

Dudley Saunders, My Prime

When I was in my prime
I flourished like a vine
I came upon a false young man
who stole the heart of mine

In June the red rose bloomed
that's not the flower for me
for I would pluck that red rose off
and plant me a willow tree

and that willow tree shall weep
and that willow tree shall whine
I wish I was in that young man's arms
who stole the heart of mine

if I'm spared for one year more
and God should grant me grace
I'll weep a bowl of crystal tears
to wash his deceitful face