MABEL McKINLEY'S

Golden Rod

SONG



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Respectfully dedicated to Honorable Charles W. Fairbanks, Vice-President of the United States.

MABEL Mc KINLEY'S
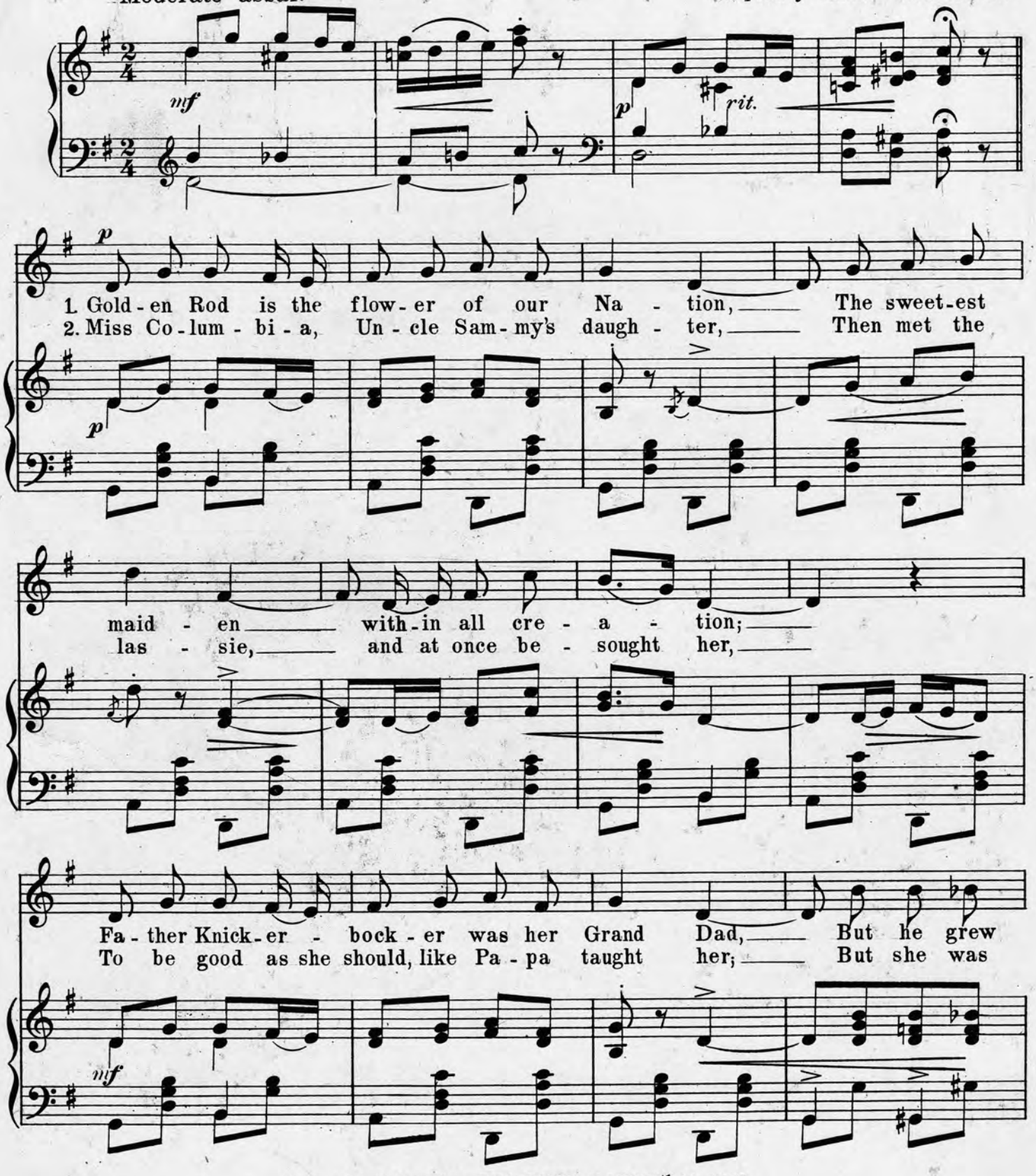
"Golden Rod."

The Flower of our Nation.

Oh! beautiful stalk with strands of gold
Your grace and splendor I behold,
While zephyrs make you sway and nod
Our Nation's pride, O Golden Rod!

by MABEL Mc KINLEY.
Composer of "ANONA" "KARAMA" Etc.

Moderato assai.



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blue when he knew that she would woo! And he said "You're too
glad that she had this hand-some lad! Gold-en Rod, was it

young, dear, you must not wed. In vain the dear child pled, Then she proud-ly
odd? said, "my heart is free, I love him, he loves me!" So she told Miss

tossed her head, For a youth, soul of truth, Young Man - hat - tan gay,
Lib - er - ty, Who then said, "Go and wed, your own heart o - bey!"

Sought her each bright, star - ry night, this to say:
And that same day, lov - ers gay, sailed a - way.

CHORUS.

rit - p = f a tempo.

Gold-en Rod, Gold-en Rod, I love you, yes, I do! Come and

rit - p = f a tempo.

share my bow'r, For you are my fair-est flow'r, And 'round my

heart you en-twine, You're my Queen, so di-vine, Pret-ty

Gold-en Rod, say you will be mine! Gold-en mine!

1. 2.

