

Sweet Heather-bell - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

SWEET HEATHER-BELL.

Copyright, 1886, by T. B. Harms & Co.

Sweet heather-bell, sweet heather-bell,
Plucked from the dell;
Dear spray of sweet heather-bell,
Plucked from its home in the dell;
Oh, of what joy does it tell,
Of memories sad and sweet.
Thro' all the sorrows of years,
Thro' all life's hopes and its fears
It has been moistened with tears,
And I'll keep it till we meet.
She in her queen-like splendor,
Loving and sweet, and tender,
Gave me her heart's surrender,
As I plucked it at her feet.

Refrain.

Ah! dear spray of sweet heather-bell,
Plucked from its home in the dell;
Oh, of what joy does it tell,
Of memories sad and sweet.
Thro' all the sorrows of years,
Thro' all life's hopes and " its fears,
It has been moistened with tears,
And I'll keep it till we meet.

Our love was pure as an angel's thought,
Our life was one long May,
Till the reaper came for a flow'r he sought,
And my love was borne away,'
To the land of light, where there's no night,
But the sheen of eternal day;
From her silent tomb, in the twilight's gloom,
I've plucked this withered spray.-Refrain.