

He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not - song lyrics

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He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not.
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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

I saw a maiden standing 'neath a tree one summer's eve,
And in her hand a flower held, And as those tiny leaves
Were plucked and cast away by her a tear bedimmed her eye;
Each leaf one tear, each tear one sigh, a sob, I knew not why.
But when I drew near to this maid, whose heart I thought would break,
I heard her speak some simple words and mine began to ache;
The pangs of disappointed love o'er her soul held full sway,
Be loves me, no, he loves me not, I heard the maiden say.

Chorus.
He loves me, oh, he loves me not, I heard the maiden say,
And then she threw those tiny little faded leaves away;
He loves me not he loves another more perchance than me,
But if he's happy in his love, contented I must be.

The years rolled on, but not a tear I saw in this maid's eye,
The fountain spring of love with her had long, long since run dry;
If her heart ached with pain, I'm sure that no one ever knew,
It seemed though he were false to her, to him she still was true.
In springtime when the flowers bloom, beneath the same old tree
At eventide quite often this sad maiden you can see:
The leaves from off a flower she plucks, just as in other days,
And as they flutter one by one, I hear the maiden say'. - Chorus.