

THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT.

J. M. WHITE.

lone - ly,
own thee,
Jo - sus -
on - ly;

on - ly,
on - ly,
Jo - sus -
on - ly.

on - ly,
on - ly,
Jo - sus -
on - ly.

on - ly,
on - ly,
Jo - sus -
on - ly.

on - ly,
on - ly,
Jo - sus -
on - ly.

on - ly,
on - ly,
Jo - sus -
on - ly.

on - ly,
on - ly,
Jo - sus -
on - ly.

on - ly,
on - ly,
Jo - sus -
on - ly.

on - ly,
on - ly,
Jo - sus -
on - ly.

on - ly,
on - ly,
Jo - sus -
on - ly.

1. Where are the friends that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, long a -
2. Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head, Long, long a - go, long a -
3. Now I look back on the days of my youth, Long, long a - go, long a -

go? Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer, Long, long a -
go; Oh! how I wept when I found she was dead, Long, long a -
go, I was no stranger to vir - tue and truth, Long, long a -

go, long a - go? Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low;
go, long a - go; She was an an - gel, my love and my guide,
go, long a - go; Oh! for the hopes that were pure as the day;

Hopes that I cherished are fled from me now; I am de -
Vain - ly to save me from ru - in she tried; Poor broken
Oh! for the love that was pur - er than they; Oh! for the

grad - ed, for rum was my foe, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
heart, it was well that she died, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
hours that I squandered a - way, Long, long a - go, long a - go.