The Withered Rosebud - song lyrics

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THE WITHERED ROSEBUD.
By G. W. Simons.

Ah, why does this rosebud more beautiful seem
Than when fresh on the bush where it grew,
All withered and pale, of a flower but a dream?
'Tis because, 'tis because, 'tis because it was given by you,

'Tis because the sweet floweret had lingered awhile
On the bosom of beauty and youth.
Had borrowed her luster, had stolen her smile,
And came to me breathing her truth.

And now, though its leaflets are gone to decay,
And mournfully drooping its stem.
And tints from the rainbow are fading away,
'Twill still be, 'twill still be, 'twill still be of roses the gem.