

E'er in life to love you less; No— my fancy nev - er ran - ges,

Hopes like mine can never soar, If the love I cherish changes, 'Twill but

be to love you more, to love you more! 'Twill but be— 'Twill but be to love you

more!

2  
 Though the world hath many sorrows,  
 And perchance they may be ours,  
 Love from tears a brightness borrows,  
 Like the earth from summer show'rs;  
 We will share our griefs and gladness,  
 In the future as of yore;  
 And in all your hours of sadness,  
 Dearest, *then* I'll love you more,  
 I'll love you more! Dearest, *then*—  
 Dearest, *then* I'll love you more!

DEAREST THEN, I'LL LOVE YOU MORE!

3  
 Youth may pass, but ask not whether,  
 When you're old I'll love as true;  
 Shall we not grow old together,  
 And time's changes mark *me* too?  
 Life may cease, but then to heaven  
 Will my pure affection soar,  
 Yes—when freed from earthly leaven,  
 Dearest, *then*, I'll love you more!  
 I'll love you more! Dearest, *then*—  
 Dearest, *then* I'll love you more!