

Susanna Haswell Rowson (1762-1824)

# Song

Gary Bachlund

$\text{♩} = 44$

The rose just burst-ing in - to bloom, ad - mired where'er 'tis seen, dis -  
blur with pedal  
pen - ses round a rich per-fume, the gar-den's pride and queen;— but  
ga-thered from its na-tive bed, no lon-ger charms the eye; its vi-vid tints are quick-ly fled, 'twill  
wi-ther, droop and die.— So wo-man, when by na-ture drest in

## Song

14

charms de-void of art, can reign as sole em-press in each breast, can tri-umph o'er each heart;—

17

can bid the soul to vir-tue rise,— to vir-tue prompt the brave; but

20

sinks op-pressed, and droop-ing dies, if once she's made a slave. ...if once she's made a slave.

24

The rose... ga - thered.