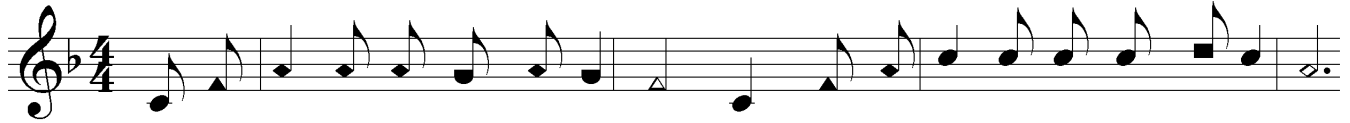
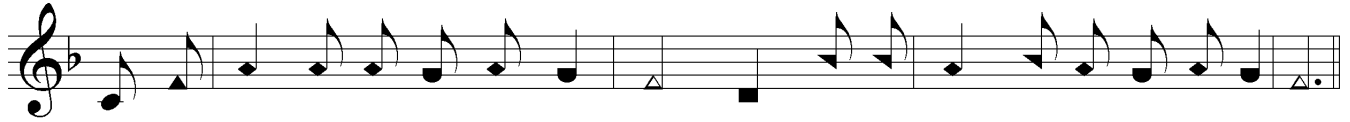


# The Rose Of Sharon

Affectionately inscribed to Mrs. Palmer



1. There's a Rose that is bloom-ing for you, friend, There's a Rose that is bloom-ing for me;
2. Long a - go in the val - ley so fair, friend, Far a - way by the beau - ti - ful sea,
3. All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r, friend, All in vain did they shat - ter the tree,

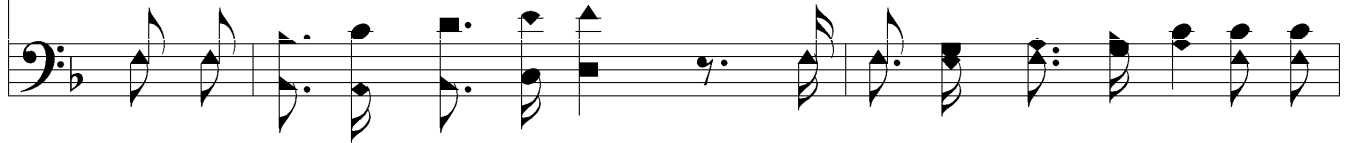


Its per-fume is per-vad-ing the world, friend, Its per-fume is for you and for me.  
This pure Rose in its beau-ty first Moon'd, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.  
For its roots, deep-ly bed-ded, sprang forth, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.

## Chorus



There's a Rose a love - ly Rose And its  
Rose that blooms for me, A Rose that blooms for you,



beau - ty all the world shall see: There's a Rose a  
Rose that blooms for me,



love - ly Rose, Its per - fume is for you and for me.  
A Rose that blooms for you,



Of the many names given to our Savior, the Rose of Sharon is the most beautiful. This little hymn was written on the shores of the Mediterranean, amid the fragrance of ever-blooming roses, and beneath the matchless beauty of Italian skies. Thoughts of the Holy Land on the farther shore, and of the purity and loveliness of the life of our Savior mingled unconsciously with the surrounding beauty, and took form in this little poem and melody.

Words and Music: Dr. H. R. Palmer