

The Queen Of Hearts

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To the Queen of hearts
Is the Ace of sorrow
He's here today
He's gone tomorrow

Young men are plenty
But sweethearts few
If my love leaves me
What shall I do

And I have a story
In yonder mountain
Where gold and silver
Is there for the counting

I could not count
For thought of thee
My eyes so full
I could not see

I love my father
I love my mother
I love my sister
I love my brother

I love my friends
And relatives too
I'll forsake them all
And go with you

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