

*Piano / Voice.*

*Harry J. Lincoln*

*1878 - 1937*



*Rose of Heaven*  
*Waltz-Reverie*  
*or Song*



# Rose of Heaven

Waltz-Reverie or Song

Harry J. Lincoln  
1919

*Slowly and dreamily*

Piano

*mf* In this world of ours, there are ten - der flow'rs That are sweet

6 and fair, And where fan - cy goes, there some flow - er grows,

12 With a beau - ty rare; They are fair to see,

18 and we love to be, Where the flow - ers grow, For we

25 guard with care what was plant-ed there, In the long a - go.

33

*f* But it's not a rose like the gar-den grows, That's so fair to see,

41

But a rose that grows down in the heart, Where ill winds can-not

47

tear it a-part. It's the one sweet rose ev'-ry lov-er knows, And she's

54

won-d'rous fair, She's the flow'r of love, sent by

60

God a-bove, She's be-yond com-pare.

66

*Trio - Chorus*

*p*

She is the rose of Heav - en Her soul is as

71

white as the snow, Sweet - er than all oth - er

76

ros - es Fair - er than an - y I know.

82

God in His mer - cy sent her A bless - ing to

87

all from a - bove, Beau - ti - ful flow - er of

92

Heav - en, Wo - man the flow - er of love.

*If used in instrumental repeat D.C. al*