The Rose Of Sharon
Affectionately inscribed to Mrs. Palmer

1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend,
   There's a Rose that is blooming for me;
   Its perfume is pervading the world, friend,
   Its perfume is for you and for me.

2. Long ago in the valley so fair, friend,
   Far away by the beautiful sea,
   This pure Rose in its beauty first Moon'd, friend,
   And it blooms still for you and for me.

3. All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r, friend,
   All in vain did they satter the tree,
   For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend,
   And it blooms still for you and for me.

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