

Rose, Sweet Rose - song lyrics

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ROSE, SWEET ROSE.

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Words by George Davison Sutton. Music by Mary Dowling Sutton.

All the sunshine is brighter, and my heart is lighter, I'll tell you why,
I'm in love with the fairest, the sweetest, the rarest of maidens shy.
Not a flower that grows is as dainty as Rose is, I've bought the ring,
And every night in the twilight to her I sing,
And every night in the twilight to her I sing:

Chorus.

You are my own little fairy, oh, Rose, sweet Rose;

Sometimes a trifle contrary, Rose, sweet Rose;

Ah, but you're never airy, Rose, sweet Rose,

Eyes that are bluest And heart that is truest, my Rose, sweet Rose.

In the summer when skies are as blue as her eyes are we'll wedded be,
In the old church where often her glances would soften when turned on me.
And at night when returning, with loving heart yearning, I'll sing this song,
And she will listen for me all the glad day long,
And she will listen for me all the glad day long. - Chorus.