

I've lived with you six months, John, and so far
I've been true ;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer
man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't
much to say ;
There's han'somer men than me go past here
every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the
han'some kind ;
But a *lovin'er* man than I was I guess she'll
never find.

Curse her ! curse her ! I say, and give my curses
wings !

May the words of love I've spoke be changed to
scorpion stings !

Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied
my heart of doubt,