There's a Rose in Repose.

(Waiting to Welcome Me)

Written and Composed by

WILLIAM HARGREAVES.

Ad Lib.

Key G.

1. Down, down, where a crown of golden sky Has spread its splendor,
   Down, down, down in the town of loving hearts, Where sweet affection
   On a cozy little shack At the back of the purple mountains; Down, down, down where the brown wing'd
   Lights her windows with a love from above. Like a silver moonbeam; Down, down, down in my mammy's
   Song-birds fly, Some one is waiting With an anxious care to see me there.
   Native parts, I hear them calling Thro' the golden sheaves and falling leaves.

CHORUS.

There's a rose in repose By the dear old apple tree, to welcome me; There's a
thrush, in the bush with the sweetest melody To welcome me, Thro' the tall and mighty lumbers Where the

dozy sun-flow'rs slumber, There's a path-way there takes me right down where I was born, bred, "Nuff said" Theresa

face full of grace, with its tender sympathy To welcome me Theres' the smile all the while that I've

known from infancy, To welcome me; There's dear old mother, dear old dad; Some-body else would be

just as glad, Waiting to welcome me. There's a me.