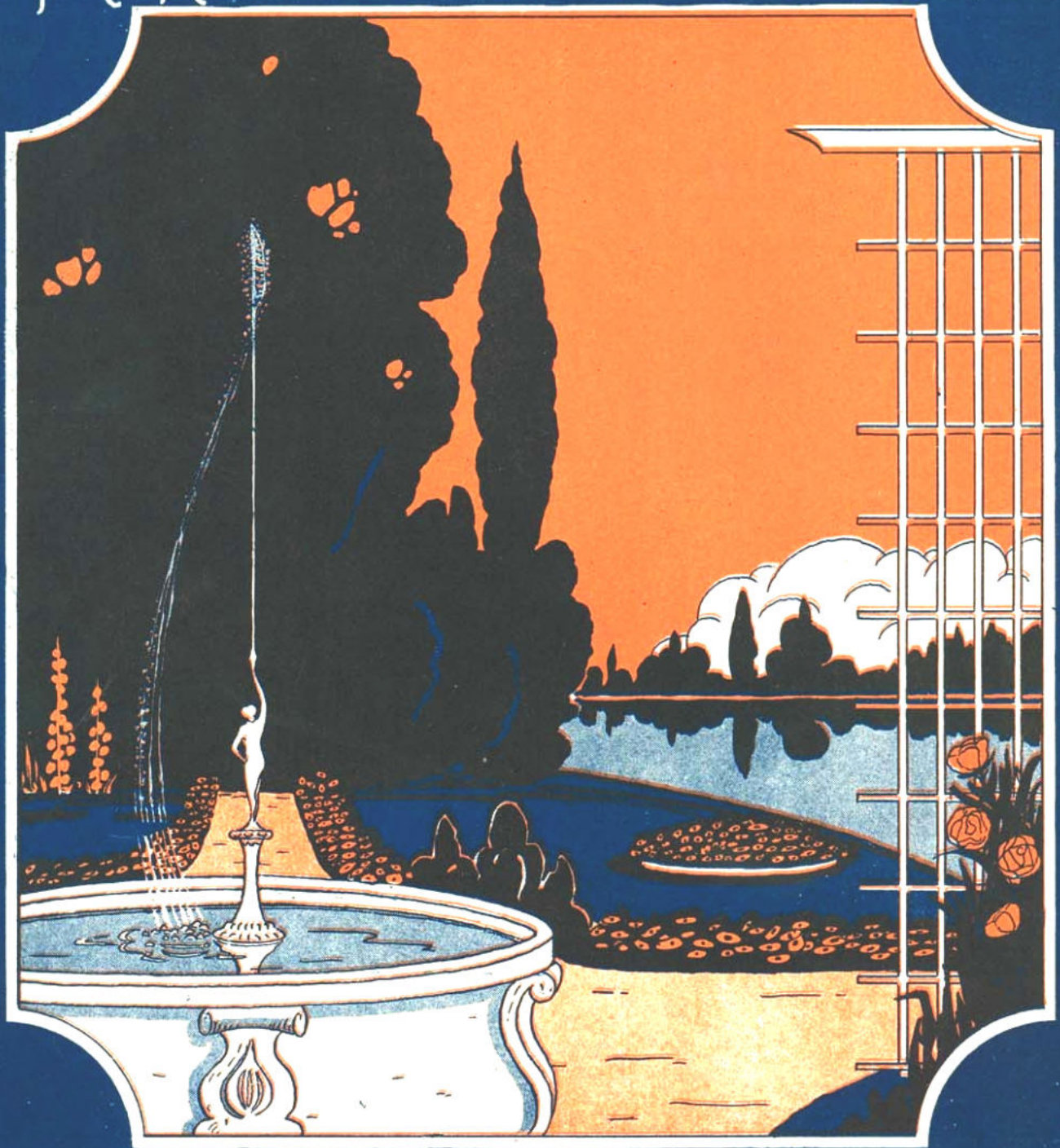


# Flower Garden Blues

WORDS BY  
ROGER GRAHAM

MUSIC BY  
JAMES WHITE



Roger Graham, Music Publisher, Chicago  
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JAMES WHITE

*Moderato*

*f*

Out in Cal-i - for-nia where the balmy brezz-es blow,  
All the flowers nod-ed till they tumbled fast a - sleep, The

*p*

There's a flower garden ev'ry - bod-y ought to know, It's filled with beauti-ful flowers That bloomeach day a - mong the  
Lil-y was so weary that she started in - to weep, So runs this bot-an-y sto-ry Told by the pret-ty Morn-ing

bow - ers If you'll lis-ten close-ly I will tell you what I've heard I heard it just the oth-er day right  
Glo - ry Clouds a - bove had warn'd them all that it was going to rain But Mis - ter Sun and Mis - sus Moon would

from a lit-tle bird, It's such a scan-da - lous sto- ry, A - bout a pret-ty Morn-ing Glo- ry!  
call a-round a - gain, And while the moonbeams were gleam-ing, These pret-ty flow-ers went on dream-ing.

CHORUS

When the Morning Glo-ries climb'd up the gar-den wall Just to kiss a wild sun - flow-er ten feet tall Two oth - er flow-ers saw them and be-gan to talk, The old Ger-an-ium and the Hol-y Hock Then they told ev-'ry flow-er that they met down the gar-den walk, (in fra-grant talk) But the crimson Rosebud said, 'O ver-y well Go and tell it to the oth-er flow-ers in the dell?' The Daisies won't tell, they ab-so-lute-ly re-fuse— So let the Lil-y of the Valley go and spread the news, Said the Vi - o - let 'I've got the Flow-er gar-den Blues. When the Blues'