

ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af-ter the low - back'd car. \_\_\_\_\_  
 doc - tor's art Can-not cure the heart, That is hit from the low - back'd car. \_\_\_\_\_

*dim.*

## Once I Saw A Rose

H. WERNER

Moderato

*p*

1. Once I saw a sweet brier rose, All so fresh - ly bloom -  
 2. "Rose" said I, "thou shalt be mine, All so fresh - ly bloom -  
 3. Woe is me I broke the stem, Life and fra-grance doom -

ing; \_\_\_\_\_  
 ing; \_\_\_\_\_  
 ing; \_\_\_\_\_

Bathed with dew and blush - ing fair,  
 Rose re - plied, "Nay, let me go,  
 Soon the love - ly flow'r was gone,

Gen - tly waved by balm - y air, All the air per - fum - ing;  
 Or thy blood shall free - ly flow, For thy rash pre - sum - ing;  
 And the thorns re - mained a - lone, Van - ished all its bloom - ing;

Gen - tly waved by balm - y air, All the air per - fum - ing.  
 Or thy blood shall free - ly flow, For thy rash pre - sum - ing."  
 And the thorns re - mained a - lone, Van - ished all its bloom - ing.