

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Roses for a sunday morning

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Falling soft upon the bed
Growing in a sleeping valley
Rising from the river's edge

Morning glows for her rainbow
Greeting her when she awake
Gathered from a mountain meadow
Restin' by a silver lade

If all my night were never ending
And all my days were forever
I'd need more time to gather flowers
That I would like to give her

Daisys for her morning table
Wishing her a pleasant day
Picked from fields upon the hillside
Warmed by wind from off the day

Lilacs fer her golden dreses
Whishin' that they could be worn
Fragrant blossoms on the branches
From the California shower

* Refrain

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