The Butterfly And The Rose - song lyrics

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THE BUTTERFLY AND THE ROSE
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Words by Frank Young. Music by A. O. Duncan.
Arranged by Fred White.

While roaming the garden one morning in May
A butterfly spied a rose,
Nodding her head in the sun's bright ray,
The loveliest flower that grows;
He spread out his gaudy wings and flew
To her as the zephyr blows,
And whispered low as he kissed the dew:
I love you, my pretty rose.

Chorus.
The butterfly and the rose, no happier pair than they;
All day he would sip from her bright red lip and merrily fly away.
Never a care had he, never a thought had she,
That in nature's fair bow'r there's many a flow'r, and a butterfly life Is free.

One morning, awaiting with hope aglow
Her beautiful butterfly,
Sighing her poor little head fell low,
As fluttering he passed her by,
And straight to another flower he sailed
And settled in sweet repose.
She heard him say us her red cheek paled:
I love you, my pretty rose.- Chorus.