

POPULAR EDITION

I BROUGHT RED ROSES IN DECEMBER TO YOU.

SONG



LYRIC BY

ANNA HELD
AND
ALFRED BRYAN

MUSIC BY

HARRY TIERNEY

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JEROME H. REMICK & CO.
NEW YORK DETROIT

HATTIE BURKS

SM 3162

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Lyric by
ANNA HELD &
ALFRED BRYAN

Song

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HARRY TIERNEY

Tempo di Marcia

VOICE

PIANO

f *mf* *Vamp* *If*

ros - es tell of love, Sweet-heart, as lov - ers say they do, Each thought of love must

p

mean a rose with all its per-fume too. — I met you in Sep - tem - ber days when

flow - ers all had fled, And brought to you a tin - y bud in ev - 'ry word I said.

CHORUS

In sweet Sep - tem - ber, I well re - mem - ber, I brought you

p-f

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dai-sies and tu-lips from Love's gar - den; And when Oc - to - ber — was half way

o - ver, — I brought pan-sies and vi - o - lets too. — In drear No-

vem - ber, — Love's burn - ing em - ber, — our hearts in - flam'd with a

pass - ion so true. — In cold De - cem - ber, — Do you re - mem - ber? —

— I brought red ros - es in De - cem - ber to you. — In sweet Sep - you.



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 You'll Always Be the Same Sweet Baby
 Underneath the Stars
 Memories

Where The Black-Eyed Susans Grow

Lyric by DAVE RADFORD

SONG

Music by RICHARD A. WHITING

CHORUS

p I'm go-ing back to a shack where the Black-eyed Su-sans grow I love 'em so, They're all a

2nd time f

round on the ground where I found the one I know so long a-go The hon-ey bees all know I'm

p com-in, I seem to hear them soft-ly hum-min, "You'll be los-in' your lit-tle Su-san, You'd

better be get-ting busy buzz-in' a-round, To stroll a-gain down the lane to the plain old rus-tic

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