

## Connie Dover "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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