

## Bill Monroe

### "White Rose"

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Everybody wants to know the reason.  
Why I wear this rose of white upon my breast.  
They don't know my poor heart died the day you left  
me,  
'neath this rose of white in peace, it's now at rest.

Like the rose of white, my love was blooming.  
Your love was the sunshine Dear that made it grow.  
Like a rose that withers when the sun stops shining,  
Love won't grow and chills it like a winter snow.

Once my heart was gay and filled with laughter.  
When so long ago we strolled along the dell.  
But it died within me when you found another.  
That's the cause for this white rose in my lapel.

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