

411**"My Dearest Dear"**

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My Dearest dear, the time is near when I and you must
part

And no one knows the inner grief of my poor aching
heart.

Or what I suffer for your sake, for the one I love so
dear.

I wish that I could go with you or you could tarry here.

I wish my heart were made of glass, that in it I might
behold

Your name in secret I would write letters of bright gold

Your name in secret I would write, pray believe me
when I say

You are the one that I love best until my dying day.

Mo gra thu, a stoirin (I love you, my Darling)

And when you're on some distant shore think on your
absent friend

And when the wind blows high and clear, a line or two
pray send

And when the wind blows high and clear, pray send it,
love, to me

That I may know by your hand write how times have
gone with thee

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part

And no one knows the inner grief of my poor aching
heart

Or what I suffer for your sake, for the one I love so dear

I wish that I could go with you or you could tarry here

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