1. By Dee's deep river bank so fair, A fair maid sat lambrinct, 
2. Cold scornful fingers point at me and taunt me with my 
3. Thou little fish that nimbly plays't mid waters of the 

entit, And saying with a mournful air, "My heart is 
weakness, My life's young bark is over swept, and buried 
river, Thou hast thy friends in millions more, from ene 

almost breaking, I have no friend in this cold world, Nor 
'neath the breakers, On love's hard altar I've been cast A 
mies a shelter, Thou'lt live and die 'neath waters clear, To 

The Rejected Maiden
Welsh Folk Song
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...