Ethelinda - song lyrics

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ETHELINDA.
Copyright, 1890, by Chas. F. Pidgin, Boston.
Words by Chas. F. Pidgin. Music by Louis Weiler.

Oh! Ethelinda, Ethelinda!
I love thee more than life; say, wilt thou be my wife?

May I not hope-give me a year in which to wait and trust,
That love so true may me endear; you'll love me then, you must;
Your form and face, your matchless grace, are mirrored in my heart;
Nor tongue confess, r.or words express, my grief if we must part-
Nor tongue confess, nor words express, my grief if we must part.

Chorus.
Oh! Ethelinda. Ethelinda; my own, my darling Ethelinda
I'll love thee as my life, and thou wilt be my wife.
Oh! joy, my Ethelinda, Ethelinda!

Recall the day, a year ago-have you forgetful grown
That words of love, with passion's glow, my ardent hopes made known?
I thought that then you loved me when you placed your hand in mine;
Another came and spoke the same-my nope I'll not resign.
Another came and spoke the same-my hope I'll not resign.- Chorus.

You turn your head away, and weep sweet tears of joy, you say.
May I this hand that's trembling keep, to all my hopes repay?
Nor wait a year, but, darling, here say you will be my wife.
Sweet recompense, oh! bliss intense, that kiss binds us for life-
Sweet recompense, oh! bliss intense, that kiss binds us for life.-Chorus.