

THE ROSE

Airy from The Opera of the BLIND GIRL

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Larghetto

If this de-licious grateful flower which blooms but for a little
hour should to the sight as love ly be as from its fragrance seems to
me A sigh must then its colour shew forthats the

softest Joy I know and sure the Rose is like a sigh born just to

soothe and then to die ..

My father when our fortunes smiled
 With jewels decked his sightless child
 Their glittering worth the world might see
 But ah! they shed no sweets for me

Still as the present failed to charm
 The trickling drop bedewed my arm
 And suck the gem to me most dear
 Was a kind FATHER'S pitying tear

For the German Flute.