

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.