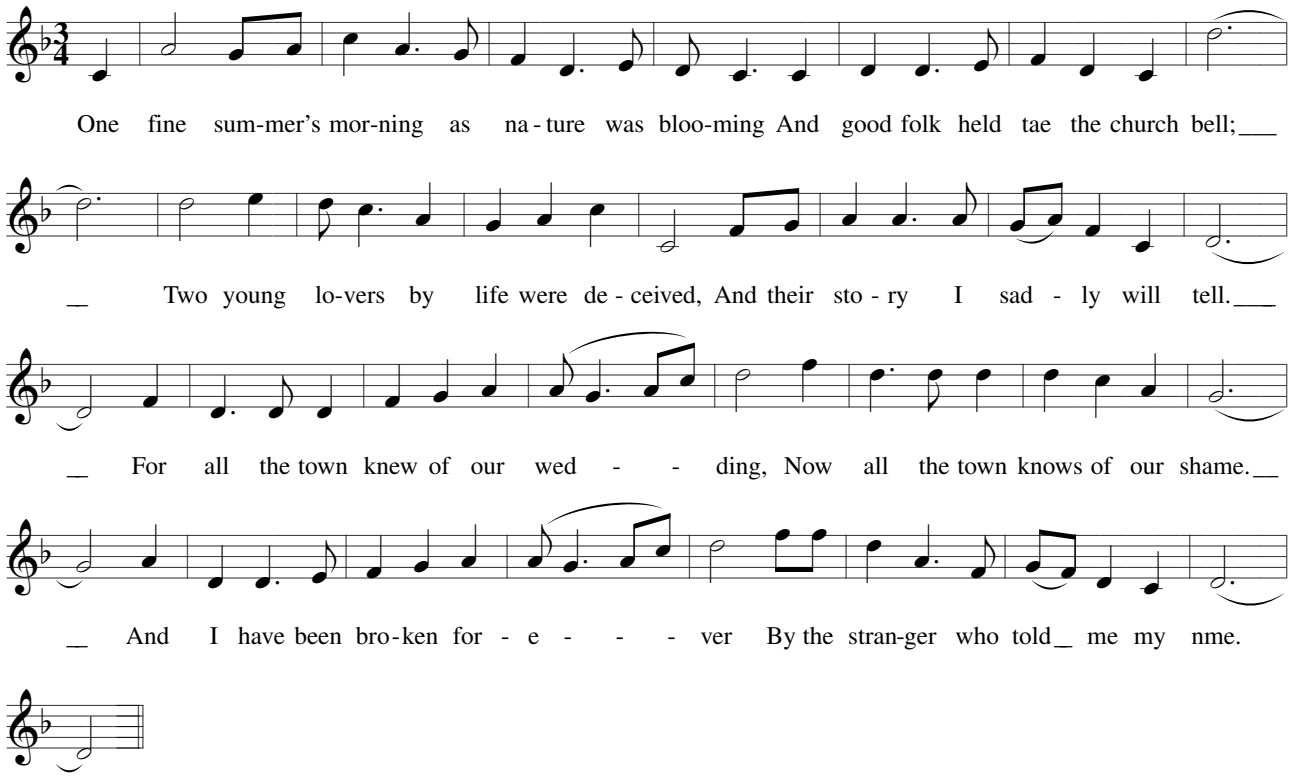
One fine sum-mer's mor-ning as na - ture was bloo-ming And good folk held tae the church bell;
Two young lo-vers by life were de - ceived, And their sto - ry I sad - ly will tell.
For all the town knew of our wed - - ding, Now all the town knows of our shame.
And I have been bro-ken for - e - - - ver By the stran-ger who told me my nme.