

A ROSE.

Words by
N.K.GRIGGS.

Inscribed to Mrs. Carrie Fowler of Cheyenne, Wyo.

Andante quasi Adagio.

pp espressivo il canto senza sordini rit.

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The right hand features a series of chords in the treble clef, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The tempo is marked 'Andante quasi Adagio'.

1. In a great and heed-less cit-y, Where, high-hedged, are nar-row
2. Mat-ter'd not her clothes were tat-ter'd, Mat-ter'd not how scant the

a tempo p

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The piano part includes a series of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

lanes, And the eyes of silv'-ry sun-light,
fare, For that bloom, with breath of fra-grance,

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a series of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Rare - ly peep thro win - dow panes, Dwelt, in want, a ti - ny
 Filled with bliss the som - ber air; And when came the voice of

maid - en, One as sweet as ser - aph knows, — Who, with -
 ev' - ning, Bid - ding wea - ried eye - lids close, — Trust - ing -

in her hum - ble gar - ret, Had for joy, a - lone a
 ly she asked the Fath - er, Guard to give her pre - cious

rose. How she watched that bud so low - ly,
 rose. And that gift from lap of E - den,

pp

As more rare it dai - ly grew! — How she loved to tell its
Must her love have sure - ly known, — For to her it gave but

beau - - ty, Ev' - ry hour with pride a - new! — And no
nec - - tar, And for her had blush a - lone; — So, a

rich - - er flood of glad - ness, From the fount of rap - ture
gain, each leaf she num - ber'd, Ere she sought her night's re -

flows, Than went cours - ing thro her bo - som, When full blown she found her rose.
pose, Then to dream that all the fai - ries Came to court her peer - less rose.

D.C. for 2^d verse.

3. But the day her treasure per - ish'd, Leaving scarce a with-er'd leaf, How her

heart seemed bruised and bro - ken, How her lips grew dumb with grief! Nor shall

soon her sor-row van - ish, For as oft as twilight grows, — Yet she

prays the blessed Mas - ter Safe to keep her an-gel rose. — Ah, poor

babe, poor sim-ple dar - ling, Quench your grief and still your sighs;— You've but

learned, full soon, the les - son, That which blooms as sure-ly dies;— Know you,

too, Oh, lit-tle mour - ner, Dear-est joys bring deep-est woes,— And that

far - - ers on life's path - way, Each has loved and lost a rose.