Roses of Picardy

SONG

WORDS BY
FRED. E. WEATHERLY

MUSIC BY
HAYDN WOOD

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ROSES OF PICARDY.

Song.

Words by
FRED. E. WEATHERLY.
Ukulele arr. by MAY SINGH BREEN

Music by
HAYDN WOOD.

Tune Ukulele
G C E A

Brightly. (Almost two beats in a bar.)

She is watching by the

poplars, Collinette with the sea-blue eyes,

She is
watching and longing and waiting
Where the long white roadway 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:

colla voce.

poco meno mosso.

poco rit.
"Roses are shining in Picardy, in the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flowering 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 bygone 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,"
Roses are flow'ring 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!