

Roses of Picardy

The Platters

Roses are shining in Picardy
In the hush of the morning dew
Roses are shining in Picardy
But there's never a rose like you

And the roses may die with the summertime
And our roads may be far apart
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy
That's the rose that I wear in my heart

And the years roll on for ever
Till the shadow veils their skies
But still he loves to hold her hand
And look in her sea-blue eyes

And she sees the road by the poplars
Where they met in the bygone years
And the first song of the roses
Is the last song that she hears

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