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1910

My Western Rose

Harry J Lincoln
Composer

F. W Vandersloot
Lyricist

Ditmar
Illustrator

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MY WESTERN ROSE

SONG

WORDS BY

F.W. VANDERSLOOT

MUSIC BY

HARRY J. LINCOLN



J.E. STINKAMP
JEWELER AND
MUSIC DEALER
JASPER, INDIANA.

UP. 018790
1910

MY WE

VANDERSLOOT MUSIC PUB. CO. WILLIAMSPORT, PA. 50-

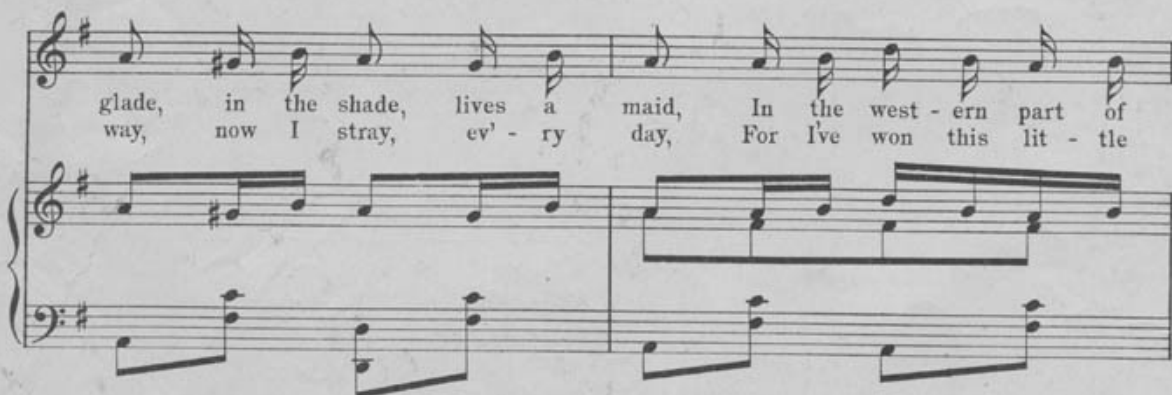
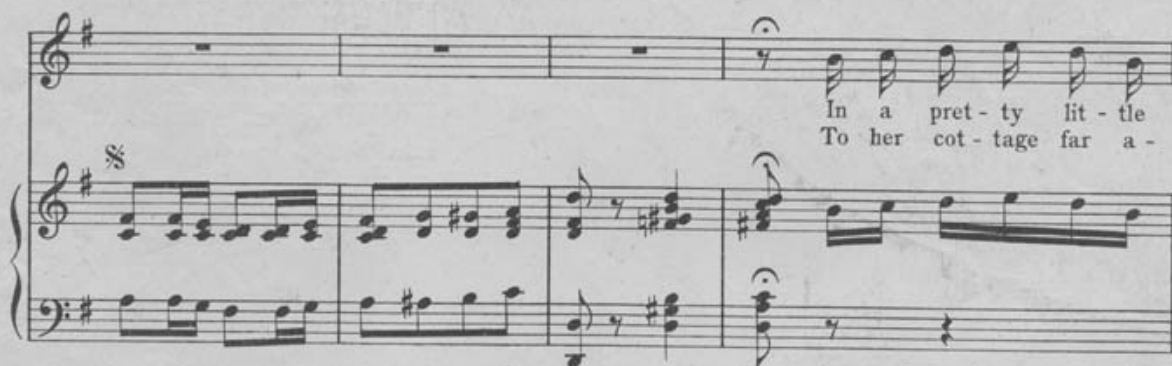
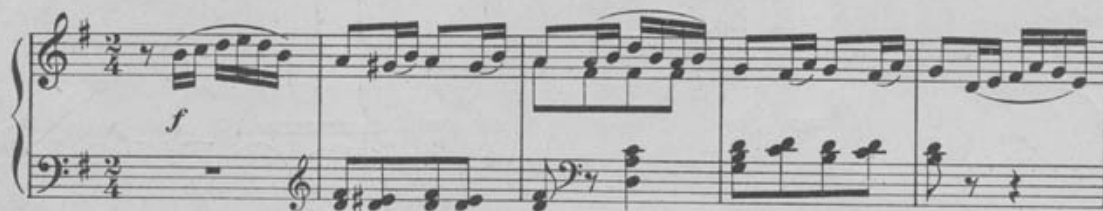
"My Western Rose"

Words by
F. W. VANDERSLOOT.

Composer of "I Wonder How the Old Folks are at Home" etc.

Music by
HARRY J. LINCOLN.

Composer of { "Pony Maid" "Only A Dream of You"
"Garden of Dreams" "Rag Bag"
"A Southern Dream" etc.



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I - da - ho, ——— Though bash - ful as can be, ——— she sweet - ly
west - ern Rose, ——— Now ev' - ry boy I see, ——— takes off his

smiles on me; ——— Not a fair - er flow - er grows, sweet as Rose, and she
hat to me; ——— O'er the prai - ries far and wide, as we ride, side by

knows, That my love for her she can't re - strain, ——— She shy - ly
side, And to - geth - er as we dash a - long, ——— She looks so

looks at me, ——— as I sing this sweet re - frain. ———
fair to me, ——— as I sing this dear old song. ———

CHORUS.

My wild west dai - sy, — my west - ern queen, — You are the

fair - est — I've ev - er seen; — Of all the

ros - es — none sweet - er grows, — That's why I

love you, — My West - ern Rose. —

D.S.

"My Western Rose"

Quartete for Male or Mixed Voices.

5

CHORUS. *Melody in 2nd Tenor or Soprano.*

arr. by the Composer.

TENOR I. *Alto.*
My wild west dai - sy, my west - ern queen, —

TENOR II. *Sopr.*
My wild west dai - sy, my west - ern queen, —

BARITONE. *Tenor.*
BASS. *Bass.*

— You are the fair - est, I've ev - er seen; —

— You are the fair - est, I've ev - er seen; I've ev - er

Of all the ros - es none sweet - er grows, —

seen; Of all the ros - es none sweet - er grows, —

That's why I love you, My West - ern Rose. —

That's why I love you, My West - ern Rose. —

I WONDER HOW THE OLD FOLKS ARE AT HOME

THE GREAT SONG HIT

Words By HERBERT S. LAMBERT

CHORUS

Music By F.W. VANDERSLOOT.

I wonder how the old folks are at home;
 I wonder if they miss me while I roam;
 I wonder if they pray for the boy that went away
 And left his kind old parents all alone,
 I hear the cattle lowing in the lane,
 And see again those fields of golden grain;
 I almost hear them sigh as they bade their boy "goodbye";
 I wonder how the old folks are at home.

A SONG OF THE OLD HOME



**SWEEPING
 THE
 CONTINENT
 LIKE A
 HURRICANE
 A
 CYCLONIC
 HIT**



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