

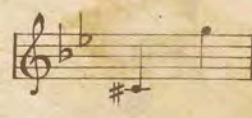
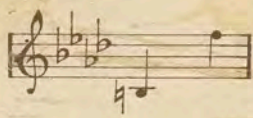
TWO ROSES

(LES DEUX ROSES)

LOW VOICE

MEDIUM

HIGH



FULL ORCHESTRAL PARTS MAY BE HAD IN THE EDITION FOR HIGH VOICE.

Words by EMILY SELINGER

Composed by HALLETT GILBERTÉ

THE FREDERICK HARRIS CO.,

40, Berners Street, London, W. 1.
AND AT OAKVILLE, ONT., CANADA.

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2/-
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CARL FISCHER - NEW YORK - BOSTON - CHICAGO

LE DEUX ROSES

L'amour de la rose est mort, est mort,
Qui si jolie fleurissait encore,
Chantez tout bas,
Vents qui soufflent là-bas.

Serrés, serrés le long du jour
En murmurant des vœux d'amour
Au clair de lune, rayons de soleil,
Chantez tout bas, chantez, chantez tout bas.

Puisse la rose blanche retrouver,
Après les jours douloureux son amour,
Chantez tout bas,
Vents qui soufflent là-bas.

Soleil de Printemps, ouvrira-t-il
à la rose rouge le cœur fragile
à la rose blanche l'amour viendra-t-il
Chantez, chantez tout bas,
Chantez, chantez tout bas.

ROSES.

Words by
EMILY SELINGER.

HALLETT GILBERTÉ.

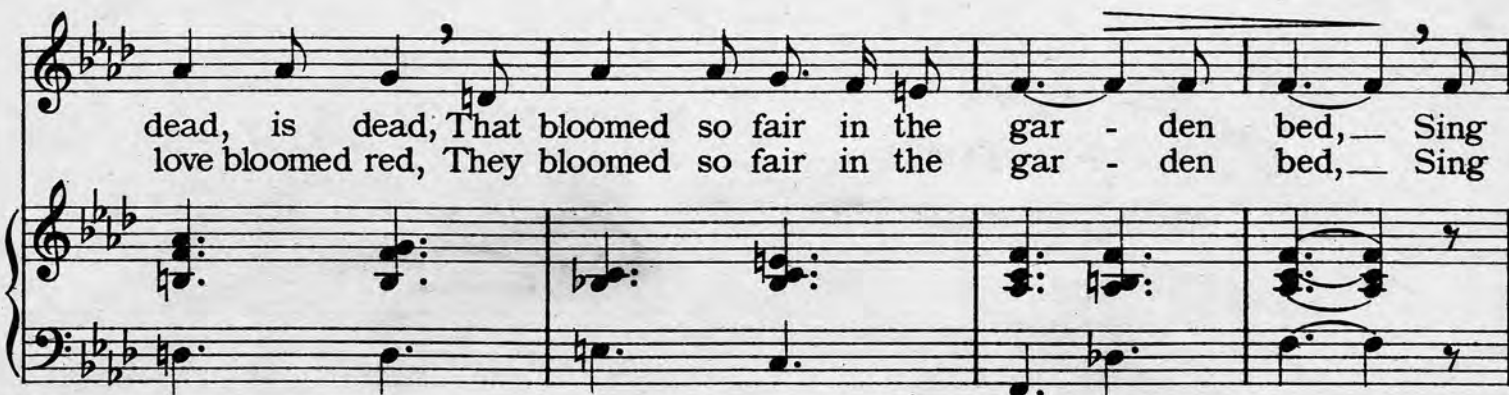
VOICE. *Lento. (♩ = 44)* *mp semplice*

PIANO. *mf* *ritard.* *p*

The love of the rose is
rose bloomed white, it's



dead, is dead, That bloomed so fair in the gar - den bed, — Sing
love bloomed red, They bloomed so fair in the gar - den bed, — Sing



molto ritard. *a tempo* *ritard.*

soft sing low winds that sigh winds that
soft sing low winds that sigh winds that

