

Dearest, Then I'll Love Thee More - song lyrics

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Dearest, Then I'll Love Thee More.

Yes, I love thee, and how dearly, words but faintly can express,
This fond heart beats too sincerely e'er in life to love thee Jess.
No! my fancy never ranges, hopes like mine can never soar;
If the love I cherish changes, 'twill but be to love thee more,
To love thee more, 'twill but be to love thee more, to love thee more.

Though this world hath many sorrows and perchance they may be ours,
Love from tears a brightness borrows, like the earth from summer showers.
We will share our griefs and gladness, in the present as of yore,
And in all your hours of sadness, dearest girl, I'll love thee more.
I'll love thee more, dearest girl, I'll love thee more, I'll love thee more.

Youth may pass, but ask not whither, when you're old I'll love as true;
Shall we not grow old together, and time's changes mark me, too?
Death may come, but then to heaven, shall my pure affection soar;
When relieved from earthly leaven, dearest girl, I'll love thee more.
I'll love thee more, dearest girl, I'll love thee more, I'll love thee more.