

The White Rose

I love the White Rose in its splendour
I love the White Rose in its bloom
I love the White Rose--- so fair as she
grows---
It's the rose that reminds me of you.

The first time I met you, my darling
Your face was as red as the rose,
But now your dear face has grown paler
As pale as the lily white rose.

And now that you've left me forever
From your grave one single flower grows
I will always remember you darling
When I gaze on that lily white rose.