

"THE HAWAIIAN SONG BEAUTIFUL"

KUPOKEHUA

(My Red Red Rose)

"You're the sweetest flower that grows"



Featured by
Composer
FREDERICK V. BOWERS

LYRICS BY
Jesse G.M. Glick

MUSIC BY
Frederick V. Bowers

L. S.
MORGAN
S.F. CAL.

**FREDERICK V.
BOWERS
INC.**

**BOWERS'
SONGS
TOUCH
THE
HEART**

**MUSIC
PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK CITY.**

KUU LOKE ULA ULA

(My Red, Red Rose)

Words by
JESSE G. M. GLICK.

"You're The Sweetest Flower That Grows"

Music by
FREDERICK V. BOWERS.
Composer of "Because" "Always"
"Wait!" "When I Think Of You," etc.

Andante con moto espress.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto espress.' and the dynamics range from mezzo-forte (mf) to fortissimo (f).

dolce.

Soft - ly U - ku - le - les are a play - ing Gent - ly palm trees are a
Night time when I go with her a roam - ing 'Neath the moon-light in the

stacc.

sway - ing, With a sweet maid you're a stray - ing, And pray - ing
gloom - ing, Lips more sweet than ros - es bloom - ing My darl - ing

that she'll let you lin - ger 'round a long while, For you sure - ly like her
un - der - neath a great big spreading palm tree, On the beach at Wai - ki -

legato

quaint style, And her pret - ty ba - by smile.
- ki There she gave her love to me.

rit.

*Pronounced Wye-ka-kee

Chorus.
Not too fast.

*Kuu Lo - ke U - la sweet brown maid of Hon - o - lu - lu

p-f

Come and do the Hu - la hu - la Where the dream - y moon-light

grows, my sweet red rose, I have a no - tion I'll dwell here be-side the

o - cean For I love you with de - vo - tion, You're the sweetest flow'r that

grows, My red rose, my red, red rose. Kuu Lo - ke rose.

fz

* Pronounced Koo-lokey-oo-lah

READ THIS!!

WANTING YOU

ARTHUR J. LAMB

FREDERICK V. BOWERS

THE JOURNAL OF THE
SOCIETY OF THE HISTORY OF THE
NORTH AMERICAN

PROFESSOR A. C. HARRIS, JR., Chairman



English Lyrics:
 Once an old man there was,
 His little son he loved so,
 And he had a little rose tree,
 Under the shadow of which
 They used to sit and play,
 And the old man would say,
 "The little rose tree, it is so true,
 It will be the death of me."
 And the little boy would say,
 "The little rose tree, it is so true,
 It will be the death of me."
 And the old man would say,
 "The little rose tree, it is so true,
 It will be the death of me."
 And the little boy would say,
 "The little rose tree, it is so true,
 It will be the death of me."

German Lyrics:
 Einmal da war ein alter Mann,
 Den liebte sein kleines Kind,
 Und er hatte einen Rosbaum,
 Unter dessen Schatten
 Sie saßen und spielten,
 Und der alte Mann sprach,
 "Der kleine Rosbaum, das ist die Wahrheit,
 Er wird mich töten."
 Und das kleine Kind sprach,
 "Der kleine Rosbaum, das ist die Wahrheit,
 Er wird mich töten."
 Und der alte Mann sprach,
 "Der kleine Rosbaum, das ist die Wahrheit,
 Er wird mich töten."
 Und das kleine Kind sprach,
 "Der kleine Rosbaum, das ist die Wahrheit,
 Er wird mich töten."

COME TO ME NOW WHEN I NEED YOU



WHERE THE RIPPLING WATERS FLOW
DOWN TO THE MILL
2000 — LANDRICK V. BOWERS

[illegible]

LIKE A SHIP THAT DRIFTED AWAY

THESE SONGS SHOULD BE ON YOUR PIANO

Lilly
m.
1748
b. 222
w. 74
w. 13