



“Bring me a Sweet White Rose.”

Words by FANNY FORRESTER.

Music by J. GORDON SAUNDERS, B. Mus., Hertford College, Oxford.

PIANO.

When next you come, my own dear love, Bring me a sweet white
rose, That I may rise at ear - ly dawn To

watch its leaves un - close, That I may rise at



ear - ly dawn To watch its leaves un - close ; That



I may keep it fresh and fair With kiss - es warm and



true, And wear it on the faith - ful heart That



fond - ly beats for you, That fond - ly beats for



you,..... That

I may keep it fresh and fair, With kiss - es warm and

true, And wear it on the faith - ful heart That *rall.*

1st and 2nd verses. Last verse.

fond - ly beats for you. you.

Yes, I will kiss that dear white rose
 'Neath solemn evening skies,
 And dream beneath the twinkling stars
 Of deep blue earnest eyes—
 Dear loving eyes, and clustering locks
 Black as the raven's wing,
 And tender tones, so soft and low,
 Like whispering winds in spring !

Bring me a rose, a pure white rose,
 And twine it in my hair,
 Then smile, my love, with tender pride,
 To see it nestling there.
 For, oh, one little simple flower
 Were dearer far to me
 Than all the wealth of priceless pearls,
 Deep buried in the sea !

Bring me a rose, a fresh white rose,
 For even though it die,
 'Mid relics of the hallowed past
 Its withered leaves shall lie ;
 More deeply loved, more fondly prized,
 When youth has passed away,
 A record sweet of vanished joys,
 When these brown locks are grey.

Bring me a rose, a dear white rose—
 Now, darling, don't forget—
 Its bonny, fragile, crinkling leaves
 With crystal dewdrops wet.
 And may it hide no cruel thorn
 To cause this breast to smart ;
 For I will read your fondest love
 Deep in its fragrant heart.