

VICTOR RECORD  
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COLUMBIA RECORD  
No. A 2571

# MIGHTY LAK' A ROSE



Words by

FRANK L. STANTON

Music by

Ethelbert Nevin.

HIGH VOICE.

LOW VOICE.

*The John Church Company*  
Cincinnati      New York  
London.

Price, 50c net.

"THE HOUSE DEVOTED TO THE PROGRESS OF AMERICAN MUSIC"

To Mrs. Adele Laeis Baldwin.

# Mighty lak' a rose.



Text by FRANK L. STANTON.

Music by ETHELBERT NEVIN.

Sweet-est li' l' fel-ler, Ev-'ry-bod-y knows; Dun-no what to call him, But he

might-y lak' a rose! Look-in' at his Mam-my Wid eyes so shin-y blue, Mek' you think that heav'n Is

com-in' clost ter you! W'en he's dar a-sleep-in', In his li'l' place, Think I see de an-gels

*cantando.*

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Look-in' thro' de lace, W'en de dark is fall - - in! W'en de shad-ders creep,

Den dey comes on tip - toe Ter kiss 'im in his sleep. Sweet-est li 'l' fel - ler,

Ev -'ry-bod - y knows; Dun - no what to call 'im, But he might - y lak' a rose!

Look-in' at his Mammy Wid eyes so shin-y blue, Mek' you think that heav'n Is com-in' clost ter you!

# Robin, Robin, Sing Me a Song

Verse by  
*Alfred T. Grubb*

Music by  
*Charles Gilbert Spross*

**The John Church Co.**  
Cincinnati New York London

Robin, robin, sing me a song  
That trills when your full round breast  
With Spring-love is throbbing for one who shall rest  
So cozy, so safe in the high sheltered nest.

Sing me a song, eager and strong,  
Telling how robins for love ever long,  
Robin, robin, warble the lay,  
That gladdens the soul of your mate  
Whose mother-love warm will patiently wait,  
Till a faint chirp tells the  
One watches thy fate.  
Warble the lay, so blithe and so gay  
Your little wife lists the live-long day.

Robin, robin, could I but sing  
An answering song that would tell,  
How the world loves you, loves you well  
For your bonny way, and the joyous spell  
At birth of Spring your glad notes bring  
Awakening love, awakening love in everything.

—Alfred T. Grubb.

SOLO—Two Keys  
E Flat (f to b) F Flat (c to f)  
Price, 75 cents

Meno mosso

Rob-in, rob-in war-ble the lay That glad-dens the soul of your  
mate Whose mother-love warm will pa-tient-ly wait Till a faint chirp tells thee  
One watch-es thy fate. War-ble the lay, so blithe and so gay

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