

If sorrow be thine, oh ! cease to repine,
For mine thou shalt always be.
Oh ! breathe not a sigh, though I am not nigh,
I love thee, I love but thee.

Though oceans divide us and fortune deride us,
No two are more near than we ;
Our hearts close are beating in tenderest greeting ;
I love thee, I love but thee.

I ask not of Fate a lordly estate,
Or position of high degree ;
I ask her alone to grant me my own ;
I love thee, I love but thee.
