

Bill Monroe, Little Georgia Rose

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 true

Way 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

Her mother left her with another
A carefree life she had planned
The baby now she is a lady
The one her mother couldn't stand

We 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 sweetheart