MY HAWAIIAN ROSE

Words by
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Music by
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On an is-land fair where the flowers rare With their fra-grance fills the balm-y air
Where the twi-light fades then the soft night shades Make me long for the land of dark-eyed maids.

Where fair maid-ens are I hear the old gui-tar Call-ing me back to this land a-far,
And there comes to me from a-cross the sea, Vis-ions that fill me with ec-sta-cy.

Where the palm-trees sway and the lovers gay sing love songs all the while,
And in rest-less dreams it al-ways seems I hear this rose im-plore,

There my heart goes back to a rose I left up-on this flower-ed isle.
That I once more come to the shore Where love and song lives ev-er more.

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CHORUS

Each gentle breeze brings me memories of my sweet Hawaiian Rose. And each flower fair I find blooming there to know her charms disclose. But then I know that I will go. At winters close to seek repose in the arms of my Hawaiian Rose.

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