

August 2019

# Rosalie the Prairie Flower

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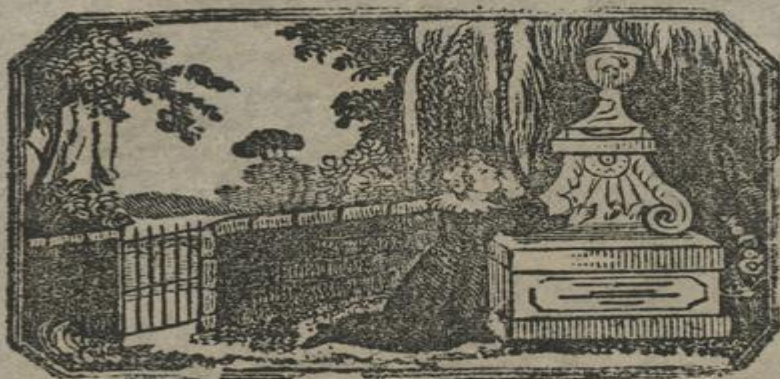
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## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Rosalie the Prairie Flower" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1058.  
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**ROSALIE**  
 THE  
**PRAIRIE**  
**FLOWER.**



ON the distant prairie, where the heather wild,  
 In its quiet beauty lived and smiled,  
 Stands a little cottage, and a creeping vine  
 Loves around its porch to twine.  
 In that peaceful dwelling was a lovely child,  
 With her blue eyes beaming soft and mild,  
 And the wavy ringlets of her flaxen hair,  
 Floating in the summer air,  
 Fair as a lily, joyous and free,  
 Light of that prairie home was she;  
 Ev'ry one who knew her, felt the gentle power,  
 Of Rosalie, the prairie flower. Fair as, &c.

O'er that distant prairie, when the days were long,  
 Tripping like a fairy, sweet her song;  
 With the sunny blossoms, and the birds at play,  
 Beautiful and bright as they.  
 When the twilight shadows gather'd in the west,  
 And the voice of nature sunk to rest,  
 Like a cherub kneeling, seemed the lovely child.  
 With her gentle eye so mild.  
 Fair as a lily, joyous and free,  
 Light of the prairie home was she,  
 Ev'ry one who knew her felt the gentle power,  
 Of Rosalie, the prairie flower.

But the summer faded, and a chilly blast,  
 O'er that happy cottage swept at last;  
 When the autumn song-birds woke the dewy morn'  
 Little prairie flower was gone.  
 For the angels whisper'd softly in her ear,  
 "Child, thy Father calls thee—stay not here."  
 And they gently bore her, robed in spotless white,  
 To their blissful home of light.  
 Though we shall never look on her more,  
 Gone with the love and joy she bore,  
 Far away she's blooming in a fadeless bower,  
 Sweet Rosalie, the prairie flower.