

# Kentucky Rose

Michael W. Smith

Sun comes up Sunday morn  
On the little church where I been since I was born  
And there he stood a hearty smile  
You could hear his voice ringing out for a country mile

And he could place your mind at ease  
With his tenderness and a heart  
That aimed to please  
A pauper's hands a farmer's clothes  
Just a preacher man we called Kentucky Rose

He worked the soul like he worked the land  
He spoke in ways that anyone could understand  
Simple words of simple faith  
And when it came to love  
He would go out of his way

A helping hand  
A soothing chat  
And he practiced what he preached imagine that  
And as far as kindness goes  
There was none compared to old Kentucky Rose

Evening stroll 'cross Shyler's bridge  
That's when he saw the boy  
Trapped below that rocky ridge  
He knew the danger he would face  
But it's as if he saved the child  
Only to take his place

For on that ridge of stone and ice  
Kentucky met his maker in a sacrifice  
Why he's gone  
God only knows  
Maybe for the company of his Kentucky Rose

So peaceful in his Sunday best  
He was buried on a hill and laid to rest  
When people heard they came in droves  
To say their last good-byes to sweet Kentucky Rose

Now, on that hill  
One flower grows  
They say it is the spirit of Kentucky Rose  
They say it is the spirit of Kentucky Rose  
I believe it is the spirit of Kentucky Rose