

## My Love Irene

Farewell, farewell, my love Irene;  
The pangs of sadness stir my breast;  
Though many miles may intervene,  
My soul's with thine, in East or West.  
Go where thou wilt, to wealth or fame;  
Win for thyself or praise or blame, —  
My love shall ever be the same,  
My love Irene.

Farewell, farewell, my love Irene;  
Oh, sad decree, that we must part!  
The wound is deep, the pain is keen  
That agitates mine aching heart.  
My feverish eyes burn up their tears;  
I cannot still my doubts and fears;  
And this one sigh the night wind hears, —  
My love Irene.

Farewell, farewell, my love Irene;  
The morning's gray now floods the sky;  
The sun peeps from his misty screen;  
Mine only love, good-bye, good-bye.  
All love must fade, all life must die,  
The smile must turn into the sigh.  
Alas! how hard to say good-bye,  
My love Irene.