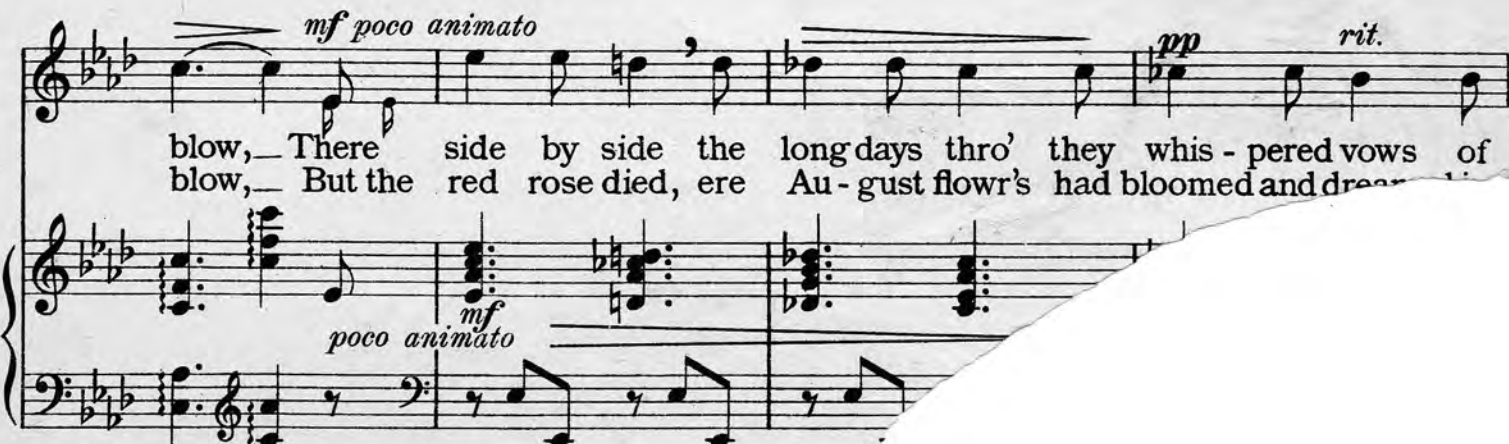
molto ritard. *a tempo* *ritard.*



mf poco animato *pp* *rit.*

blow, — There side by side the long days thro' they whis - pered vows of
blow, — But the red rose died, ere Au - gust flowr's had bloomed and dreamt

mf poco animato



mf a tempo

love so true By sun and moon, by shine and dew, Sing soft, sing sweet, sing
 gar- den bowers, and the white rose pined, till Au- tumn hours, Sing soft, sing sweet, sing

p

mf a tempo

p

pp, *p* *rit.* *a tempo*

low, — Sing soft, sing sweet, sing low. —
 low, — Sing soft, sing sweet, sing low. —

pp *p rit.* *f a tempo*

mf

a) 1. *mp* 2. *mf*

The Will the

p molto ritard. *p ritard.*

a tempo *ritard.*

white rose find it's love a - gain — Af - ter the days of doubt and pain? Sing

mf a tempo *fz p ritard.*

p molto ritard. *a tempo ritard.*

soft — sing low, — Winds that sigh, — winds that

p molto ritard. *a tempo ritard.*

f animato *ff poco ritard.*

blow. — Will Spring-time's sun - shine burst the tomb of the red, red rose with

f animato *ff poco ritard.*

rit. *mf a tempo*

sweet per - fume? Will the long - lost love of the

rit. *mf a tempo*

white rose bloom? Sing soft, sing sweet, sing low, Sing

p

p

soft, sing sweet, sing low.

rit.

p a tempo

pp

rallentando molto

God remembers when the world forgets.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.



Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto.

How man-y gar-dens in this world of ours, — Hold blos-soms that have nev-er come to flow'rs?

A sud-den wind— comes— cold - ly by, — The rose-tree bids its fair-est bud good - bye.

rall.

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The first system is marked 'Allegretto' and the second system is marked 'rall.'. The piano part features arpeggiated chords and a steady bass line.

2.
How many ships of ours go out to sea
In search of havens that shall tranquil be?
The storms of fate their fairest hopes o'er set,
And there is naught to do except forget.

3.
How many wear a smile upon their face
Although their hearts may hold an empty place?
None know the heights nor depths of their regrets,
But God remembers when the world forgets.

The Soul of You.

Words by
MARGARET HOBSON ALBERS.



Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegro moderato.

The rose stood fair in the crys - tal vase, Her leaves yet tipped with a

pearl of dew; And I knew, as I looked in her love - ly face, That the soul of the rose — was you. A

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The first system is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The piano part features a flowing arpeggiated accompaniment. Dynamics include *p*, *mf*, and *f*.

2.
A song filled the air with its vibrant swell,
Heartfelt and soulful, tender and true;
It thrilled me with bliss, for I knew so well
That the soul of the song was you.

3.
A thought came into my waiting mind,
Deep in conception, broad in view;
It set me apart from earth's common kind,
The soul of that thought was you.

THE FREDERICK HARRIS COMPANY,
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