The Rose Of "No Man's Land"

French Text by Louis Delamarre

By JACK CADDIGAN & JAMES A. BRENNAN

Writers of "We're All Going Calling On The Kaiser"

J'ai vu bien des fleurs sem-pour-prer, Au jardin de la vie,
I've seen some beautiful flowers, Grow in life's garden fair,
Out of the heavenly splendor, Down to the trail of woe,

Et souvent j'aimé à m'enivrer, De leur sens-ter bénir,
I've spent some wonderful hours, Lost in their fragrance rare,
God in his mercy has sent her, Cheer-ing the world below;

J'en sais une au pur éclat, Sans rival ici bas,
But I have found another, Wondrous beyond compare,
We call her "Rose of Heaven," We've learned to love her so,

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REFRAIN *with expression*

*La rose fleurit* sous les Boulets, En avant du front elle est, De pleurs arrosée, Pour bien des années, Dans nos coeurs et le reste ra.

Though it's sprayed with tears, it will live for years, In my garden of memory, It's the one red rose the soldier knows, It's the

*La rose rouge d'amour du soldat, Dans cette encinte où rien ne bouge, L'ombre qui paraît, Portant la Croix Rouge, C'est la work of the Master's hand; 'Mid the war's great curse stands the Red Cross Nurse, She's the rose of "No Man's Land?" There's a Land?*