She Wore a Wreath of Roses

Joseph Philip Knight

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SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES
A Ballad

By

MRS WOOD.

The Poetry by
Thomas Haynes Bayly Esq.

THE MUSIC

Composed and Dedicated to

MISS NORCOTT.

By

Joseph Philip Knight.

NEW YORK.

Published by Hewitt & Jaques 239 Broadway.
SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

ANDANTE.

She wore a wreath of roses. The

night that first we met, Her lovely face was smiling Beneath her curls of

jet; Her footstep had the lightness, Her voice the joyous tone, The
there sorrow is unknown; I saw her but a moment. Yet I think I see her now. With the wreath of summer flowers, upon her snowy brow.
When next we met, she wore;

A wreath of orange blossoms Was more thoughtful than before;

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 I think I see her now. With the wreath of orange blossoms, upon her snowy brow.

And once again I see her brow. No bridal wreath is there, The widow's sombre cap conceals her once luxuriant hair; She
weep in silent solitude, And there is no one near To press her hand with

in his own, And wipe away the tear; I see her broken hearted Yet me_

thinks I see her now In the pride of youth and beauty, With a

garland on her brow.