

# The Stanley Brothers, Lonesome Night

In the pale moonlight we quarreled one night  
Our hearts were young and free  
I left her there and on that night  
I thought she was two-timing me

On a lonesome night so far from home  
I heard a mournful sound  
The girl I love is calling me  
She thinks I turned her down

She begged me not to leave her there  
She swore that she'd been true  
But a jealous heart cannot believe  
Oh how I long for you