

# Sweet Genevieve - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

SWEET GENEVIEVE.

Oh, Genevieve, I'd give the world  
To live again the lovely past;  
The rose of youth with dew empearled.  
But now it withers in the blast.  
I see thy face in every dream.  
My waking thoughts are full of thee,  
Thy glance is in the starry beam  
That falls along the summer sea.

Chorus.

Oh, Genevieve! sweet Genevieve!  
The days may come, the days may go,  
But still the hand of memory weave  
The blissful dream of long ago.

Fair Genevieve, my early love.  
The years but makes thee dearer far;  
My heart shall never, never rove.  
Thou art my only guiding star.  
For me the past has no regret,  
Whate'er the years may bring to me,  
I bless the hour when first we met-  
The hour that gave me love And thee.-Chorus.