

Joe Hardy - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

JOE HARDY.

Yes, I know that you were once my lover,
But that sort of thing has an end.
Now love and its transports are over.
But yet you may still be my friend.

Don't kneel at my feet I implore thee,
Don't write on the drawings you bring,
Don't ask me to say I adore thee,
For indeed it is no such thing.

I confess that when at Philadelphia we parted,
I swore that I worshiped you then,
That I was a maid broken hearted.
And you the most charming of men.

I confess when I read your first letter,
I blotted your name with a tear,
I was young then, but now I know better,
Could I tell that I'd meet Hardy here.

Oh, dear, how you fret, how you worry,
Repeating my vows to be true
If I said so, I told you a story,
For I love Hardy better than you.

Yes, now this fond heart's another's,
I sigh so when he is gone,
I can love you indeed as a brother,
But my heart is Joe Hardy's alone.