

A Handsome Lad And Lassie - song lyrics

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A HANDSOME LAD AND LASSIE

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Words by P. J. Devlin. Music by Horace R. Basler.

A handsome laddie loved and won a pretty village belle,
But soon, alas the neighbors had the old, sad tale to tell;
The fear of friends and worldly scorn from honor kept the lad,
The broken-hearted lassie then was nearly driven mad.
Her father drove her with her babe like paupers from his door,
Her poor old mother fainting fell upon the cottage floor;
The lass had grit and hunted work, but none would her employ,
"The poor house was the only place for her and baby boy."

Refrain.

Lovers' vows are often broken ere the words have died away;
Trusting hearts are bowed with sorrow that were once both light and gay;
Handsome lads are often faithless, when they win the village belle;
Neighbors then will blame the lassie while the old sad tale they tell.

in other climes she sought a chance to earn her daily bread,
And kindly bands assisted her to bravely look ahead;
But gossip's cruel agents came and branded her anew,
Again she was despised because her lover was untrue;
in blank despair she wrote to him and begged him to be just,
She only craved a wedding ring, she old not want a crust;
"Give me a name for baby boy; our lives shall be apart,
You broke your plighted troth, my love, and with it broke my
heart." -Refrain.

The laddie left town for awhile, but soon again returned,
And with his talents and address a reputation earned;
Soon honors from his fellow men poured down upon him fast,
Until he was elected to be Governor at last.
At the Inauguration Ball the belles fought for his smiles;
And anxious mamas tried on him their very latest wiles.
But while the music sweetly played and happy hours had sped,
A message reached the lassie's home which read:
"Poor Nell is dead." -Refrain.

The highest office in the State the laddie proudly held.
The future all looked rosy; from the past his mind rebelled;
He was the gayest of the gay and strove hard to forget,
A far-off grave, some letters, and a faded mignonette.
But often in the silent night when Conscience held her sway,
in vain he struggled hard to drive remorseful thoughts away;
And in his ears an echo rang that from him ne'er would part,
"You broke your plighted troth, my love, and with it
broke my heart." -Refrain