Belgian Rose

Verse:
Rose of Belgium, drooping so low, lift up your head, for we love you so.
Robbed of your sunshine, you’re fading away, but you’ll live to bloom on a happier day.
America is calling to you, speaking in words divine.
“My home shall be thy home and all my treasures thine.”

Refrain:
Belgian Rose, my drooping Belgian Rose,
For ev’ry hour of sorrow you’ve had, you’ll have a year in which to be glad;
You were not born in vain for you will bloom again,
And tho’ they’ve taken all your sunshine and dew,
We’ll make an American beauty of you, and you will find repose over here, my Belgian Rose.

Verse:
Once your rosebuds bloom’d thru the land, then came the tyrant with sword in hand.
Crushed ‘neath his footsteps, you fell to the ground, but still in your heart there is life to be found.
America will bring back your bloom, holding you to her breast.
No harm shall befall you, and you’ll find peace and rest.

Refrain