She's a Rose in the World of Smiles and Tears.

Words by HARRY D. KERR.

Valse grazioso.

Music by A. BALDWIN SLOANE.

There's a dear little pathway not far from the town,
That whenever they see her in poverty street, each
leads to a small cottage door; and within there's a
lady's little hearts, all aglow; for they know that her
maiden of tender years, like none you have ever seen better
errand somewhere today will drive away sorrow and

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fore. She is not quite as pretty as some you have woe. To make a soul happy and fill them with

known, Nor dresses quite up to the style; But the cheer She'd walk any number of miles; Why, it's

charm that she wears every day in the year, Is worth half a lifetime the sunshine it brings, To

just nothing more than a smile. see her face light into smiles.
(Repeat only for 2nd Verse)

She's a rose in the world of smiles and tears, She's the rarest of flowers that grow; Casting aside all the cares of life, Wherever she may go:

She's a picture no artist e'er could paint, An
1st Verse.

Angel of joy divine;

She's a rose in the world of smiles and tears,

This dear little girl of mine.

dear little girl of mine.

2nd Verse (1st ending)

She's a dear little girl of mine.

2nd Verse (2nd ending)