

My Love, She
Pro Phundo Basso
[alias for Philip Paul Bliss
(1838-1876)]

1. My love, she,
Dont love me,
It my heart will break it;
Other he,
He love she
She love he, plaque take it.

2. Sings, does she.
Sings, does he
To the stars they sing to;
Grieves me he,
Leaves me she,
To no hope to cling to.

3. Thinks, does he,
Thinks, does she,
Of my woe to laugh of,
She to make
Me to take
Of her heart the half of.

4. No, Ill go
End my woe,
Wont they be astounded,
When hears he,
When hears she,
I myself have drowned.