



# ROSES OF PICARDY.

## Song.

Words by  
FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by  
HAYDN WOOD.

**Brightly.** (Almost two beats in a bar.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mp*

*Con 2d.*

*mp*

She is watch - ing by the

R.H.

pop - lars, Col - in - ette with the sea - blue eyes, She is

watch - ing and long - ing and wait - ing Where the long white - road - way

*colla voce*

lies. And a song stirs in the si - lence, As the

*colla voce*

wind in the boughs a - bove, She lis - tens and starts and

*p poco meno mosso*

trem - bles, 'Tis the first lit - tle song of love:-

*mp* *poco rit.*

*pp* *Slowly*

"Ro - ses are shin - ing in Pi-car-dy, in the hush of the sil - ver

*Slowly*

dew, *mf* Ro - ses are flow'r - ing in Pi-car-dy, but there's

nev - er a rose like you! *p* And the ro - ses will die with the

sun-mer-time, *cresc.* and our roads may be far - a - part, But there's

*cresc.*

*poco largamente*

one rose that dies not in Pi-car-dyl 'tis the rose that I keep in my

*poco larg.*

*rit.*

neart!"

**Tempo primo.**

And the

*dim.*

*R.H.*

years fly on for ev - er, Till the sha-dows veil their skies, But he

loves to hold her lit - tle hands, And look in her sea - blue eyes. And she

*colla voce*

sees the road by the pop - lars, Where they met in the by - gone

years, For the first lit - tle song of the ro - ses is the

*p* *poco meno mosso*

*p* *poco meno mosso*

last lit - tle song she hears: - "Ro - ses are shin - ing in

*colla voce* *poco rit.* *pp* *Slowly*

*Slowly*

Pi - car - dy, in the hush of the sil - ver dew,

*mf*

Ro - ses are flow'r - ing in Pi-car-dy, but there's nev - er a rose like

*p*

you! And the ro - ses will die with the summer-time, and our

*poco largamente*

roads may be far — a - part, But there's one rose that dies not in

*cresc.* *f poco larg.*

*rit.* *ff* *a tempo*

Pi-car-dy! 'tis the rose that I keep in my heart!"

*rit.* *colla voce* *ff* *a tempo*