

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

Song

Halsdorf

Lyric by

Ballard Macdonald

Music by

James F. Hanley

As Introduced by

FANNY BRICE

in the new

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic

atop the

New Amsterdam Theatre
New York

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Rose Of Washington Square

Lyric by
BALLARD MACDONALD

Music by
JAMES F. HANLEY

Moderato

f

p

Ballad Version A gar - den that nev - er knew sun - shine Once
Comedy Version But af - ter the sum - mer comes au - tumn When
Version I'm Ro - sie, the queen of the mod - els I
 I'm ter - ri - ble good as a mod - el The

shel - ter'd a beau - ti - ful rose In the sha - dows it grew, with - out
 flow - ers their pet - als must close For the song - birds are still and the
 used to live up in the Bronx But I wan - der'd from there down to
 art - ists are stuck on my charms Once a fel - ler said he would paint

sun - light or dew As a child of the ci - ty grows A
 bree - zes are chill To the cheek of the blush - ing rose The
 Wash - ing - ton Square And Bo - he - mi - an Hon - ky Tonks One
 Ve - nus from me On - ly Ve - nus ain't got no arms Rube

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but-ter-fly flew to the gar - den — From out of the blue sky a -
 gay but-ter-fly's wings are fold - ed — The heart of the rose has grown —
 day I met Har - ri - son Fish - er — Said he "You're like ros - es — the
 Gold-berg my fi - gure ad - mir - es — He dress - es me up in a

bove — The heart of the rose set a - flut - ter — With a
 cold — A but - ter - fly lives but a sea - son — And a
 stems — I want you to pose for a pic - ture — On the
 veil — And u - ses my shape for the pic - tures — That he

won - der - ful tale of love — He told her of birds and of
 rose in a week grows old — The mead - ows, the brooks and the
 cov - er of Jim Jam Jems — And that's how I first got my
 draws in the Ev' - ning Mail — He prom - ised some time when he's

bees — Of the brooks and the mea-dows and trees He whis-per'd;
 trees — Like the birds and the flow-ers and bees Need sun-shine:
 start — Now my life is de - vo - ted to art They call me:
 free — That he'll mod - el a sta - tue of me They call me:

rall.

REFRAIN

Rose of Wash-ington Square, A flow-er so
Rose of Wash-ington Square, I'm with-er-ing

p-f

fair Should blos-som where the sun-shines, Rose,
there In base-ment air I'm fad-ing, Rose,

— for na-ture did not mean — That you should blush un - seen —
— withplain or fan - cy clothes — They say my Ro - man nose —

— But be the queen of some fair gar - den Rose
— It seems to please ar - tis - tic peo - ple, Beaux

I'll nev - er de - part But dwell in your heart
I've plen - ty of those With se - cond hand clothes

Your love to care I'll bring the sun-beams from the Heav-ens to you And
And nice long hair I've got those Broad-way vam-pires lashed to the mast I've

give you kiss-es that spar-kle with dew My Rose of Wash-ington
got no fu-ture but Oh! what a past I'm Rose, of Wash-ington

1 Square.
Square.

2 Square.
Square.