

## Virginia Rose

Fernando Ortega

She's a bird song  
High up in the hickories.  
She's a river running on  
To the silver sea.  
She's the starlight  
On a summer evening.  
A little rose, my Virginia,  
She's a rose  
We went walking  
By the shady harpeth  
The morning wind blew her hair  
Across her face,  
She held my hand  
I whispered her name.  
She's my rose, sweet Virginia,  
She's my rose

Yesterday  
I rode the late bus from tupelo,  
And in the long night  
I thought of all the miles to go.  
I closed my eyes  
And dreamed of my good home,  
And my rose,  
I dreamed of my Virginia rose.

She's a rose, my Virginia  
She's a rose.