Her Lovers - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

HER LOVERS.

My first, my very first, his name was Will.-
A handsome fellow, fair, with airline hair
And lovely eyes. I have his locket still.
He went to Galveston and settled there-
At least, I heard so. Ah, dear me- dear me!
How terribly in love he used to-be!

The second, Robert Hill, he told his love
The first night that we met. 'Twas at a ball-
A foolish boy. He carried off my glove.
We sat out half the dances in the hall,
And flirted in the most outrageous way.
Ah, me I how mother scolded all next day.

The third woke up my heart. From night till morn,
From morn till night again I dreamed of him;
I treasured up a rosebud he had worn;
My tears and kisses made his picture dim.
Strange that I cannot feel the old, old flame,
When I remember Paul-that was his name.

The fourth and fifth were brothers-twins at that;
Good fellows,-kind, devoted, clever, too.
'Twas rather shabby to refuse them flat-
Both in one day; but what else could I do?
My heart was still with Paul, and he had gone
Yacht sailing with the Misses Garretson!

He never cared for me-I found that out-
Despite the foolish clingings of my hope;
A few months proved it beyond a doubt.
I steeled my heart; I would not pine or mope,
But masked myself in gayety, and went
To grace his wedding when the cards were sent.

So those are all my lovers. My husband? Oh,
I met him down in Florida one Fall-
Rich, middle-aged, and prosy, as you know:
He asked me, I accepted; that is all.
A kind, good soul; he worships me; but then
I never count him in with other men.