

## THE WILD ROSE

### A SONG

THERE'S a flower lies blooming  
On the breast of the plain,  
By the swift-flowing streamlet,  
'Long the marge of the grain.  
On the wide, rolling uplands  
This fair flower grows;  
'Tis the rose of the Westland,  
The fragrant wild rose.

From its fairy-like petals  
Of the dawn's rosy glow,  
A sweet perfume is wafted  
By the breezes that blow.  
And of all the fair flowers,  
'Tis the sweetest that grows;  
This rose of the Westland,  
The fragrant wild rose.