

# The Convict And The Rose

Hank Snow

Within my prison cell so dreary  
I sit alone with achin' heart  
I'm dreamin' of my little darlin'  
From her forever, I must part

The rose she sent me as a token  
She sent it just to lighten my gloom  
And tell me that her heart was broken  
And cheer me before I meet my doom

She wrote I picked it from the garden,  
Where once we wandered side by side.  
Now you hold no hope of pardon,  
And I can never be your bride.

The judge would not believe my story  
The jury said I had to pay  
And with the rose in all its glory  
"Not guilty" was all that I could say

Goodbye, sweetheart, for in the morning  
To meet my Maker I must go  
And when I die at daylight's dawnin'  
Against my heart they'll find this rose

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