

Michael W. Smith, Kentucky Rose

Sun comes up, Sunday morn
On the little church where I've been since I was born
And there he stood, a hearty smile
You could hear his voice ringin' out for a country mile

And he could place your mind at ease
With his tenderness and a heart that aimed to please
A papa's hands, a farmer's clothes
Just a preacher man we called Kentucky Rose

He worked the soul like he worked the land
He spoke in ways anyone could understand
Simple words of simple faith
And when it came to love, he would go out of his way

A helping hand, a soothing chat
And he practiced what he preached, imagine that
And as far as kindness goes
There was none compared to old Kentucky Rose

Evenings stroll crossed shadows bridge
Cause when he saw the boy tramping on that rocky ridge
He knew the danger that he would face
It's as if he saved the child only to take his place

For on that ridge of stone and ice,
Kentucky met his maker in a sacrifice
Why he's gone, God only knows
Maybe for the company of his Kentucky Rose

So peaceful in his Sunday best,
He was buried on a hill and laid to rest
When people heard, they came in droves
To say their last goodbyes to sweet Kentucky Rose

Now on that hill one flower rose
They say it is the spirit of Kentucky Rose
They say it is the spirit of Kentucky Rose
I believe it is the spirit of Kentucky