

STANDARD EDITION

ROSIE

MAKE IT ROSY FOR ME

Katherine Powder



Words by
GRANT CLARKE

Music by
J.L. MERKUR

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Irving Berlin Inc.
MUSIC PUBLISHERS
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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLAD WRITTEN IN YEARS

Tired Of Me

Words by
GRANT CLARKE

Music by
WALTER DONALDSON

REFRAIN

Tired of me, tired of me, Sor-ry, is all you say; Just like a
toy, Child-ren en - joy, Loved and then thrown a - way. Some bo-dy

p-mf dolce e legato
poco cresc.
frall.
p-mf a tempo

A CROONY SOUTHERN MELODY SONG HIT

Rock-a-bye Lullabye Mammy

Words by
GRANT CLARKE
CHORUS

Music by
WALTER DONALDSON

How I sigh for my Lul - la-by Mam - my,
She knows why I'm so lone-some and blue. It seems in all my dreams I'm

p-mf

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"ROSIE"

Make It Rosy For Me

Lyric by
GRANT CLARKE

Music by
J. L. MERKUR

Moderato con espressione

Till Ready

Dear I know it, ev-'ry po-et writes a-bout a rose
Har-ry Mey-er he's a buy-er who can pick a gown,
He said "Ros-ie just sup-pos-ie we get married dear,

I'm no po-et and you know it that my writ-ing shows
Ros-ie she's a mod-el for a cloth-ing house in town;
You can mod-el cloth-ing for the ba-by ev-'ry year;

Ev-'ry time I start to rhyme I have to rub it out But
Twice a year he trav-els here to get the lat-est styles, And
Be my wife 'cause that's the life the on-ly one that pays, Just

still here goes 'cause you're the rose I've got to write a - bout.
 when the bunch goes out to lunch He says to Rose and smiles.
 take your time make up your mind I'll give you six - ty days.

rall.

CHORUS

Ros - ie, make it ros - y for me. Sweet Ros - ie,
 Ros - ie you are work - ing too hard, Sweet Ros - ie

pf

Oh how glad I would be If on - ly you would
 You grew up in a yard, Oh Why be just a

cresc.

care for me too I'm lone - ly for on - ly
 mod - el for life When you'd make a mod - el

cresc.

you — Just like a pos - ie, — you grow sweet - er each day —
 wife — You're like a pos - ie — I once picked in the woods, —

f

— Sweet Ros - ie, — help me raise a bou - quet — I
 — Sweet Ros - ie — I'm a good judge of goods, — So

need a branch or two on my fam - ly tree — Ros - ie,
 tell the boss that he don't need you no more — Ros - ie

cresc.

— come mar - ry me. — me. —
 — come mar - ry me. — me. —

f *fz*



The Biggest Song Hit
of The \$200,000.00 FLO
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES Pro-
duction, Sung by Mr. John
Steel.

TELL ME LITTLE GYPSY

BY

Irving Berlin

CHORUS Slowly and well marked

Tell me lit tle Gyp sy What the

fu ture holds for me

Kind ly cross my palm with sil ver,

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