

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

Song

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

Price 60 cents



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Rose Of Washington Square

Lyric by
BALLARD MACDONALD

Music by
JAMES F. HANLEY

Moderato



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

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 aint got no arms Rube

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
 dux I met Har-ri-son Fish-er — Suid he "You're like ros-es — the
 Gold-berg my fi-gure ad-mir-es — He dress-es me up in a

above — 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 Er' - 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 hell mod - el a sta - tue of me They call me:

rall.

REFRAIN

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

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

for na-ture did not mean That you should blush un - seen
with plain or fan - ey 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
I've plen - ty of those

But dwell in your heart
With se - cond hand clothes

Your love to care
And nice long hair

I'll bring the sun-beams from the Heav-ens to you And
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
got no fu-ture but Oh! what a past I'm Rose,

of Wash-ing-ton
of Wash-ing-ton

1 Square.
Square.

2 Square.
Square.

THE MOON SHINES ON THE MOONSHINE

SONG

REFRAIN

How sad and still to-night,
How sad and still to-night,
By the old dis - till-er-y!
By the old dis - till -er-y!

And how the cob-webs cob,
And how the mourn-ers mourn,
In its old ma - chin-er-y!
By the Lag - er Brew - er-y!

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BERT WILLIAMS

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Ziegfeld Follies

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