

FALSE ROSE

Down in yon shady, lovely dell,
 There stands a pretty cot,
Which I may never see again,
 Though t'will never be forgot.

A lass lives there, so bright and fair,
 Once my sweet blooming Rose,
But she prov'd false unto my heart,
 And fill'd it deep with woes.

And though contempt sits on her brow,
 And though her head she turns,
Yet in her heart a fire's lit,
 Remorse that ever burns.

A fire too burns in my heart,
 O! had I ne'er been born,
Rose, thou art false, and thou that wast
 Once my Rose, now a thorn.