

The wore a Wreath of Roses.

BALLAD,

Sung by

MRS. WOOD,

Written by

T. H. Bayly Esq.

Composed by

J. P. KNIGHT.

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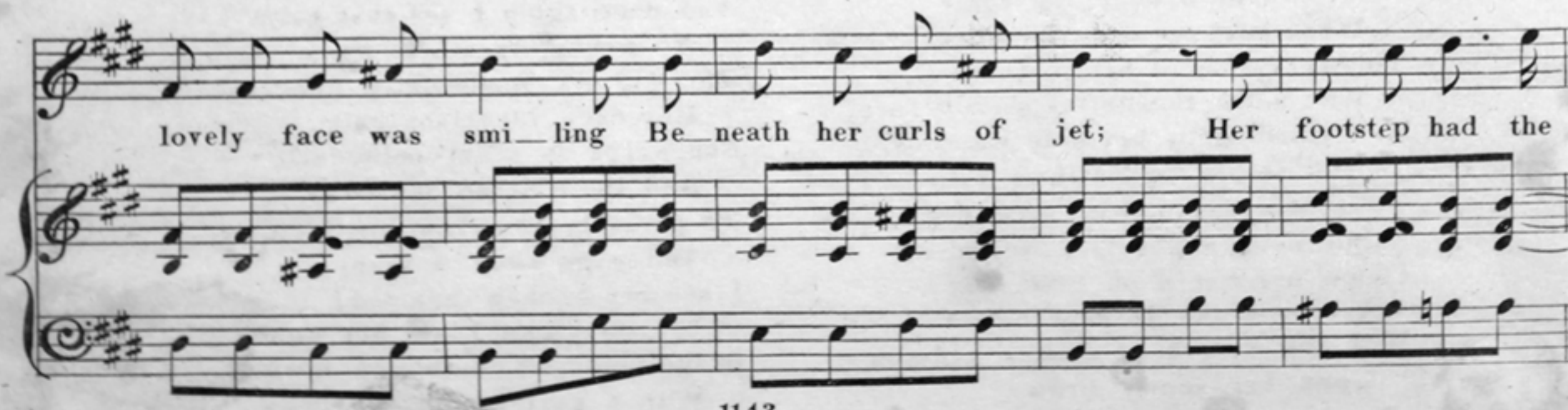
Andante.



She wore a wreath of ro — ses The night that first we met, Her



lovely face was smi — ling Be — neath her curls of jet; Her footstep had the



lightness, Her voice the joyous tone, The tokens of a youthful heart Where

Rall: a tempo. cres.

sorrow is un—known; I saw her but a moment—Yet methinks I see her

Rall: cres.

now With the wreath of summer flowers, Up—on her snowy brow.

2.

A wreath of orange blossoms
When next we met, she wore;
Th' expression of her features
Was more thoughtful than before;
And standing by her side was one,
Who strove and not in vain
To soothe her, leaving that dear home
She ne'er might view again.
I saw her but a moment
Yet methinks I see her now
With the wreath of orange blossoms,
Upon her snowy brow.

3.

And once again I see that brow,
No bridal wreath is there,
The Widow's sombre cap conceals
Her once luxuriant hair;
She weeps in silent solitude,
And there is no one near
To press her hand within his own,
And wipe away a tear;
I see her broken hearted!
Yet methinks I see her now
In the pride of youth and beauty,
With a garland on her brow.

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