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1921

# The Old Red Roses Growing by the Door

Paul Martin  
*Composer*

Carl Nash  
*Lyricist*

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— SOMETHING NEW —  
A SONG THAT APPEALS TO THE HEART



# The Old Red Roses Growing By The Door

— Words by —

Carl Nash

— Music by —

PAUL MARTIN

— PUBLISHED BY —  
The Nash Music Co.  
WINDHAM — ME.

Vp Me.  
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Blue Hill, Maine

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# The Old Red Roses Growing by the Door

Words by CARL NASH

Music by PAUL MARTIN

Brightly

VOICE

Brightly

PIANO

Moderato (*With deep feeling*)

*cresc.*

I'm dream- ing as the hours go by, so si - lent - ly and fleet, In  
 That dear old home with all its charm of sim- ple - ness se - rene Has

*mp*

*cresc.*

vis-ions that my mem-ry on - ly knows; \_\_\_\_\_ The well, the pines, the laughing brook, to  
 wo-ven round my heart a ma- gic spell \_\_\_\_\_ Which I shall dear-ly cher-ish ev - er

me, are just as sweet, As when I wandered where the I - ris grows; Oh,  
 ev - en though between Lie ma - ny miles and ma - ny years as well. I

just to be a child a - gain, a care - less lit - tle child, — To  
 know that I can - not re - trace the dark - ened way I came, — I

*cresc.*

climb, at night, my Daddy's knee once more — To hear a - gain my Mother's voice in  
 can - not meet my dear old friends of yore! — The well, the pines, the laughing brook are

*cresc.*

lov - ing ac - cents mild, Where the ros - es grow be - side the home - stead door!  
 all I find the same Save the Old Red Ros - es grow - ing by the door!

*f* *dim.*

## CHORUS

'Twas long — a — go I — said — “Good — bye,” —

Far, far a — way to roam, — And

(urge the time a little) cresc.

though I've wan - dered the wide — world oe'r, — I

(urge the time a little) cresc.

rit. — — — —

find no place — that holds — the charm — Of

rit. — — — —

*cresc.* - - - - *dim.* - - - - *cresc.* -

dear — old Home, Sweet Home, ——— Of —

*cresc.* - - - - *dim.* - - - - *cresc.* -

*dim.* - - - - *cresc.* -

dear — old Home, Sweet Home, ——— And the

*dim.* - - - - *cresc.* -

*(Deliberately) Impassioned*

Old — Red Ros - es, the Old — Red Ros - es,

*(Deliberately) Impassioned*

*Repeat Chorus ad lib.*

grow - ing by the door. ———

*Introduction ad lib. for other verses*