

Porter Wagoner, Convict And The Rose

Within my prison cell so dreary alone I sit with aching 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
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
[fiddle]

The judge would not believe my story the jury said I had to pay
But to the rose in all its glory not guilty's all that I can say
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 this rose