
SONG

Words by RUTH RUTHERFORD

Music by HAYDN WOOD

Meno mosso (Andante moderato)

Come to my garden of roses, Winds whisper low,

Ne'er was so sweet a garden With love a-glow.

Laughter and Love in the sunshine, Joys all di-

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