

SONG - ROSA LEA.

O, little bright-eyed Rosa Lee
Peeped through the window, smiling, at me,
She captured my heart in a moment see,
Sweet little bright-eyed Rosa Lea.

I oft passed by her cottage door,
And each time I saw her I loved her more,
Her bright little features I did adore,
Rosa, I'm thine for evermore.

I courted long my Rosa fair,
For no other lass could with her compare,
She was loved and admired everywhere,
Such a beauty all did declare.

Oh, what a lucky man was I,
To own the fairest under the sky,
For no other lass with Rosa could vie,
Rosa, dear, for thee I would die.

But ah, alas, fair Rosa Lea
Began all at once to look cold on me,
And one day she sent all my presents to me,
And much I wondered what could be.

But ah, alas, it soon was known
That all Rosa's love for me had flown,
And O, I felt in this world alone,
Since Rosa did my love disown.

The truth was, pretty Rosa Lea
Was loved by a richer man than me,
And her love was won by his money,
Fair and fickle Rosa Lea.

Fair Rosa Lea is now a bride
To the man who could much wealth provide,
And she tries to smile with cool haughty pride,
When I meet her on the wayside.

And though she tries to smile on me,
O, a happy bride she will never be,
For remorse she feels keen I well can see,
For money bought fair Rosa Lea.