Ben Bolt's Reply - song lyrics

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BEN BOLT'S REPLY.

Oh, yes, I remember her name with delight,
Sweet Alice, so cherished and dear;
I seek her grave in the pale hour of night,
And moisten the turf with a tear.
And when the heart is o'erburdened with woes
I wander and muse all alone,
And long for the time when my heart shall repose
Where sweet Alice lies, under the stone.

I roam through the woods, where so joyous we've strayed,
And recline on the green, sunny hill;
All things are bright in that beautiful glade,
But my heart is all lonely and chill.
The hand that so fondly I pressed in my own,
And the lips that were melting with love,
Are cold in the grave and I am left all alone.
Till I meet with sweet Alice above.

Ah, well I remember the school-house and brook,
And the master so kind and so true;
The wild, blooming flowers in the cool, shady nook,
As fragrant with incense and dew:
But I weep not for thee, though so dear to my heart.
Or the friends that have left me alone,
The bosom will heave, and the tear-drop start,
For sweet Alice lies under the stone.