

The Dear Companion

Cecil Sharpe, Appalachian collection

I once did have a dear companion
Indeed I thought his love my own
Until a black-eyed girl betrayed me
And then he cares no more for me

Just go leave me if you wish to
It will never trouble me
For in your heart you love another
And in my grave I'd rather be

Last night while you were sweetly sleeping
Dreaming of some sweet repose
While me a poor girl broken hearted
Listen to the wind that blows

When I see your babe a laughing
It makes me think of your sweet face
But when I see your babe a crying
It makes me think of my disgrace
It makes me think of my disgrace