

# Ask Her To Forgive Me - song lyrics

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

ASK HER TO FORGIVE ME.

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Words And Mush: by Fred Colin.

A man was sitting in the park,  
Watching the Children play,  
Among them there was a little girl,  
Light-hearted, blithe and gay:  
He called the maid up to his side,  
"Pray tell to me your name?"  
The child replied two little words,  
He hung his head in shame.  
"I knew your mother well, my child,  
I loved her more than life,  
I led her to the altar,  
She became my darling wife,  
But troubles came between us,  
Jealously drove us apart:  
I know it caused her bitter pain,  
And nearly broke my heart."

Chorus.

"Tell her that I love her still, no matter where I roam;

Tell her since she's gone from me I've found no peace nor home;

Ask her to come back to me and brighten up my life;

A-k her to forgive me and become again my wife."

The child looked in the stranger's face.

The tears stood in her eyes,

"And so you are my papa.

For whom mamma always cries;

Come quick with me, I take you where

She works so haul all day."

A sigh escaped the stranger,

As the child led on the way;

She stopped before a Little cot,

"Now you must wait out here

Until I give your message

To the one we both love dear."

He thought he heard a loud, "Thank God!

Thy children now are blessed;"

The door gave way. as in a dream,

His wife lay on his breast. - chorus.