

Rosalie

Tempo di valse

1. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ree, de Pa - ree, I drink my di -
 2. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ree, de Pa - ree, I'm called by les
 3. I go to the fete de Mar- quise, de Mar- quise, I go and make



vine eau - de - vie, eau - de - vie. As I ride out each day in my lit - tle cou -
 dames très jo - li; très jo - li; When I ride out each day in my lit - tle cou -
 love at my ease, at my ease. I go to her père and de - mand for my



pé, I tell you I'm some-thing to see. But I care not what
 pé, I tell you I'm some-thing to see. But I care not what
 own The hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie. But I care not what



oth - ers may say, . . . I'm in love with Ro - sa - lie. Charm - ing

Rose, pret - ty Rose, . . . I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie. . . .

Abide with Me

H. F. LYTE

W. H. MONK

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide, The dark - ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens - Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain

com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
 round I see; O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 shad - ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!