The Persian Garden

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The Girl In The Persian Rug

Lyric by
EDGAR ALLAN WOOLF

Music by
ANATOL FRIEDLAND

Andante

Piano

Voice

There once was a maid woven in a Persian rug, Who was

human, though she had a woolen heart, She sighed for true love, as she

turned with angry shrug From an old man woven next her, with the

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best of Persian art. One day a young Prince walked right over her in haste And crushed her heart. Her sense she seemed to lose. He didn't even say excuse me, as a way he quickly raced. But she was happy just because she touched his shoes.
REFRAIN    GIRLS   ROSE

Heigh - o!  Heigh - o!  Sighed the maid up - on the rug, I

wish the hand - some prince had stopped to give me just a hug, I

know I'm on - ly car - pet and some day I'm going to fade, But I

won't wear out so quick - ly for I am a rug - ged maid; Heigh - o!

The Girl In The Persian Rug 4
Heigh-o! Cried the maiden all forlorn, When his soul met mine that moment I knew my
happiness was gone, Perhaps when I grow old and wrinkled hell
step on me again, And when I trip him up hell kiss me, I'll just
lie around till then. Heigh-o! Heigh-o!

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