The Wild Rose.
(I Want To Be A Wild, Wild Rose.)

Tempo di Valse.

No 7.

Lyric by
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Music by
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1. They found a wild rose, brave and sweet, deep in the forest.
2. The tall and lovely lilies looked with scorn and pa-ler.
3. "The forest stranger does not thrive," observed the jaco-mi-

glade, And in a garden fair, for it a city home they made; The
grew, They said: "This must be heaven for a country flow'er like you!" The
not. The wild rose sad and pa-ler grew a-mid the pomp and show. One

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haughty roses of "La France" with chilling languor
wild rose held its petals high, tho' trembling was its
wear-y day unto its heart sweet woodland voices

cried: "Be patient, you may grow like us!" the wild rose blushed and
stem: Then in its sweet and plaintive way it sadly answered
cried. "I'm free at last!" the wild rose said, and yearning thus, it

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sighed: "I'd rather be a wild rose a

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lone in yon - der lea! Where breezes blow, and whisper

low their sweet-est song to me! I'd rather be a

wild rose than any flow'rl that grows! Oh! set me

free! I want to be a wild, wild rose!

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