

# Yellow Rose of Texas

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There's a yel- low rose in Tex- as, that I am going to

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sea. No- bo- dy else could miss her, not half as much as

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me. She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my

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heart. And if I ev- er find her, we ne- ver more will part.

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She's the sweet- est lit- tle rose- bud that Tex- as ev- er

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knew, her eyes are bright as dia- monds, they spark- le like the

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dew. You may talk a- bout your Clem- en- tine and

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sing of Ros- a- lee, but the YEL- LOW ROSE OF

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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, ...