A ROSE IN HEAVEN.

SONG.

Words by
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Music by
H. TROTÉRE.

Andante moderato.

I had a flow'r long years a-go,
A blossom bright and fair,
So pure that none but I could know its
beauty deep and rare. I guarded it from every care. It was my life, my own:

"Give me the pain," said I, "to bear, Thine be the joy alone!"

"Give me the pain," said I, "to bear, Thine be the joy alone!"
Poco animato.

Twas but a rose-bud half awake, With petals dewy sweet; "Ere one," cried I, "my flow'r shall take, My heart shall cease to beat!" I watched it blushing rall. colla voce a tempo.

Hour by hour, How tenderly, Heav'n knows; And

Allarg.

prayed that Fate would make that flow'r For ev. er-more my
rose!
And prayed that Fate would make that flow'r For

rall. e dim.

Con sentimento.

A - las! one came more strong than I, And

dim. legato

claimed it ere I spoke; With bitter tears I

poco rall. a tempo

saw it die, A bud that nev - er woke!

So
Con moto.

deep within my heart 'twas shrined, It

was so pure and fair, I

know that I shall never find One

with it to compare!

Yet by the stars that o'er me shine, To
me is comfort giv'n.

rosebud that was never mine.

dolce now a rose in Heav'n!

now a rose, is now a rose in Heav'n!

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