

The Rose of Flame

William Sharp (1855-1905)

John Diamond

Gently flowing

Oh, fair im ma-cu-late rose of the world, Rose of my dream, my Rose!

Be-yond the ul-ti-mate gates of dream I have heard thy mys-ti-cal call:

It is where the rainbow of hope sus-pends And the ri-ver of rap-ture flows

And the cool sweet dew's from the wells of peace

For e - - - - - ver fall.



Oh, fair immaculate rose of the world,
Rose of my dream, my Rose!
Beyond the ultimate gates of dream
I have heard thy mystical call:
It is where the rainbow of hope suspends
And the river of rapture flows -
And the cool sweet dew's from the wells of peace
For ever fall.