

The Independent Lovers - song lyrics

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

THE INDEPENDENT LOVERS.

'Twas a lonely scene in Winter,
With chilling frost and snow,
Dark clouds around me hovered,
And stormy winds did blow.

I went to see my true love,
She acted scornfully,
I asked her if she'd marry,
But she would not answer me.

The birds would sing more sweetly,
And everything combine
To make my joys the greater
If you were only mine.

The time quite late is growing,
'Tis almost break of day,
I'm waiting for an answer.
Come, love, what do you say?

The answer I must give you is,
I choose a single life,
I never thought it suited
For me to be your wife.

I'll take that for an answer,
And you for yourself provide,
I'll choose another lover,
While you'll be put aside.

But a short time did elapse
Ere this lady's mind did change,
And she wrote me a letter,
Saying, she felt much ashamed.

If e'er again I slight you,
I'll ne'er see you more,
So here's my hand and here's my heart,
Come claim them as of yore.

I wrote her a letter,
And sent it with much speed,
Saying, oh, I once did love you,
Yes, loved you true indeed.

But now my mind has changed,
I have looked another way,
Upon a fairer damsel,
Who doth my heart now sway.

This world is large and widely
With many people filled,
And where there's one won't marry
There's always one who will.

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THE IRISH GIRL.

I walked out one evening I .
Down by the river side,
And as I cast my eyes around
An Irish girl I spied.

Round and rosy were her cheeks,
Coal black was her hair,

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

And costly was the jewelry
This Irish girl did wear.

The tears came trickling down her cheeks
As she began to cry,
My love has gone to Ireland
And has forsaken me.

I wish I were in Ireland
Partaking of good cheer,
A glass of wine within my hand,
And by side my dear.

How hard it is to love
And not be loved again, .
For love it is a treach'rous thing-
Did you ever feel the pain?"