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1916

### Roses of Picardy

Frederic Edward Weatherly

Haydn Wood

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.



# ROSES OF PICARDY.

## Song.

Tune Ukulele  
 G C E A

Words by  
 FRED. E. WEATHERLY.  
 Ukulele arr. by MAY SINGHI BREEN

Music by  
 HAYDN WOOD.

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

VOICE.

PIANO.

*con Ad.*

*mp*

She is watch - ing by the

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

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.*

*poco rit.*

*pp* *Slowly.*

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

*Slowly.*

*pp*

*mf*

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

*mf*

*p*

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

*p*

*cresc.*

sum - mer - time, and our roads may be far - a - part, But there's

*cresc.*

*poco largamente.*

*rit.*

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

*f poco larg.*

*rit.*

heart!"

**Tempo primo.**

And the

*mp*

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.*

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

*poco rit.* *pp* *Slowly.*

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

Pi - ear - 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 sum - mer - time, and our

*f* *poco largamente.*

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

*rit.* *ff* *a tempo.*

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

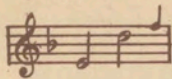
*rit.* *colla voce.* *ff* *a tempo.*



# Two Sensational Ballad Successes

By The Composer of  
"Roses Of Picardy"

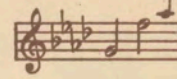
No.1 in F



No.2 in G



No.3 in Ab



## A Brown Bird Singing Song

Words by  
ROYDEN BARRIE

Music by  
HAYDN WOOD

Andante moderato

*mp a tempo*  
All through the night there's a lit-tle brown bird sing-ing, Sing-ing in the hush of the dark-ness and the dew,

*p a tempo*

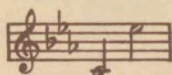
Singing in the hush of the darkness and the dew.  
Would that his song through the stillness could go winging,  
Could go winging to you, to you.

All through the night time my lonely heart is singing  
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew,  
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew.  
Would that the song of my heart could go a-winging,  
Could go a-winging to you, to you.

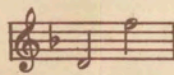
All through the night time my lonely heart is singing  
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird ever knew.

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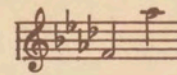
No.1 in Eb



No.2 in F



No.3 in Ab



## I Look Into Your Garden Song

Words by  
CHARLES WILMOTT

Music by  
HAYDN WOOD

Moderato

*mp*  
I look in-to your gar-den ev-'ry morn-ing as I pass, When the sum-mer morn is dawn-ing and the

*mp*

*2d.* \*  
dew is on the grass;

But with all its glowing roses and its perfumes rich and rare,  
It's a wilderness to me, dear, for I do not see you there.

I look into your garden when the ev'ning shadows fall,  
When the flow'rs are closed in slumber and the birds have ceased to call;  
But though all is grey and shadowed and no perfume scents the air,  
It's a paradise to me, dear, for I see you waiting there,  
And I thank God for your love, dear, when I meet and kiss you there.

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