**Rose Among the Heather**

On a heath there grew a rose,

Rose among the heather;

Fair and lovely as the dawn,

To her then a boy was drawn,

And looked at her with pleasure:

Oh, a rose, a rose so red,

Rose among the heather!

Says the boy, "I'll pluck you out

From among the heather!"

Says the rose, “If you do that

I will give you such a scratch,

That you’ll think of me forever!"

Oh, a rose, a rose so red,

Rose among the heather!

And the boy plucked out the rose,

From among the heather;

The rose struck back with all her power,

And pricked the hand that picked the flower,

But the flower was gone forever.

Oh, a rose, a rose so red,

Rose among the heather!