

The Rose by the Door

Andrea Hoag ©1985

D A Bm G D(F#m) F#m(Bm) G(A) A

D A Bm(D) G D A D

G D(F#m) A D Em F#m G A

D A G(Bm) F#m G A D

The rose by the door, I've seen it before, but never as lovely as now.
 With you by my side, I'm filled with such pride, makes everything different somehow.
 If my love were a boat, I'd set it afloat, and send it to gather up sun.
 When it couldn't hold more, I'd bring it to shore, a present for my darling one.
 Come dance through the night, your feet are so light.
 Your hands make such music, I ne'er saw the like.
 And when we are old, 'twill be better than gold, this day of the rose by the door.

"It's hard to know where to write the dots, as they're never the same twice. I was sitting in the early morning sun on the back steps of the sound crew house at Fiddle Tunes week in Port Townsend, WA. A young couple in love came out and walked across the sunny field. Roses were growing there by the door".
 Andrea Hoag, 7425 Buffalo Ave, Takoma Park, MD 20912.

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Rhythm: Waltz

Source: WBI