

I mind me of a pleasant day
That gilded like a dream away,
When thou wert by my side, my love,
And vowed to be my bride, my love ;

Farewell, farewell, oh Ella fair,
Farewell to thee and thine.

Weeping I fill this goblet up,
Weeping, I quaff the wine.

Oh, falseer than the win'ls that blow
When autumn's leaves are pale and low,
Are woman's vows and woman's heart,
But wine a solace may impart.

Farewell, farewell oh Ella fair,
Farewell to thee and thine ;

Dreaming, I fill this goblet up,
Dreaming, I quaff the wine.