ROSES OF PICARDY.
Song.

Words by
FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by
HAYDN WOOD

VOICE.

Brightly. (Almost two beats in a bar.)

PIANO.

She is watching by the

poplars, Colinette 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:
"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
poco largamente.

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 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,"
mf

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!