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, Collette with the sea-blue eyes, She is
I - watching and longing and waiting  Where the long white road-way

colla voce.

lies.  And a song stirs in the silence, As the

poco meno mosso.

wind in the boughs above,  She listens and starts and

poco rit.

trembles, 'Tis the first little song of love:
"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 Picardy!
'tis the rose that I keep in my

heart!

Tempo primo.

And the

years fly on for ever,
Till the shadows veil their skies,
But he

loves to hold her little hands,
And look in her sea-blue eyes.
And she
I see 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,"
Roses are flowing 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!