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**Mrs. S. Turple<sup>ii</sup>**

Down by the drooping willows,  
Where violets gently bloom,  
There lies the young Florella,  
So silent in her tomb.

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She died not broken hearted,  
No sickness her befell,  
But in one moment parted  
From those she loved so well.

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One eve the moon shone brightly,  
Those efforts gently bloom,  
When to her dwelling lightly,  
Her treacherous lover drew.

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"Come love, said he, "let's wander,  
Down by yon meadows gay,  
And undisturbed we'll ponder,  
Upon our wedding day."

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"Those woods look dark and dreary,  
And I'm afraid to stray.  
Of wandering I am weary,  
I would retrace my way."

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"Retrace your way, no never,  
Those woods no more you'll roam,  
So bid adieu forever,  
To parents, friends and home.

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"Now in these woods I have you,  
Nor from me can you fly,  
No human aid can save you,  
You truly now must die."

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Down on her knees before him,  
She begged him spare her life,  
When deep into her bosom,  
He plunged the fatal knife.

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"Dear William, I forgive you,"  
Were her last dying breath.  
Her pulses ceased their motion,  
Her eyelids closed in death.

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'Twas early the next morning,  
Her parents did prepare,  
And there in death so comely,  
Florella slumbered there.

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So by this wilful murder,  
The young man he was hung,  
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Trust not your hearts to young men,  
For they will sure betray,  
Nor with them do not wander,  
Down by the meadows gay.

*Finis.*

**Notes**

- i. **Florella**: also known as "The Jealous Lover"
- ii. **Mrs. S. Turple**: unknown person. Possibly the story teller, author, or contributor to the ballad