

## George Morgan "Convict And The Rose"

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Within my prison cell so dreary alone I sit with weary  
heart

I'm thinking of my lonely darling from her forever I  
must part

A rose she sent me as a token she sent it just to light  
my gloom

To tell me that her heart is broken to cheer me fore I  
meet my doom

[ steel ]

She wrote I took it from the garden where once we  
wandered side by side

But now you hold no hope of pardon and I can never be  
your bride

Goodbye sweetheart for in the morning I'll meet my  
Maker in repose

And when I'll go at daylight's dawning against my heart  
they'll find the rose

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