the rose of glamorgan.

unknown

'twas down by the willows that wave in yon valley, as and years pass'd a way with their joys and their sorrows, and the One night by the willows that wave in yon valley, fair

darkly the shaded of the evening drew nigh, that she rose of Glamorgan looked weary and pale, as she
more in tears heard the tempests wild roar, when a

mo ra the fair blooming rose of Glamorgan, stood stray'd by the waters and thought of her love, or
ship breast'd brave ly the dark rolling billows, and the

lone ly and sad with the tear in her eye, he sigh'd by the willows, that wave in yon vale, and the
crew, with a cheer, reach'd their dear native shore a

comes not! he comes not! the lady love dearly, she youth ful, and wealthy, came flocking around her, but
swift rushing foot step, a waken'd her terror but a

cried as the waves hoary sely dash'd on the shore, and she all their fond pleading, were fruitless and vain, for she
fond manly voice, quickly calm'd her alarms, and with

fear'd the stout ship had gone down in the ocean, with the vow'd to prove true, to the lad lov'd so dearly, whom she joy throb'd her heart, when the long absent lover, clasp'd the
gallant young heart that would love her no more
fear'd in her heart she would ne'er see again
rose of Glamorgan, once more in his arms.