Winter days are over and my thoughts just seem to stray,
Cotton fields are calling down in Dixie far away,

To fields of clover down Virginia way;
They seem to say someone is waiting each day;

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be returning my heart's yearning, my Virginia Rose, And I'll trail back yonder soon I'll wander just to claim your hand, And

bless the day I'm on my way to the sweetest flow'r' that grows, with a smile I'll greet each mile on my way to Dixie-land.

CHORUS

When the bees are hummin' then I'm comin', my Virginia Rose, To that southern para-

dise 'neath the old Virginia skies; In my arms I'll hold you and en-fold you

My Virginia Rose. 3
to my heart again,— On a night in June, 'neath the moon, there I'll tell you

how much I love you, dear. Soon our wedding bells will chime in old Virginia,

Soon I'm goin' to win ya, pal of mine; In the Spring with the ring I'll greet you, dear, I'll meet you where the Swanee flows, Down in old Virginia,

my Virginia Rose. When the Rose.

My Virginia Rose. 3