The Sun's Rose.

Mrs. E. Allen

Music by
C. P. Hawley
The sun dropped all his roses down,
    Just at the close of day,
And every river, lake, and bay
Looked up, and wished, in her sweet way.
    Hers was the bright bouquet.

The roses fell—a crimson shower;
    The great sun left the west;
One little book, her love unguessed,
Long after he had gone, still pressed
    His roses to her breast.

—Alice E. Allen
The Sun's Roses

ALICE E. ALLEN

Andante con moto

C. B. HAWLEY

The sun dropped all his roses down,

Just at the close of day, And every river,
lake, and bay  Looked up, and wished, in her sweet way,

Hers was the bright bouquet, The roses fell— A

crimson shower; The great sun left the west;
One little brook, her love un-guessed,
Long after he had gone.
Still pressed the roses to her breast,
Long after he had gone,
Still pressed the roses to her breast.