The Queen of Hearts.



To the Queen of Hearts he's the Ace of sorrow, He is here today, he is gone tomorrow; Young men are plenty, but sweet-hearts few, If my love leave me, what shall I do?

When my love comes in I gaze not around, When my love goes out, I fall in a swound; To meet is pleasure, to part is sorrow, He is here today, he is gone tomorrow.

Had I the store in yonder mountain, Where gold and silver is had for counting, I could not count, for the thought of thee, My eyes so full that I could not see.

I love my father, I love my mother, I love my sister, I love my brother, I love my friends, my relations too, But I'd leave them all for the love of you. My father left me both house and land, And servants many at my command; At my commandment they ne'er shall be, I'll forsake them all to follow thee.

An Ace of sorrow to the Queen of Hearts, O how my bosom bleeds and smarts; Young men are plenty, but sweet-hearts few, If my love leave me, what shall I do?