

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Convict and the Rose

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Within my prison cell so dreary
Alone I sit with an aching heart
I'm thinking of my lonely darling
From her forever I must part

A rose she brought me as a token
She brought it just to light my gloom
To tell me that her heart was broken
To cheer me up before my doom

The judge would not believe my story
The jury said I'd have to pay
But to the rose in all its glory
Not guilty is all that I can say

Farewell sweetheart for in the morning
I'll meet my maker in repose
And when I die at daylight's dawning
Against my heart they'll find a rose

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