When the Roses bid Summer Good-bye.

Lyric by
STEPHEN W. MEIDAM

Music by
J. R. SHANNON

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When the roses bid summer goodbye,

When the harvest moon floats in the sky,

Our thoughts fondly roam to the place we called home, To a mother who loved you and I. A mother who followed each day, Through thousands of miles we might stray;

Comes a call once again to us children as men, When the roses bid summer goodbye.

When the bye.