

Connie Dover, My Dearest Dear

My Dearest dear, the time is near when I and you must part
And no one knows the inner grief of my poor aching heart.
Or what I suffer for your sake, for the one I love so dear.
I wish that I could go with you or you could tarry here.

I wish my heart were made of glass, that in it I might behold
Your name in secret I would write letters of bright gold
Your name in secret I would write, pray believe me when I say
You are the one that I love best until my dying day.

Mo gra thu, a stoirin (I love you, my Darling)

And when you're on some distant shore think on your absent friend
And when the wind blows high and clear, a line or two pray send
And when the wind blows high and clear, pray send it, love, to me
That I may know by your hand write how times have gone with thee

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