

MY OWN ONE SONG

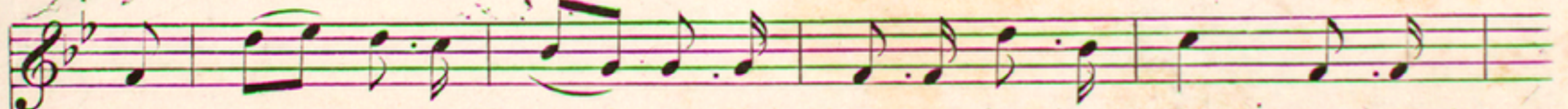
Adapted to a Favorite

Scotch Air

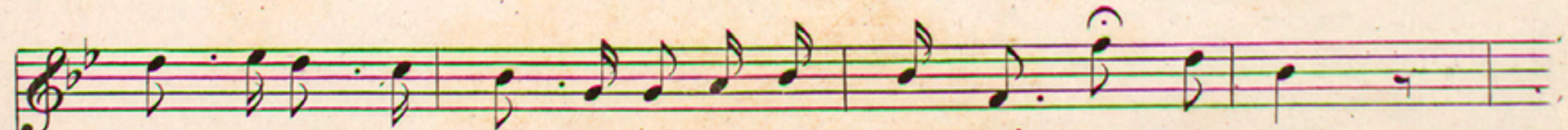
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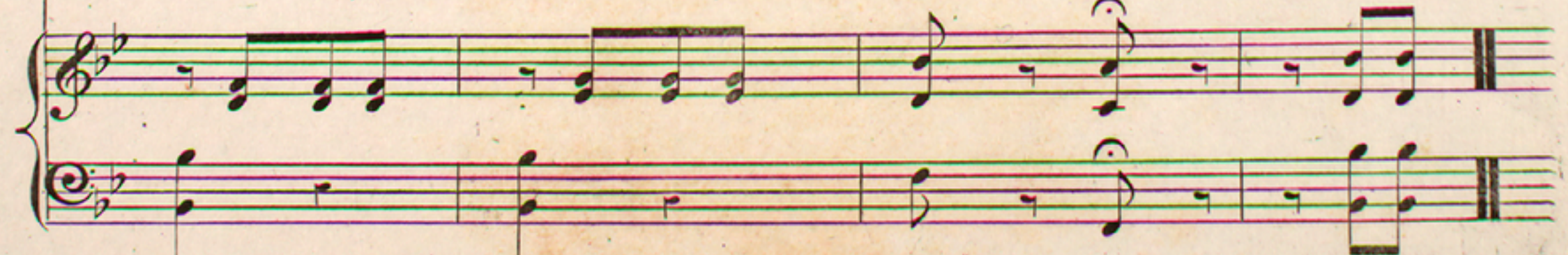
MODERATO.



My own one! My own one! Whom I have lov'd so well; With thy



ra-ven hair, and gen-tle smile, And thy bright eyes si-lent spell;



Oh! what is this cold world to us, 'Mid such a fate as ours? A

shadow o'er love's sunny path, A blight on fancy's flow'rs.

2

My own one! my own one!
 When I woo'd with song and vow,
 Though thy beauty woke my spirits pride,
 Thou were not so dear as now.
 I lov'd thee then, that others prais'd
 The charms which I had won;
 But now, when they forget to gaze,
 'Tis for thyself alone!

3

My own one! my own one!
 Though thy beauty may decay,
 Still the flow'ry fetters round my heart,
 Can ne'er be torn away;
 Thine eye may lose its look of light,
 Less lure the world may see,
 But thou wilt still be fair and dear
 My own one! Unto me.