

My Little Georgia Rose

Bill Monroe

Now come and listen to my story
A story that I know is true
A little rose that bloomed in Georgia
With hair of gold and a heart so trueWay down in the Blue Ridge Mountains
Way down where the tall pines grow
Lives my sweetheart of the mountains
She's my little Georgia roseHer mother left her with another
A carefree life she had planned
The baby now is a lady
The one her mother couldn't standWay down in the Blue Ridge Mountains
Way down where the tall pines grow
Lives my sweetheart of the mountains
She's my little Georgia roseWe often sing those songs together
I watched her do her little part
She smiled at me when I would tell her
That she was my sweetheartWay down in the Blue Ridge Mountains
Way down where the tall pines grow
Lives my sweetheart of the mountains
She's my little Georgia rose

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