

Rosalee

Willard Grant Conspiracy

Rosalee

Way down in old Kentucky state, twas many years ago
I used to hunt the 'possum and the 'coon.
The old folks, they would gather 'round and have a merry day
while the fiddles and the banjos were in tune.

I'll never, never see again those happy days of yore
and the little children rolling on the green.
The old folks and my Rosalee a-sittin' round the door
of my little old log cabin by the stream.

Chorus

Then hang up the fiddle and the banjo on the wall.
Lay way the beating(?) tamborine.
Angels called away my Rosalee, the sweetest flower of all
from my little old log cabin by the stream.

The little cabin's empty now, and the river's rolling on
and the willows wave above my Rosalee.
I sit beside her lonesome grave and cry because she's gone
and wish I had her back again with me

I know that in a better world I'll find my Rosalee
I see her with the angels in my dream.
She'll be among that angel faire that comes to carry me
from my little old log cabin by the stream.

Chorus

Lyrics submitted by Robert Knaack.

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