ROSES OF PICARDY.

Song.

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by HAYDN WOOD.

Brightly. (Almost two beats in a bar.)

She is watching by the poplars,
Colinette with the sea-blue eyes,

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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:

C. 6930
"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
one rose that dies not in Pi-ear-dy! 'tis the rose that I keep in my heart!

Tempo primo.

And the years fly on for ev-er, Till the sha-dows veil their skies, But he

loves to hold her lit-tle hands, And look in her sea-blue eyes. And she
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,
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!