

Farewell we may not meet again
 Perhaps tis better we should part
 You say you are weary of my love
 Good bye good bye my own sweet heart

The roses bloom now in your cheeks
 And diamonds glisten in your eye
 But these some day will fade and then
 You will find none loved you more than I

Ah! yes I know you have wealth and fame
 And many bend before your feet
 To win your heart or seek perhaps
 The rapture of your glances sweet

Yet love which conquers every pride
 Will some day bring to you a sigh
 And then you will surely find that none
 Had loved had loved you more than I

CHORUS

None to fondle and caress you
 None to brush your tears away
 None to care for you in sadness
 When you are feeble and grown gray

None to take you to his bosom
 None to call you then his own
 None to care if dead or living
 You will be sorry when I am gone