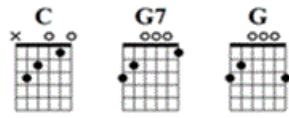


Yellow Rose of Texas



There's a yel- low rose in Tex- as, that I am going to
 sea. No- bo- dy else could miss her, not half as much as
 me. She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my
 heart. And if I ev- er find her, we ne- ver more will part.
 She's the sweet- est lit- tle rose- bud that Tex- as ev- er
 knew, her eyes are bright as dia- monds, they spark- le like the
 dew. You may talk a- bout your Clem- en- tine and
 sing of Ros- a- lee, but the YEL- LOW ROSE OF
 TEX- AS is the on- ly girl for me.

When the Rio Grande is flowing, the starry skies are bright,
she walks along the river in the quiet summer night:
I know that she remembers, when we parted long ago,
I promise to return again, and not to leave her so.

She's the sweetest little rosebud that Texas ever knew, ...

Oh now I'm going to find her, for my heart is full of woe,
and we'll sing the songs together, that we sung so long ago.
We'll play the bango gaily, and we'll sing the songs of yore,
and the yellow rose of Texas shall be mine forevermore.

She's the sweetest little rosebud that Texas ever knew, ...