

## **Bill Monroe**

# **"My Little Georgia Rose"**

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Now come and listen to my story  
A story that I know is true  
A little rose that bloomed in Georgia  
With hair of gold and a heart so true

Way down in the Blue Ridge Mountains  
Way down where the tall pines grow  
Lives my sweetheart of the mountains  
She's my little Georgia rose

Her mother left her with another  
A carefree life she had planned  
The baby now is a lady  
The one her mother couldn't stand

Way down in the Blue Ridge Mountains  
Way down where the tall pines grow  
Lives my sweetheart of the mountains  
She's my little Georgia rose

We often sing those songs together  
I watched her do her little part  
She smiled at me when I would tell her  
That she was my sweetheart

Way down in the Blue Ridge Mountains  
Way down where the tall pines grow  
Lives my sweetheart of the mountains  
She's my little Georgia rose

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