

## **Hank Snow**

# **"Galveston Rose"**

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Down in old southern Texas I wandered one day  
Where the tropical sea breezes blow  
I there fell in love with a flower so rare  
And they called her the Galveston rose.

Her heart was as true as her blue smiling eyes  
And as fair as the lily that grows  
And the finest of gold in no way could compare  
With the curls of my Galveston rose.

I grew jealous and falsely accused her one day  
Said her love I no longer should know  
I've been true please believe me her little heart cried  
But I left her my Galveston rose.

Little then did I think that sometimes I'd repay  
And would reap every sorrow and care  
But as years passed along I grew lonely each day  
For the one I had left waiting there.

So I wrote to my darling and said I was wrong  
I'll return dear if you'll only wed  
But soon came a letter my flower had died  
And these are the words that I read.

Your sweetheart is peacefully sleeping tonight  
In a grave where the white violets grow  
And enclosed, there's a curl a last token of love  
And a note from your Galveston Rose.

I was innocent dear though you left me alone  
But remember I loved only you  
And the lock that's enclosed is a curl from your rose  
Who'll be waiting in heaven for you...

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