No. 10. Waltz Song.

Pluck Not The Rose

(5a)

Lyric by
GRANT STEWART.

Music by
RUDOLPH NELSON.

Vivo

In a garden a rose was blooming So rich
Happy boy! it took but a moment For him

and rare;

June was nigh when a boy came to choose,

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by And he saw it
him He was loth to
there:
lose.

All its beauty displaying As it
Each one had fascination Each to

hung from the tree. Who could blame him for
lose he was loth. So without hesi-

saying "That is the flower for me?"
But 'neath the tree where so proudly it hung, Deep in the
O what a world this would be for a man, If he could

gras a for-get-me-not sprung, Ti-ny blue gleam in the
mar-ry up-on that same plan; If he's in doubt as to

gar-den so trim, Whis-pring it seemed to him:
where to plight troth - If he could choose them both.

REFRAIN

Pluck not, O pluck not the rose, dear, Ro-ses will
fade all too soon, You will regret that you chose, dear, A flower that will last but a noon:

Here is a bloom more abiding,

Tiny and tender and true, Think then, O
think! ere deciding, Which is best for you.

Vivo

roll.

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