

The Discarded Lover - song lyrics

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

THE DISCARDED LOVER

As I went to church last Sunday
My true love passed me by,
I knew her mind was changing
By the movements of her eye.

My true love she is handsome,
Quite proper, neat and small,
In tact, she is very winsome,
The merriest girl of all.

Her eyes are bright as diamonds,
Her hair as black as a crow,
Her cheeks are red as roses
All in the morning glow.

She said if she ever married
That I should be the man,
Stand with her at the altar-
'Twas thus her answer ran.

But now she has broken that promise,
She may marry whom she will,
Tho' it leave my poor heart bleeding,
I can't help loving her still.

I wish I were in Dublin,
Or some other seaport town,
I'd go at once on shipboard
To sail the ocean up and down.

While sailing o'er the deep,
From home and friends afar,
My thoughts of lovely Molly
Would save me from despair.