

A THORN IN MY HEART

WALTZ BALLAD

WORDS BY EDDIE CAVANAUGH

MUSIC BY BOB ALLAN



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May also be had for your Talking Machine
or Player Piano

Words by
EDDIE CAVANAUGH

Music by
BOB ALLAN

Valse Moderato

mf *poco rit.*

Two lov-ers sat in a gar-den, — Where the beau-ti-ful flow-ers grew; — He
This lit-tle gar-den was love-land, — To the wild flow-er grow-ing there; — The

p

told her a tale of a beau-ti-ful rose, And a wild flow'r that grew there too; — Your
rose that had died lay there close by his side, He watched o-ver with ten-der care; — The

love was the beau-ty in that rose, — While I, the wild flow-er near by — Your
flow-er he cherished had with-ered, — And though it had fall-en a-part, — The

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pet- als they fell, your beau- ty was gone, The wild flow- er won- dered why. —
mem'- ry of days, no more to re- turn, Lives in the wild flow- er's heart. —

CHORUS

Slowly with expression

The love that you gave me was just like that rose That withered and faded a - way, — And the

tears I have shed on the rose that is dead, Are like dew at the break of day; — The

castles I built while dream- ing of you Have crum- bled and fall- en a - part, — Your love was just

like that rose, but it died And left its thorn in my heart. The heart. —