The Rejected Lover

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O once I courted a pretty little girl,
And I loved her as my life,
I'd freely give my heart and hand
To have made her my wife,
O, to have made her my wife.

I took her by the hand
And I led her to the door.
I kindly asked this pretty girl
To kiss me once more,
O, to kiss me once more.

O who will shoe your feet, my love
And who will glove your hands.
And wbo will kiss your ruby lips
When I'm in the far-off land
O, when I'm in the far-off land?

My father'll shoe my feet, my love
My mother will glove my hand
And you may kiss my ruby lips
When you come from far-off land.

My being gone six long months,
lt gave her room to complain,
And she wrote me a letter, saying:
You can't come again.

One cold winter night when I was a-riding
And a-drinking of good wine,
And a-thinking of the pretty little girl
That stole that heart of mine.

I wish I'd a-died when I was young,
Or never had a-been born,
For I never would have met her rosy cheeks
Nor heard her flattering tongue.

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