

I Was Once Your Wife - song lyrics

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I WAS ONCE YOUR WIFE.

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Words by Raymond A. Browne. Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

The court had opened session and a woman stood in tears
Before the learned judge so stern and cold;
And tho' her locks were tinged with gray, 'twas not the gray of years.
Ah, no; her face another story told.
The charge was but a trifling one, but with a down-cast glance
She begged in voice born of an anxious dread,
That sentence be suspended, and for just another chance,
Then in a tone of anguish sadly said:

Chorus.

You are rich, and respected; I am an outcast now,
Reaping the bitter harvest of a broken wedding vow;
But in the past you loved me, and tho' I marred your life,
Temper your Justice with mercy, for I was once your wife.

The court-room filled with wonder, and his Honor sat amazed,.
Then, searchingly, he scanned the woman's face,
Their eyes met, and he saw she spoke the truth, for as he gazed
Each once loved feature he could dimly trace.
"You are discharged," he murmured, "for although you've stained my
'Tis God must judge, not I, your sin that day. [life,
Here, take this gold, I can't forget that you were once my wife.
The past seemed speaking when I heard you say:" - Chorus.