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1915

After the Roses have Faded Away

Ernest R Ball

Composer

Bessie Buchanan

Lyricist

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AFTER THE ROSES HAVE FADED AWAY

BALLAD

Blanche Weal.

WORDS BY
BESSIE BUCHANAN

MUSIC BY

ERNEST R. BALL

Composer of "LOVE ME AND THE WORLD IS MINE"
"TILL THE SANDS OF THE DESERT GROW COLD"
"MOTHER MACHREE" "IN THE GARDEN OF MY HEART" Etc.

MAINE MUSIC CO.
ROCKLAND, ME.

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON

Vp. 000053

1914

AAT.

After The Roses Have Faded Away

Lyric by
BESSIE BUCHANAN

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Moderately, with expression



6 2 3 5

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GROSSMAN & De COSTA

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glad days of June, With the whole world a - tune, I'd
be worth the while, With the joy of your smile, To

like to be there once a - gain.
kiss you a - gain as of old.

rit.

CHORUS *With much expression*

Aft - er the ros - es have fa - ded a - way, Aft - er their

p-f a tempo

splen - dor has gone, Aft - er a night filled with

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mock - ing joy, Aft - er the si - lent dawn.

Aft - er the birds fly a - way to the south, With their song of a sum - mer's

day, Wher - ev - er you are, You're my guid - ing star, When the

ros - es have fad - ed a - way. 1. way. 2. rit.

M.W. & SONS 13361-3

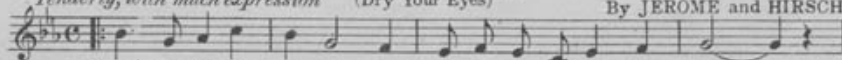
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OF OTHERS

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Poem by
PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

Musical Setting by
ERNEST R. BALL

Larghetto

Thou art the soul of a sum - mer's day,

mf *p*

Con Pedale

Thou art the breath of the rose; But the sum - mer is fled and the

rose is dead; Where are they gone, who knows, who knows?

rit. *colla voce*

Thou art the blood of my heart of hearts, Thou art my soul's re -

f poco piu mosso *dim*

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MOTHER MACHREE.

Lyric by
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG.
Tenderly with much expression

Music by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
& ERNEST R. BALL.

Sure I love the dear old - ver that shines in your hair, And the brow that's all fur - rowed, And wrink - led with care. I kiss the dear fin - gers so toil worn for me, Oh, God.

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SOLO, FOUR KEYS:—Bb, (Bb to D) C, D, AND F. DUET, TWO KEYS:—Bb AND F

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Lyric by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
& GEO. GRAFF Jr.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

When I - rish eyes are smi - ling, Sure it's like a morn in Spring. In the lilt of I - rish laugh - ter, You can hear the an - gels sing. When I - rish hearts are hap - py, All the

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—C, (C to F) D AND F

A Little Bit Of Heaven

Shure They Call It Ireland

Poem by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Shure, a lit - tle bit of Heav - en fell from out the sky one day, And nes - tled on the o - cean in a spot so far a - way, And when the An - gels found it, Shure it looked so sweet and fair, They

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—Ab, (C to F) Bb AND C

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

Words and Music
By J. R. SHANNON

Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, Too - ra - loo - ra - li, Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, Hush now, don't you cry! Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, Too - ra - loo - ra - li, Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, That's an I - rish lul - la - by.

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—C, (C to C) Eb AND F

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