

# When You Wore A Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose

lyrics by Jack Mahoney and music by Percy Wenrich (1914)

*Bb*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bb7*<sup>(½)</sup> *G7* *C7* *C7*  
 I met you in a garden in an old Kentucky town, the  
*F7* *F9* *Bb*<sup>(½)</sup> *C#dim7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bb*<sup>(¾)</sup> *F7*<sup>(¼)</sup>  
 sun was shining down, you wore a gingham gown. I  
*Bb*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bb7*<sup>(½)</sup> *G7* *C7* *C7*  
 kissed you as I placed a yellow tulip in your hair,  
*F7* *F7* *Bb* *Bb*<sup>(½)</sup> *D7*<sup>(½)</sup>  
 Upon my coat you pinned a rose so rare. Time  
*Cm*<sup>(¾)</sup> *G7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Cm*<sup>(¾)</sup> *F*<sup>(¼)</sup> *F+*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Bb* *Bb*  
 has not changed your lovely ness, you're just as sweet to me, I  
*C7* *C7*<sup>(½)</sup> *D#dim7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *C7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *C7* *F7*  
 love you yet I can't forget the days that used to be;

*Bb* *Bb* *Dm*<sup>(¾)</sup> *F7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Bb*<sup>(¾)</sup> *Bb9*<sup>(¼)</sup>  
 When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip, and  
*Eb* *Eb* *Eb*<sup>(½)</sup> *F7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bb*<sup>(½)</sup> *F7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Bb7*<sup>(¼)</sup>  
 I wore a big red rose,  
*Eb* *Eb*<sup>(¾)</sup> *Ebm*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Bb*<sup>(¾)</sup> *C#dim7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Bb*<sup>(½)</sup> *G7*<sup>(½)</sup>  
 When you caressed me, 'twas then heaven blessed me, What a  
*C7* *C9* *F*<sup>(½)</sup> *C7*<sup>(½)</sup> *F7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Cm*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Adim7*<sup>(¼)</sup>  
 blessing no one knows.  
*Bb* *Bb* *Bb*<sup>(¾)</sup> *F7*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Bb*<sup>(¾)</sup> *Bb9*<sup>(¼)</sup>  
 You made life cheery when you called me "dearie," 'twas  
*Eb*<sup>(¾)</sup> *F#*<sup>(¼)</sup> *Eb*<sup>(½)</sup> *Cm6*<sup>(½)</sup> *D7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Cm6*<sup>(½)</sup>  
 down where the blue grass grows,  
*D7* *G7* *G7* *C7* *C7*  
 Your lips were sweeter than julep, when you wore that tulip, and  
*F7* *F7* *Bb*<sup>(½)</sup> *G#dim7*<sup>(½)</sup> *F7*  
 I wore a big red rose  
*Bb*<sup>(½)</sup> *G#dim7*<sup>(½)</sup> *Bb to end*

The love you vowed to cherish has not faltered thro' the years  
 You banish all my fears, your voice like music cheers,  
 You are the same sweet girl I knew in happy days of old,  
 Your hair is silver, but your heart is gold.  
 Red roses blush no longer in your cheeks so sweet and fair,  
 It seems to me, dear, I can see white roses blooming there.