Roses of Picardy

SONG

WORDS BY FRED. E. WEATHERLY
MUSIC BY HAYDN WOOD

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ROSES OF PICARDY.

Song.

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Brightly. (Almost two beats in a bar.)

She is watching by the

pop-lars, Col-in-ette with the sea-blue eyes, She is
watching and longing and waiting Where the long white road-way lies.
And a song stirs in the silence, As the wind in the boughs above, She listens and starts and trembles, 'Tis the first little song of love:
"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

heart!"

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
sees the road by the poplars, Where they met in the by-gone years,
For the first little song of the roses is the last little song she hears:
"Roses are shining in Picardy, in the hush of the silver dew,"

C.6928
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 one rose that dies not in Picardy! 'Tis the rose that I keep in my heart!