

# Marty Robbins, Rose Of Old Pawnee

My rose of old Pawnee, a flower of the dawn  
Blooming tenderly, her memory still lingers on  
My angel of the night, a moonlit reveree  
A star of love so bright shines on my rose of old Pawnee

Sweet are the dreams that I hold in my heart  
As I go wandering along  
Long are the hours since we drifted apart  
Deep in my heart is a song  
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