**The Rejected Maiden**

*Welsh Folk Song*

1. By Dee's deep river bank so fair, A fair maid sat lam-

2. Cold scornful fingers point at me and taunt me with my

3. Thou little fish that nim-bly plays't mid wa-ters of the

ent-tling, And say-ing with a mournful air, "My heart is

weakness, My life's young bark is over swept, and buried

river, Thou hast thy friends in mil-lions more, from en-e-

al-most break-ing, I have no friend in this cold world, Nor

'neth the break-ers, On love's hard altar I've been cast A-
mies a shel-ter; Thou'll live and die 'neth wat-ers clear, To
4. My thoughts are ever running on
To days of judgment heavy,
And this remember, wicked man,
At God's throne you must meet me;
But thinking of your treach'rous words
Makes life to me a terror,
O! river Dee, receive thou me,
There's rest beneath thy water

5. Next morning her cold corpse was found
Floating upon the river,
Grasped in her fingers damp and chill
They found a hasty letter:
"Make my grave in some lone spot,
Where I in peace may rest in,
Raise there no stone to mark the grave
Of the Rejected Maiden."