I'd Give Ev'ry Rose On Broadway
(For That Little Rose Back Home)

By FRED FISHER
and SIDNEY HOLDEN

My story goes, about a Rose One of the
many, a bad, bad penny. And let me
tell you, sir, I learnt of women from her, And if you
ask me if my heart she'd sway—
I'd just smile and say:

Chorus

I'd give ev'ry rose on Broadway, for that little Rose back home.
I'd give ev'ry rose on Broadway, for that little Rose back home.

Broadway's just a devil's garden, where a Rose has no soul of its own.
I've picked many Broadway Roses, but not one bloomed for me, just a

own. They bloom at night,
-lone. Roses of red,

I'd Give Ev'ry etc. 8
on. But in the light, day-light, their bloom is fair. From Herald Square, from here, from every where.

gone. Pretty are the city flowers, but they have a heart of stone,-- And I'd give ev'ry Rose on Broadway, for that little stone,-- Say I'd give ev'ry Rose on Broadway, for that little

Rose back home. Rose back home. Rose back home.