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I'm dreaming tonight of the days that are gone,
When the sun lingered over the mountains at dawn,
Where the dew drops from heaven like diamonds did glow,
They were kissing the violets in the valley below.

The brooks they were running so clear and so blue,
The tall pines were waving, the birds sang so true,
The flowers were blooming on the banks by the shore,
As I parted with Lizzie' the girl I adore.

The night that we parted I ne'er shall forget,
I fancy I see those bright tears falling yet,
My heart it was breaking, with sorrows did sting,
When she drew from her finger a plain golden ring.

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"Take back this gold ring, love, I fain would restrain,
For wearing it now only causes me pain.
I've broken my vows that we made on the strand,
So take back I pray you, this plain golden band."

"Renew the engagement, O darling," I cried,
"For you know you have promised you'll soon be my bride.
My heart it is true and can never grow cold,
So renew the engagement and the plain band of gold."

"O laddie, I know that your love it is true.
I know that you love me and that I love you.
But I've broken the vows that we'd made on the strand,
So take back I pray you the plain golden band.

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"The moon from the heavens shone brightly one night,
All nature seemed wrapped in a pure mellow light,
And then a dark vapour o'ershadowed the land,
As I strayed from my cottage to walk by the strand.

"A young man approached me and him I well knew.
He told me false stories, false stories of you,
How he'd won your affection, your heart and your hand,
And that put a stain on the plain golden band."

She threw her arms round me and cried in despair,
While the wind it did ripple her wavy dark hair.
The moon from the heavens shone bright on the strand,
And the light it fell fair on the plain golden band.

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"Forgive me, forgive me, O darling" she cried
" Ere you lay me to rest 'neath the dark rolling tide.
With these cherished letters all in my right hand
And on my cold bosom the plain golden band.

In a green shaded forest not far away
The deer loves to ramble and the child loves to play.
All nature is gay and the scenery is grand.

You will there find the authorⁱ of the "Plain Golden Band."

Finis.



Notes

- i. "Lizzie" is Lizzie M. Morse, the author's ex-fiancee. Morse left the author for another man, thereby providing the inspiration for the ballad.
- ii. The author is Joseph W. Scott, known as Joe Scott. Scott was a poet and woodsman. He was born on February 5, 1867 in Lower Woodstock, New Brunswick. He died on June 22, 1918 in Augusta, Maine.