

My lodg-ing, it is on the cold ground, And oh! very hard is my

fare, But that which grieves me more, love, Is the cold - ness of my dear.

Yet still he cried, O turn, love, I pray thee, love, turn to me, For

thou art the on - ly girl, love, That art a-dor'd by me.

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