

84 "THEY TOLD ME THOU WERT FALSE, JAMIE" \*

They told me thou wert false, Jamie,  
And did no care for me;  
I heeded not their voice, Jamie,  
I thought it could na be,  
So loving were thy words, Jamie, --  
So winsome was thy smile,  
I did not think that *it*, Jamie,  
Could veil one thought of guile.

Dost thou recall the hawthorn glade,  
Where we sat side by side,  
When on a summer's night, Jamie,  
Thou sued me for thy bride?  
My heart was very full, Jamie,  
As in the pale moonshine,  
I promised to be thine, Jamie,  
To be forever thine.

Thegither then we knelt, Jamie,  
We bent a reverent knee,  
And prayed our Heavenly Father's love  
Might rest on thou and me.  
So radiant seemed thy path, Jamie,  
That it would come to *this*?

I never see thee now, Jamie,  
Thou comest not to me, --  
'Tis said thou seek'st another's love --  
Ah, Jamie, can it be?  
They tell me she is rich, Jamie,  
And of a lordly line;  
Not twice her rank and wealth, Jamie,  
Could buy a love like mine."

\* A quote from part of the poem - taken from *The Lost life of Horatio Alger, Jr.* by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales.  
Indiana University Press, 1985. p. 32-33.

**Sources:**

True Flag, October 14, 1854.

The Lost Life of Horatio Alger, Jr., 1985.