

His Only One - song lyrics

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HIS ONLY ONE.

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Words and Music by M. Harry Michaels.

In an old rustic cot by the millside dwelt a feeble old man and his child,
A beautiful lass, with oh! such grace, but tears now dimmed her bright eyes.
"Tell me, oh, tell me, my loved one, what has happened this day?
You have not looked so pale and sad since mother passed away."

Chorus.

She was his only one, pride of the old man's heart;
From the cradle he'd nursed and watched her, as the years drew slowly apart.
With a heart full of hope and joy, proudly he tailored on;
He was fond of his darling Lucy, for she was his only one.

Next evening the miller, returning, found the cottage-door closed;
Not even the light was a-burning, and all seem'd dull and cold.
On the old kitchen table was a sad little note that told all:
"Father, I've sinn'd, I can't bear the shame; forgive me, I come no more."

Chorus.

She was his only one, pride of the old man's heart;
What was life worth now to him, now that they were apart?
With a dull heart And weary tread, sadly he labored on;
All seemed dark within his soul, she was his only one.

Well, a few lonely weeks passed away, the old man came suddenly ill;
No one there to watch o'er him, not a sound save the gushing rill.
"Lucy, oh, Lucy, where are you?" But there came no reply;
Then all is still within that cot, that cot by the millside.

Chorus.

She was his only one, pride of the old man's heart:
From the cradle he'd nursed and watched her, as the years drew slowly apart.
'Tis a story that's often told, still it goes on And on;
She was the apple of his eye, she was his only one.