

# Justine, You Love Me Not - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

JUSTINE, YOU LOVE ME NOT.

I know, Justine, you speak me fair, as often as we met,  
And 'tis a luxury, I swear, to hear a voice so sweet;  
And yet it does not please me quite, the civil way you've got,  
For me you're something too polite-Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, you never scold at naught that I may do,  
If I am passionate, or cold, 'tis all the same to you;  
"A charming temper," say the men, to smooth a husband's lot,  
I wish 'twere ruffled now and then-Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, you wear a smile as beaming as the sun,  
But who supposes all the while it shines for only one?  
Though azure skies are fair to see, a transient cloudy spot  
In yours would promise more to me-Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, you make my name your eulogistic theme,  
And say-if any chance to blame-you hold me in esteem;  
Such words for all their kindly scope, delight me not a jot,  
Just so you would have praised the pope-Justine, you love me not!

I know, Justine, for I have heard what friendly voices tell,  
You do not blush to say the words, "You like me passing well;"  
And thus the fatal sound I hear that seals my lonely lot,  
There's nothing now to hope or fear-Justine, you love me not!