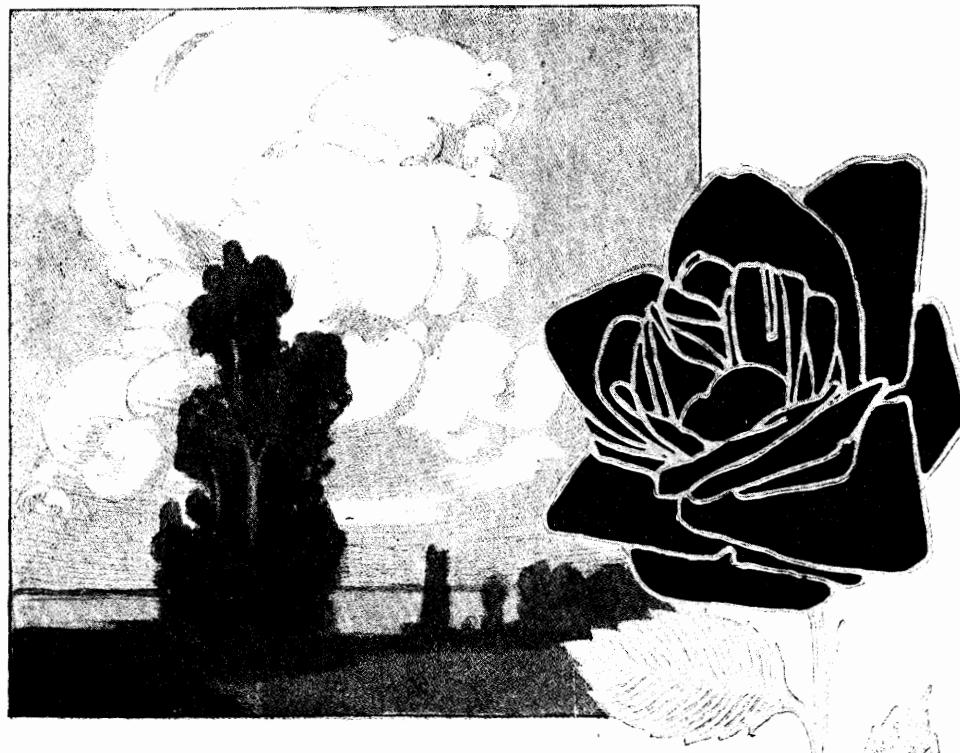


Rose of My Honeymoon



Verse by

William Sharp

Music by

Katharine Barry

6

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
CINCINNATI NEW YORK LONDON

To pluck the wild rose in the morning dew
And dream of another rose to wear it soon;
Oh, will she never come, the morn's half through,
And dews don't keep until the afternoon.
Sweetheart, don't you wish that roses only grew
In secret places in the dusk of June?
Ah! here's my dew-wet rose since here are you,
Rose of my honeymoon!

—*William Sharp*

Rose of my Honeymoon



WILLIAM SHARP

KATHARINE BARRY

Moderato

To pluck the wild rose in the morn-ing dew And

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dream of an - oth - er rose to wear it soon:

Oh, will she nev - er come____ the morn's half through,

And dews don't keep un - til the af - - ter - noon.

p

Sweet - heart, don't you

wish that ro - ses on - ly grew _____ in se - cret

pla - ces in the dusk of _____ June?

f rit.
 Ah! here's my dew - wet rose _____ Since here are

f rit.

rall.
 you, _____ Rose of my hon - ey -

rall.
f molto rit.

moon!