Love Sends A Little Gift Of Roses

Words by
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Music by
JOHN OPENSHAW

Andante espress

Take thou my gift, my offering of roses,
Take thou my gift, and be it joy or sorrow,

Gathered from my garden, sweet with twilight dew;
Think ere my roses fade and fall apart;

If just one flower on your breast reposse
With each sweet bloom that you may scorn to morrow,

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Life shall forever hold no rose but you.
I send to you for joy or pain my heart.

Refrain

Love sends a little gift of roses,

Breathing a prayer unto my possibilities,

Torn from my heart as twilight closes,
Ask-ing this, on-ly this, One heart to grow a lit-tle
ten-der, Two eyes to glow with love's own splen-dour,
Two lips to give in sweet sur-ren-der Just a kiss,
just a kiss, just a kiss.