## Fernando Ortega "Virginia Rose"

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She's a bird song high up in the hickories She's a river running on to the silver sea She's a 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 eyed 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

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