



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

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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
*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*

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

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

start — Now my life is de - voted to art They call me:
 free — That he'll mod - el a stat - ue of me They call me:
*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*

rall

REFRAIN

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

p-f

there _____ In base-ment air I'm fa-ding, Pose, _____
 fair _____ Should blossom where the sun-shines Rose, _____

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

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

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

And nice long hair I've got those Broad-way vamp-ires lashed to the mast I've
 Your love to care I'll bring the sun-beans from the heav-ens to you And

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

1 Square. Square. 2 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!

mf *p*

B'ssn. B'ssn. Trb.

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of F. ZIEGFELD JR'S

Ziegfeld Follies

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