1. 2.

f *fz*

SCHOOL VERSION

Mabel Mc Kinley's

Golden Rod

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: At the suggestion of one of the members of the Board of Education, the publisher issues an edition of this popular song for school use, the words of which are herewith presented: Complete copies, words and music may be obtained of any music dealer.

1.

Golden Rod, you're the flower of our Nation
The sweetest flower within all creation,
Emblem grand of a land of noble station,
When summer fades 'mid the shades of Autumn glades!
O'er the hill, by the rill, every heart you thrill,
As if to say to all "Tho' the leaves around me fall,
I am here hearts to cheer, when the skies are drear,
And 'mid the gloom, I shall bloom, ever near."

CHORUS.

Golden Rod, Golden Rod, emblem true, we love you,
Of all Nature's bower you are the fairest flower;
And may your smiles long abide o'er the hills far and wide;
Pretty Golden Rod, you're the Nation's pride!

2.

Golden Rod, you're queenly in your splendor,
So meek and modest, so true and tender,
All the days our gentle praise we render
To your fair face, form of grace, curls of lace!
And the air everywhere you entrance so fair,
While your beauty rare is to us beyond compare!
So our song all day long shall ring thro' the land,
Golden Rod, quaint and odd, emblem grand!

CHORUS.

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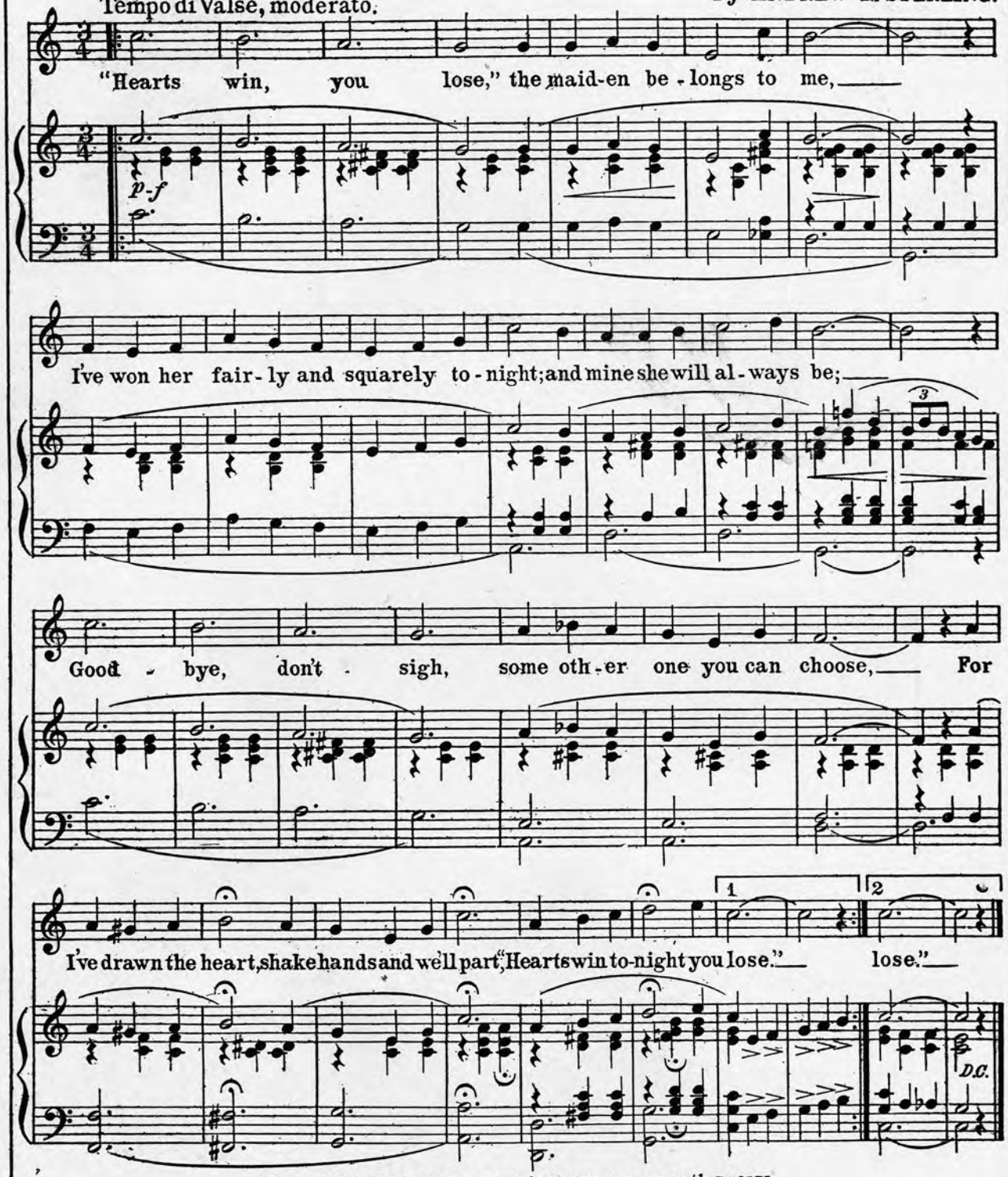
The most novel and interesting descriptive Ballad ever written.

Hearts Win, You Lose.

CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse, moderato.

By ANDREW B. STERLING.



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