

Piano / Voice.

Harry J. Lincoln

1878 - 1937



*The Story of the
Rose*



The Story of The Rose

Harry J. Lincoln
1914

Moderato con express.

Piano

9

We strolled through a gar - den of ro - ses one day, and sat 'mid the
The rose told the sto - ry her heart had con - cealed, for lips would not

15

sweet per - fume, And watched the sun sink far a - way in the
dare to tell, Each pet - al, each leaf, con - veyed sor - row and

21

west, while birds in the tree sang a tune; Twas the
grief, as down by the way - side they fell; The

26

dawn of a part - ing that near broke my heart, For an - oth - er she
sto - ry the ro - ses had told me were plain, She was forced to wed

31

soon was to wed, She plucked a bou - quet, of sweet
rich - es in - stead, She's play - ing a part, with a

36

ro - ses that day, and hand - ing them to me she said.
lone bro - ken heart, while I hold the ro - ses that said.

42

The rose of blue is a heart that's true, hap - py and

Chorus

48

free from care, ————— But the rose of red is a love that's dead, though

55

once it was bright and fair; ————— The rose that was filled with per - fume

62

rare, now faint - er each day it grows, ————— So pic - ture my life, an -

69

oth - er man's wife, in the sto - ry of the rose. —————