

## My Little Georgia Rose (A)

Bill Monroe

*A D A E*  
Now come and listen to my story, a story that I know is true  
*A D A E A*  
A little rose that bloomed in Georgia, with hair of gold and a heart so true

*D A E*  
Way down in the blue ridge mountains, way down where the tall pines grow  
*A D A E A*  
Lives my sweetheart of the mountains, she's my little Georgia rose

*A D A E*  
Her mother left her with another, a carefree life she had planned  
*A D A E A*  
The baby now, she is a lady, the one her mother couldn't stand

*D A E*  
Way down in the blue ridge mountains, way down where the tall pines grow  
*A D A E A*  
Lives my sweetheart of the mountains, she's my little Georgia rose

*A D A E*  
We often sing those songs together, I watched her do her little part  
*A D A A E A*  
She smiled at me when I would tell her, that she was my sweetheart

*D A E*  
Way down in the blue ridge mountains, way down where the tall pines grow  
*A D A E A*  
Lives my sweetheart of the mountains, she's my little Georgia rose