A ROSE TREE.

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1. A rose tree in full bearing, had sweet flowers fairest of all, to see, One rose beyond comparing, for beauty attracted me.

   Lovely blossoming tree and day, I find a canker in it, and now throw it far away.

   How fine this morning early, all was sun shine clear and bright,
   So late I loved thee dearly.

   The clouds seem big with showers, sunny beams no more are seen,
   Farewell ye happy hours, your falsehood has changed the scene.

2. The sun sets in night and the stars shut the day; but glory remains when their lights fade away.

   Begin ye tormentors, your threats are in vain: for the son of Alkonmook shall never complain.

   Remember the arrows he shot from his bow, remember your chief by his hatched lid low.
   Why so slow, do you wait till I shrink from my pain? know, the son of Alkonmook will never complain.

   Remember the wood where in ambush we lay, and the scalps that we bore from your nation away,
   How the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain; but the son of Alkonmook can never complain.

   I go to the land where my father is gone; his ghost shall rejoice at the fame of his son.
   Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain; and thy son, O Alkonmook has scorned to complain.