

Scanlan's Rose Song - song lyrics

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SCANLAN'S ROSE SONG.

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This pretty little flower which I take from my breast,
I wish to give to some one, yes, one whom I may trust;
Its value may be small, to me 'tis dear as life,
For she who will accept it, I mean to make my wife.
Her cheeks they must be red, just like this little flower,
And she must always think of me, yes, almost every hour,
And I will think of her when I am far away,
And some day I'll return again to hear what she will say.

Chorus.

Promise me you'll keep it, make this promise, do,
Promise me you'll cherish it, make your answer true;
If this promise you will keep when I'm far away,
This sweet rose I'll give to you, my own true love, today.

"Within this rose a vow of love and truth divine,
Lies nursed with fond devotion from out this heart of mine:
Just like the water's How, just like the winds that blow.
My thoughts will be of thee, love, though in a foreign clime
In Springtime when the earth awakes with nature's green,
When fragrant flowers and pretty birds may everywhere be seen,
Go rumble through the woods, And search the green fields o'er,
Not one you'll find to welcome you like this dear little flower.-Chor.