

SM 3162

I Brought Red Roses In December To You

Lyric by
ANNA HELD &
ALFRED BRYAN

Song

Music by
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.