

# Kentucky Rose

[Michael W. Smith](#)

Sun comes up - sunday morn  
On the little church where I been since I was born  
And there he stood - a hearty smile  
You could hear his voice ringing out for a country mile  
And he could place your mind at ease  
With his tenderness and a heart that aimed to please  
A pauper's hands - a farmer's clothes  
Just a preacher man we called kentucky rose  
He worked the soul like he worked the land  
He spoke in ways that anyone could understand  
Simple words of simple faith  
And when it came to love, he would go out of his way  
A helping hand - a soothing chat  
And he practiced what he preached - imagine that  
And as far as kindness goes  
There was none compared to old kentucky rose  
Evening stroll 'cross shyler's bridge  
That's when he saw the boy trapped below that rocky ridge  
He knew the danger he would face  
But it's as if he saved the child only to take his place  
For on that ridge of stone and ice  
Kentucky met his maker in sacrifice  
Why he's gone, God only knows  
Maybe for the company of his kentucky rose  
So peaceful in his sunday best  
He was buried on a hill and laid to rest  
When people heard they came in droves  
To say their last good-byes to sweet kentucky rose  
Now, on that hill one flower grows  
They say it is the spirit of kentucky rose  
They say it is the spirit of kentucky rose  
I believe it is the spirit of kentucky rose

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