

Round my own pretty Rose



N^o. 4, Published by E. S. Mesier, 28, Wall-S^t.

a Celebrated

Ballad,

Arranged from a German Air by

A. LEE.

Larghetto.

PIANO-
FORTE

f *p*

Round my own pretty Rose I have

ho--ver'd all day, I have seen its sweet leaves one by one Fall a

way; They are gone— they are gone— but I go not with them No, I

linger to weep o'er the de solate stem: They say if I

rove to the south I shall meet With hundreds of Roses more

fair and more sweet But my heart when I'm tempt--ed to wan--der, re--

Tempo

ad lib:

plies, Here my first love — my last love my on — — — ly love lies.

mo

When I sprang from the home where my plu mage was

nurst, 'Twas my own pretty Rose that at tract — — — ed me first; We have

lovd all the summer, and now that the chill Of the winter comes

o'er us, I'm true to thee still: When the last leaf is wither'd, and

falls to the earth, The false one to south-erly climes may fly

forth; But Truth cannot fly from his sor-ow, he dies Where his

pp

first love— His last love— His on-ly love he's.

Tempo 1^{mo}

pp *pp* *pp*