

## Viva Valdy

### "Rosie"

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\* Rosie had been born with sight, but Lost it in an accident.

No one bore the blame, she had been Young, and knew no better.

Rosie grew accustomed to a World that had no day and night.

at Times she'd up and wander off, and Everybody let her

oh Everybody let her. Oh, Oh the misery of missing Rosie.

\* her Farm was north of little fort, with Fields down to the water's edge.

she Must have walked those trails 'bout a Thousand times or more.

All that spring it never froze, the Thaw was quick, and the river rose,

and the Path that rosie trod it was no Longer on the shore.

it was no Longer on the shore. oh oh Oh the misery of missing Rosie.

\* with that Thomson river thundering by, it Caught poor rosie by surprise,

it Picked her up and it carried her aWay.

that Wild ride must have amazed her, Down past litton , where the fraser

Picked her up and shot her through hell's Gate.

\* Here's where fact became a legend, Tourists on the

canyon edge

looked Down and saw a cow, climbing Out of all that  
foam.

our Rosie hadn't been afraid, she Hadn't seen the trip  
she'd made,

she Stood there blind and cold and kinda Wishing she  
was home.

kinda Wishing she was home, oh oh Oh the misery of  
missing Rosie,

Oh the misery of missing Rosie.

\* they Got a crane on a giant truck, and With a blend of  
skill and luck,

they Lowered a sling and they hauled her up, and Put  
her in a trailer.

acCording to recent reports, she's Living north of little  
fort,

her Belly's full, and the grass is short, and she's No  
longer a sailor, she is

No longer a sailor, and now there's No more misery for  
missing Rosie.

No mo

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