

# 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

MUSIC  
PUBLISHERS  
S. Shapiro & Co.  
110 Broadway & 47th Street,  
New York.



*Leslie  
Hilden*

# Rose Of Washington Square

Lyric by  
BALLARD MACDONALD

Music by  
JAMES F. HANLEY

Moderato

*f* *p* *f*

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

*p*

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

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, Im- with-er-ing

*p-f*

fair Should blos-som where the sun-shines, Rose,  
there In base-ment air Im fad-ing, Pose,

— for na-ture did not mean — That you should blush un - seen —  
— with plain 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.  
 Square. Square.

# THE MOON SHINES ON THE MOONSHINE

## SONG

### REFRAIN

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

*p*

Trb.

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

*mfz p*

B'ssn. B'ssn. Trb.

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of F. ZIEGFELD JR'S

# Ziegfeld Follies

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