Rose Of Washington Square

Lyric by
BALLARD MACDONALD

Moderato

Music by
JAMES F. HANLEY

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day I met Har-ri-son Fisch-er. Said he, 'You're like roses—
I dress me up in a
butter-fly flew to the gar-den From out of the blue sky a—
gay butter-fly's wings are fold-ed The heart of the rose has grown

stems I want you to pose for a picture On the
veil And I see my shape for the pictures That he
love The heart of the rose set a - but-ter-ly With a
cold A butter-fly lives but a season And a

cover of Jim Jam Jones. And that's how I first got my
draws in the Eve-ning Mail He promised some time when he's
wonder-ful tale of love He told her of birds and of
rose in a week grows old The mea-dows, the brooks and the

start Now my life is de-voted to art They call me:
free That he'll model a statue of me They call me,
bees Of the brooks and the mea-dows and trees He whirls-pid
trees Like the birds and the flow-ers and bees Need sun-shine

Rose Of Washington Square
There is a rose in basement air,
Where blossoms should the sun shines Rose,
Rose of Washington Square.
I'm withering a flower so fair,
Should blossoms there the sun shines Rose,
Rose of Washington Square.

With plain or fancy clothes,
They say my Roman nose
It seems to please artistic people;
But be the queen of some fair garden Rose.

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With second-hand clothes
But dwell in your heart

And nice long hair
Your love to care

I've got those Broad-way vampires lashed to themast I've
Illbring the sunbeams from the heav-ens to you And

got no future But Oh! what a past I'm
Give you kisses that spar-kle with dew My

Rose, of Wash-in-ton

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