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# Sweetheart May.

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# SWEETHEART MAY.

Sung by MISS VESTA TILLEY.

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Long ago an angel I knew, if ever a one was seen,  
She was a bonny sweet child of eight and I was just eighteen,  
And ev'ry night she'd sit on my knee,  
Her arms around my neck and say,  
"I love you, I love you, and when I grow big—  
Now promise to marry your May.

Chorus:—

Sweetheart May, when you grow up one day  
You may marry another and my love betray;  
But I'll wait for you and then we shall see  
What you will do when I ask you to marry me.

Went one day to countries away, to lands over sea to tread  
Trials and troubles of life I met as years lay on my head,  
But ev'ry night I'd think of that child,  
Her smile and her young love-sigh;  
I longed just to see her grown up sweet eighteen,  
My May of the days gone by.

Chorus.

I came back again and I found her at last,  
To a beautiful woman grown,  
I ask'd her to think of those old happy days,  
But the mem'ry was mine alone:  
I stood there before her, I sang the old song  
She could not recall it, I begg'd her to try.  
She said, "I forget you, besides we must part—  
To-morrow I'm going to be married, good-bye!"

Chorus.

*Optional Finale.—Spoken.*

I found her the same "Sweetheart May" I had pictured in  
my dreams in lands over the sea. I gave her my hand in the hope  
that she would greet me as of old, but I was forgotten—I said,  
"May, don't you remember me? Can't you recall the time when  
you asked me to wait until you grew to be a woman that I might  
marry you? And don't you remember the little song I used to  
sing you" I sang her the song once again, but no! she only said,  
"I cannot recall you nor do I remember the song. Besides, we  
must part, to-morrow I am to be married—Good-bye!"—"Married!  
to-morrow! Oh, May!—but there—God bless you, May—Good-bye."

Chorus.