Rose of My Honeymoon

Verse by

William Sharp

Music by

Katharine Barry

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To pluck the wild rose in the morning dew
And dream of another rose to wear it soon;
Oh, will she never come, the mom's half through,
And dew's don't keep until the afternoon.
Sweetheart, don't you wish that roses only grew
In secret places in the dusk of June?
And 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

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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.
Sweet-heart, 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 honey,

moon!