

Roses From Tyrol

André Rieu

O bring me roses, crimson roses,
Roses from the South,
Their tender petals washed with dew
Will tell of all my love for you.

O come, beloved, let us wander
Where the wood doves croon
Under the trees,
Soft as the breeze,

O whisper sweet your answer soon,
Telling your love,
While bright above
As witness shines the faithful moon.

Then all joyous we'll hie away to join the merry dancing throng,
And roses shall crown your brow as we lift all our hearts in song.
Thoughts that linger softly arise,
Love in your eyes.

Fearless, trusting, gently you lean,
Looking, longing,
Lost in dreams of papadise.
My spirit lies
Where for evermore you, my love, are queen.

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Ring, ring, the music dreamily wanders round,
All the world swings in time to a long drawn chime,
And our hearts beat in harmony with that magic fairy sound.

Sing, love, song is divine,
Sing, soul, for love ever thine,
All love's joy now is ours,
Shining like sunlight thro' life's bright hours.