

# Hank Snow, Blue River Rose

There are flow'rs that are rich, there are flow'rs that are rare  
On the banks where the bright water flows,  
But the sweetest of all nature's flowers to bloom  
Was my darling the Blue River Rose.  
Her eyes were the petals that glisten so bright,  
Her smile was the sunshine so  
And the heart of my beautiful Rose was as true  
As her tears like the dew sprinkled there.  
In the dead.

In the bright month of June neath that old southern moon  
At the altar each promise we'd close  
But old fate played its part and soon broke the heart  
Of my darling my Blue River Rose.  
Her father objected said think of our pride  
We would never outlive such a crime  
There are plenty of men who are wealthy and then  
Would be up in the world such as I.

So they sent her away to some far distant land  
A vacation they told her twould be  
When the leaves start to fall it is then we will call.  
And you may return o'er the sea.  
A year had passed on then the postman one morn  
Brought a letter to me and it read  
The rose that once bloomed in your garden of love  
Has all withered your darling is dead.