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1897

# The Roses Growing by the Homestead Door

M. B. Lawry  
*Composer*

Wm. H. Gardner  
*Lyrics*

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Respectfully Dedicated to Miss NELLIE KAVANAUGH

# ROSES GROWING BY THE HOMESTEAD DOOR

WORDS BY  
W. H.  
GARDNER

MUSIC BY  
M. B.  
LAWRY



PUBLISHED BY  
THE VIVIAN MUSIC PUB CO

BOSTON

Vp-004668  
1897  
ROSES

# "The Roses Growing by the Homestead Door."

Words by Wm. H. Gardner.

Music by M. B. LAWRY.

*Andante moderato.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in the key of B-flat major, 3/4 time, marked *Andante moderato*. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a steady accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal line enters with the lyrics: "An outcast wander'd wear-i-ly a-long the cit-y street, And A pitying sis-ter saw her weeping o'er a fa-ded flow'r, And tears of bit-ter anguish dimm'd her eye. She stopp'd to rest a moment, when she quickly from her carriage to her went. She spok'd to her in kindness, feeling saw there at her feet, A rose dropp'd by some careless passer by. She that a higher pow'r, Had her up-on this an-gel mission sent, The". The score concludes with a final piano cadence.

pick'd it up and kiss'd it, whispering soft-ly all the while. It  
 wo-man found a friend in-deed, and ere an-oth-er day, Her

*cres.*  
 makes me think of child-hood days once more. I  
 foot-steps sought the child-hood scenes of yore. She

*cres.* *f*

seem to see dear moth-er with her bless-ed saint-ly smile, And the  
 found a moth-er wait-ing there with saint-ly hair of gray, And the

*rit.*  
 ro-ses grow-ing by the home-stead door. 'Tis  
 ro-ses grow-ing by the home-stead door. 'Tis

*rit.*

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Refrain.

*a tempo.*

long a - go since one sad morn I left the dear old place And

*a tempo.*

*cres.*

man - y days of sor - row were in store!..... How

*cres.*

*a tempo.*

oft - en since I've long'd to see, my dear old mother's face; And the

*a tempo.*

*rit.*

ro - ses grow - ing by the home - stead door.....

*rit.*

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D.C.

E 2365 3

- |                                  |   |   |   |                     |
|----------------------------------|---|---|---|---------------------|
| THE SWEET VOICE IN THE CHOIR     | - | - | - | By M. B. Lawry.     |
| THE ROSES BY THE HOMESTEAD DOOR  | - | - | - | " "                 |
| MY MISSISSIPPI HOME              | - | - | - | " "                 |
| SAY GOOD BYE TO MOTHER           | - | - | - | " "                 |
| SOME DAY PERHAPS YOU WILL REGRET | - | - | - | By G. M. Blandford. |

# 'TIS A WITHERED SPRAY OF MYRTLE.

Words by HENRY V. NEAL.

Music by DOROTHY VAUGHN.

## Chorus.

'Tis a with-ered spray of myr-tle, but its pres-ence ev - er brings, Sweet

thoughts of home and moth-er, that a - round my mem-'ry clings, And should

fame and for-tune fail me, there is one thing I would save, 'Tis a

with - ered spray of myr-tle, from my dear old moth-er's grave.