



A DREAMING ROSE

WORDS BY
ALFRED HYATT

MUSIC BY
VICTOR HARRIS

High Voice 6 Low Voice

The John Church Company
Cincinnati New York London

The love of my heart is a dreaming rose
Awaiting the sun and the dew;
The flow'r of my heart it is folded close,
It waits for a touch from you.

Come softly and waken from its repose
The blossom that slumbers fast;
For the fragrance of love in that dreaming rose
Shall waken for you at last.

Alfred Hyatt



To my friend, *Mme Ernestine Schumann-Heink.*



A Dreaming Rose

ALFRED HYATT

VICTOR HARRIS

Andante

The love of my heart is a dream - ing rose, A -

wait - ing the sun and the dew; The

flow'r of my heart it is fold - ed close, It

waits for a touch, a touch from you.

p

pp

Come soft-ly, come soft-ly and

dim. e rall

pp

poco rall. *a tempo*

wak-en from its re- pose, The blos-som that slum-bers fast;

poco rall. *a tempo*

mosso

mf

For the fra - grance of love in that dream - ing

cresc.

rose, Shall wak - en for you at last,

cresc.

— For the fra - grance of love in that dream - ing rose. Shall

f

poco rall *p*

wak - en for you for you at last. The

poco rall *dim*

mf

love of my heart is a dream - ing rose, a rose,

p *mf*

p *pp*

a rose.

pp