FEB -2 1920
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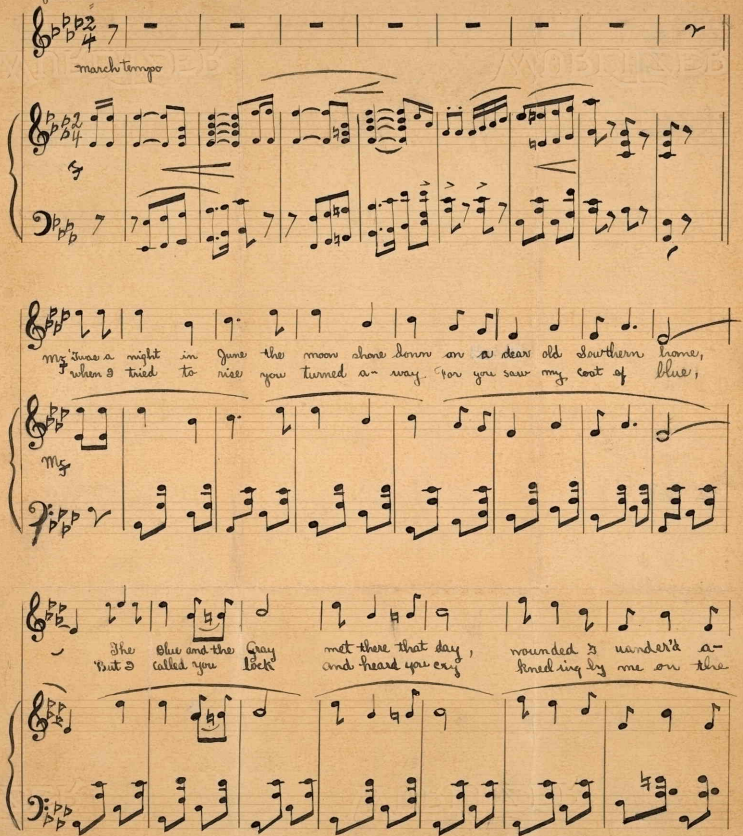
When I was a Northern Yankee lad
(and you were a Southern rose)

Words and music by Jack Quirk



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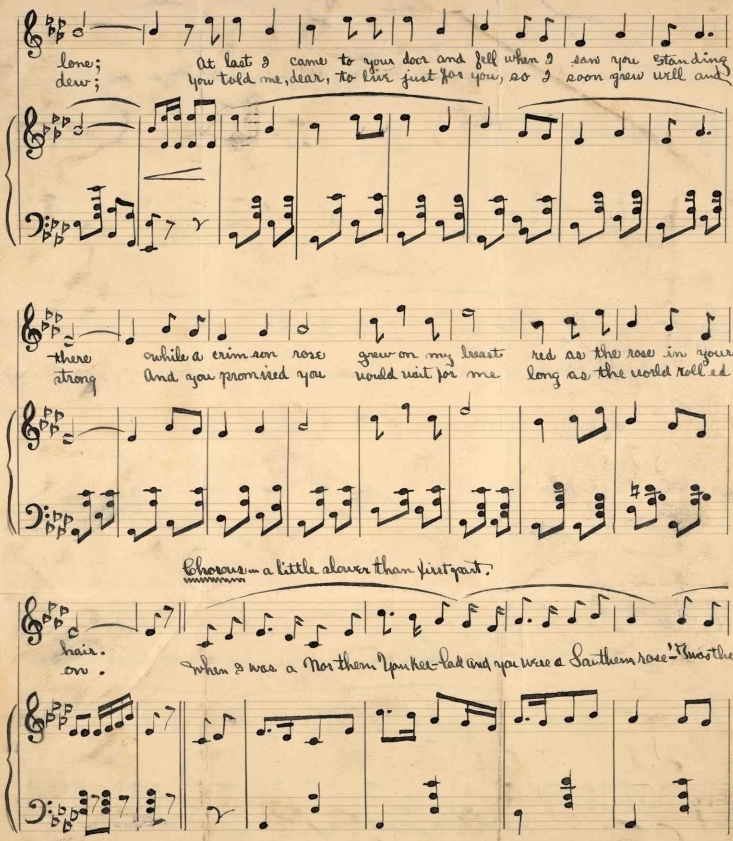
lone;
dew;
At last I came to your door and fell when I saw you standing
You told me, dear, to live just for you, so I soon grew well and
there
strong
while a crimson rose
And you promised you
grew on my heart
would wait for me
red as the rose in your
long as the world roll'ed
Chorus: a little slower than first part.
hair.
on.
When I was a Northern Yankee lad and you were a Southern rose - Thus the

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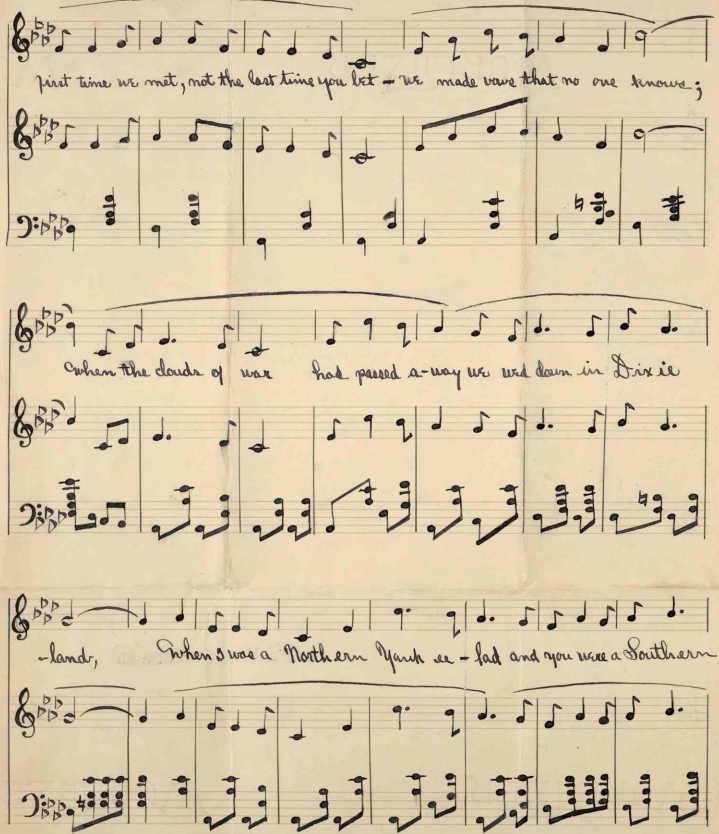
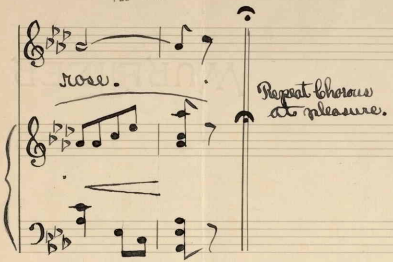

first time we met, not the last time you bet – we made vows that no one knows;
When the clouds of war had passed a-way we wed down in Dix ie
-lands, When I was a Northern Yank ee – lad and you were a Southern

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