

SM4832

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# Rose Of Washington Square

Lyric by  
BALLARD MACDONALD

Music by  
JAMES F. HANLEY

Moderato

*f* *p*

*p* *p*

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

used to live up in the Bronx But I wan - der'd from there down to  
 ar - tists are stuck on my charms Once a fel - ler said he would paint  
 shel - ter'd a beau - ti - ful rose In the sha - dows it grew with - out  
 flow - ers their pe - tals must close For the song birds are still and the

Wash - ing - ton Square And Po - he - mi - an Hon - ky Tonks One  
 Ve - nus from me On - ly Ve - nus ain't got no arms Rube  
 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

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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.