

Hank Snow

"Blue River Rose"

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There are flow'rs that are rich, there are flow'rs that are rare

On the banks where the bright water flows,
But the sweetest of all nature's flowers to bloom
Was my darling the Blue River Rose.

Her eyes were the petals that glisten so bright,
Her smile was the sunshine so
And the heart of my beautiful Rose was as true
As her tears like the dew sprinkled there.
In the dead.

In the bright month of June neath that old southern moon

At the altar each promise we'd close
But old fate played its part and soon broke the heart
Of my darling my Blue River Rose.

Her father objected said think of our pride
We would never outlive such a crime
There are plenty of men who are wealthy and then
Would be up in the world such as I.

So they sent her away to some far distant land
A vacation they told her twould be
When the leaves start to fall it is then we will call.
And you may return o'er the sea.

A year had passed on then the postman one morn
Brought a letter to me and it read
The rose that once bloomed in your garden of love
Has all withered your darling is dead.

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