

The Absent Lover - song lyrics

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THE ABSENT LOVER.

By Johnston Lyske.

Tune-"Thy Voice is Near Me in My Dreams"

My own first love, I'll sing of you,
However cruel you seem;
Tho' false you be, I'll still prove true,
And in my fancy's dream
Recall your face and form to mind,
While absent you remain;
Why should you always prove unkind?
Come back to me again-
Come back to me again;
Why should you always prove unkind?
Come back to me again.

Through woods and dells we used to rove,
When youth was in its morn;
And thought, and talked, and sang of love,
Devoid of cares forlorn;
My mind reverts to days gone by,
My thoughts are filled with pain.
Yet struggling hopes express the sigh,-
"He'll come to me again"-
He'll come to me again;
Yet struggling hopes express the sigh,-
"He'll come to me again."

Yes, yes, I thought he cared for me,
Impatience wrecks my mind;
Sincerest love deceived must be.
Where lovers prove unkind;
Love's pathos in this broken heart.
By willful absence slain,
Fresh from its sombrous pall shall start,
When he comes back again-
When he comes back again;
Fresh from its sombrous pall shall start,
When he comes back again. /