

# Rose Room

## Jimmie Lunceford and His Orchestra

I want to take you to a little room  
A little room where all the roses bloom  
I want to lead you into Nature's hall  
Where ev'ry year the roses give a ball  
They have an orchestra up in the trees  
For their musicians are the birds and bees  
And they will sing us a song  
As we are strolling along

In sunny Roseland, where summer breezes are playing  
Where the honey bees are "A-Maying"  
There all the roses are swaying  
Dancing while the meadow brook flows  
The moon when shining is more than ever designing  
For 'tis ever then I am pining  
Pining to be sweetly reclining  
Somewhere in Roseland  
Beside a beautiful rose

The ball is over and tulips meet  
Their little kisses are so short and sweet  
The lilies nod to the forget-me-nots  
When they're departing in their flower pots  
But all the roses with their spirits high  
Remain to love until they droop and die  
And dear, why shouldn't it be  
Just so with you and with me

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