

Irving Berlin

"Just Like The Rose 2 Jul 1909"

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1st verse:]

In a garden fair a lily rare
Was loved by a blushing rose
They knew no woe he loved her so
With love that a flower knows
Until one day from o'er the way
A hand plucked the lily fair
The rose sighed and sighed
'Til one day it died
Nobody seemed to care

[chorus:]

Just like the rose dear I loved you
Like the lily they stole you away
Just like the rose I adored you
Worshiped you night and day
Tonight all alone I am sighing
Sighing for sweet repose
Just like the rose, my love's dying
Dying just like the rose

[2nd verse:]

In a garden fair I wandered there
Sweet memories of the past
Came back to me so tenderly
Would if they could only last
The rose that sighed, and long since died
Seemed fresh from the morning dew
Then close to my breast
The sweet flow'r I pressed
And cried alas for you

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