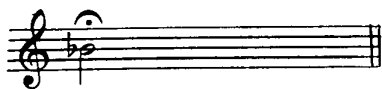


# LIDA ROSE and No. 19 WILL I EVER TELL YOU?

Cue: HAROLD: Oh, you'll never forget the name. Lida Rose. Same as the old song.  
(He blows pitch pipe.)



*Molto rubato and with warmth*

HAROLD:

Li - da Rose, I'm home a - gain, Rose, —

JACEY:

EWART:

to get the sun back in the sky.

OLIVER

OLIN:

Li - da Rose, I'm home a - gain, Rose, — a - bout a thou - sand kiss - es shy. Ding, dong,

ding, I can hear the chap - el bell chime, Ding, dong, ding, At the least sug - gest - ion, *ten.*

I'll pop the ques - tion. Li - da Rose, I'm home a - gain, Rose, with - out a sweet - heart to my name. *ten.*

Li - da Rose, now ev - 'ry - one knows that I am hop - ing you're the same, —

J. E. So here is my love song; not fan - cy or fine. Lid - a Rose.

OLV. OLN.

J. E. won't you be mine? Lid - a Rose, oh Lid - a Rose, oh Li - da Rose.

OLV. OLN. mine?

**A** Moderato, and with a very soft beat

MARIAN:

J. E. Dream of now. Dream of then. Dream of a

OLV. OLN.

W.W., Strgs.

*p* Piano  
Cl.

M. love song that might have been. Do I love you? Oh yes, I

M. love you, and I'll brave - ly tell you, But on - ly when we dream a

Strgs.