

New York: Published at ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, No. 201 Broadway,





He seem'd to feel when at my feet,

The rapture of delight,

His eyes were lit with joyousness,

When mine were glad and bright;

He watch'd me in the festive hall,

He trembled if I mov'd;

But softly the his whisper fell,

He never said he lov'd.

He left his home for sunny climes,
Full many years had past;
And the hopes that fann'd my spirit flame,
Had faded all at last:
He came, the wealth of other lands
Had crown'd him as he rov'd,
A Star was shining on his breast,
And then he said he lov'd.