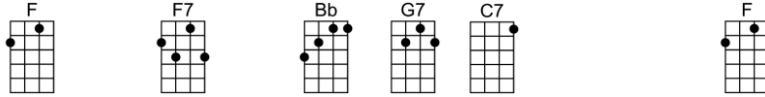


SAN ANTONIO ROSE

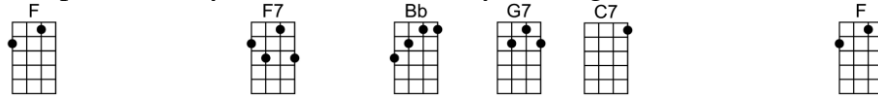
Key F⁷, Sing C

1234 12

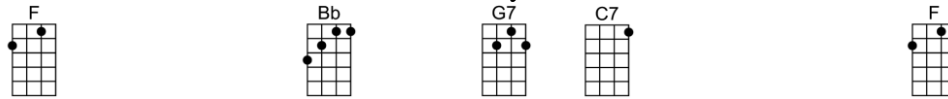
W/M Bob Wills, 1940



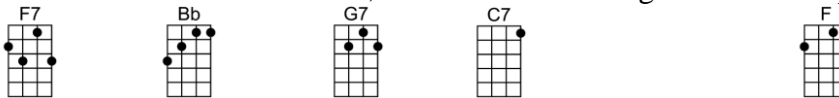
Deep with-in my heart lies a mel-o-dy, A song of old San An-tone.



Where in dreams I live with a mem-o-ry, Be-neath the stars all a-lone.

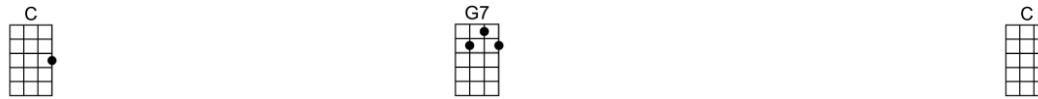


It was there I found be-side the Al-a-mo, en-chant-ment strange as the blue up a-bove.



A moon-lit pass that on-ly she would know, still hears my broken song of love.

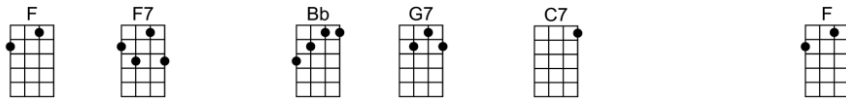
BRIDGE:



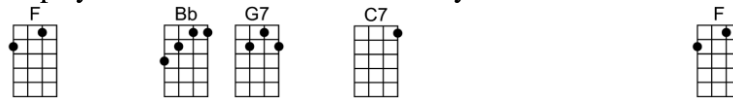
Moon in all your splen-dor, know on-ly my heart; call back my Rose, Rose of San An-tone.



Lips so sweet and ten-der, like pet-als fall-ing a-part, speak once a-gain of my love, my own.



A brok-en song, emp-ty words I know still live in my heart all a-lone



For that moon-lit pass by the Al-a-mo, and Rose, my Rose of San An-tone.