The Lonely One

Ballad

Written by

John Oxenford

Composed by

G. A. MacFarren.

25¢ net.

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A. S. Rodriquez

120 St. Paul's
Toronto.
THE LONELY ONE

as sung by

MISS CATHARINE HAYES.

I am lonely! I am lonely! In the crowd that passes by,

There is not a form can wa-ken, E'en a sparkle in my
eye;

There are many gaily smiling, But no smile can I re-
turn, There are some oppress'd with sorrow, I am mov'd not when they

mourn. Like a host of mocking spec-tres, Is that hu-sy va-ried

throng, And it pas-ses but to tell me, That my heart has died too
young.

Oh it is not when the tear-drop trickles softly down the cheek,
'Tis not when the heart throbs wildly, And we feel that it will break,  
'Tis not when the lovd ones dying, Fate has
dealt the hardest blow. There's a dull and deadly suffering Still re-

mains for us to know; And this suffering I have reach'd it Joys and

sorrows now are gone, Nought but memory is left me, I am

Cadenza ad lib.

Ah........... I'm a lone.

lone-ly, I'm........... a lone.