

My lodging it is on the cold ground, And oh! very hard is my

fare, But that which troubles me most, is The un - kindness of my dear.

Yet still I cry, "O turn, Love," And "Prithee, Love, turn to me, For

thou art the man that I long for, And a - lack! what re - me - dy!"

*cresc.* - - - - - *f* *p*