

She Wore A Wreath Of Roses - song lyrics

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She Wore a Wreath of Roses.

She wore a wreath of roses the night when first we met,
Her lovely face was smiling beneath her curls of jet;
Her footsteps had the lightness, her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart where sorrow is unknown;
I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of Summer flowers upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange flowers when next we met she wore,
The 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, but methinks I see her now,
With the wreath of orange blossoms upon her snowy brow.

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 the fallen tear;
I see her broken-hearted, and methinks I see her now,
In the pride of youth and beauty, with a wreath upon her brow.