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ROSALIE CLARE,



Composed

By

J. H. Hewitt

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Lively  
and  
Bold.

Who owns not she's peerless Who calls her not fair; Who questions the beauty of

Rosalie Clare? Let him saddle his charger and wend to the field, And tho' coated in proof, he must



Ad lib.

perish or yeld: And no falchion can parry, no corslet can bear The lance that is couch'd for young

Dolce.

Ad lib.

Rosalie Clare. Rosalie Clare! Rosalie Clare! The lance that is couch'd for young

Rosalie Clare.

2

When goblets are flowing, and wit at the board  
Sparkles high, while the blood of the red grape is pour'd,  
And fond wishes for fair ones around offer'd up  
From each lip that is wet with the dew of the cup—  
What name on the brimmer floats oftener there,  
Or is whisper'd more warmly than Rosalie Clare?

3

They may talk of the land of the olive and vine—  
Of the maids of the Ebro, the Arno or Rhine;—  
Of Houris that gladden the East with their smiles,  
Where the sea's studded over with green summer isles;—  
But what flower of far away clime can compare  
With the blossom of ours—bright Rosalie Clare?

4

Who owns not she's peerless—who calls her not fair?  
Let him meet but the glances of Rosalie Clare!  
Let him list to her voice—let him gaze on her form—  
And if, hearing and seeing, his soul do not warm,  
Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air  
Than that which is bless'd by sweet Rosalie Clare.