When Lovers Rove Away

Music by John S. Porter

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WHEN LOVERS ROVE AWAY.

Words from the Despatch. 

Music by JOHN S. PORTER.

They met each other in the glade She lifted up her eyes, A
-lack the day, -lack the maid, She blush'd with sweet surprise, A-

-alas! alas! The woe that comes from lifting up the eyes,

pail was full the path was steep, He reach'd to her his hand; She
summer sun shone fairly down, The wind blew from the South; As
felt her warm young pulses leap, But did not understand,

His kiss fell on her mouth, Alas, alas, The woe that comes from clasping of the hand.

blue eyes gazed on eyes of brown, His kiss fell on her mouth, Alas, alas, The woe that comes from kissing on the mouth.

And now the autumn time is near The lover roves away, With
breaking heart and falling tear, She sits the live long day, A-

-las, a-las, for breaking hearts when lovers rove a-way.