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# The Thorn

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## THORN.

Printed and Sold by T. Evans, 79, Long-Lane.

FROM the white blossom'd sloe my dea  
 Chloe requested,  
 A sprig her fair brest to adorn,  
 No by heavens! I exclaimed, may I perish,  
 If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.  
 No by heavens, &c.

When I shew her the ring and implor'd  
 her to marry,  
 She blush'd like the dawning of morn,  
 Yes, I'll consent, she reply'd, if you'll promise  
 That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.  
 No by heavens, &c.

With my hand, dearest Henry, receive  
 my heart fondly,  
 No longer with doubt is it torn;  
 I read in thine eyes the soft wishes that glows,  
 And am happy to make a return.  
 No by heavens, &c.

Love and Hymen no sooner he'd join'd us  
 together,  
 When thus we both vow'd on that morn;  
 To live for each other, to be constant and true  
 And suffer no rival to laugh us to scorn.  
 Then, by heavens! we exclaim'd, may we  
 perish,  
 If ever we plant in that bosom a thorn.