Virginia Rose

Fernando Ortega

She's a bird song high up in the hickories
She's a river running on to the silver sea
She's a starlight on a summer evening
A little rose, my Virginia, she's a roseWe went walking by the shady harpeth
The morning wind blew her hair across her face
She held my hand, I whispered her name
She's my rose, sweet Virginia, she's my roseYesterday I rode the late bus from Tibuno
And in the long night I thought of all the miles to go
I closed my eyed and dreamed of my good home
And my rose, I dreamed of my Virginia rose
She's a rose, my Virginia, she's a rose

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