My Belgian Rose.

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Moderato

Rose of Belgium, drooping so low, Lift up your head, for we love you so.
Once your rose-buds bloomed thru the land, Then came the tyrant with sword in hand.

Robbed of your sunshine, you're fading away, But you'll live to bloom on a
Crushed heath, his foot-steps, you fell to the ground, But still in your heart there is

happier day. America is calling to you, Speaking in words of
life to be found. America will bring back your bloom, Holding you to her

vine. "My home shall be thy home, And all my treasures thine"
breast. No harm shall befall you, And you'll find peace and
rest.
CHORUS
Slowly with expression

Bel-gian Rose—my droop-ing Bel-gian Rose—For ev-ry hour of
sor-row you've had, You'll have a year in which to be glad, You were not born in

vain— for you will bloom a-gain, And tho' they've tak-en all your

a poco rall.

sun-shine and dew, We'll make an Amer-i-can beauty of you, And you will

find re-pose— over here, My Bel-gian Rose— Rose—

Belgian Rose