

# 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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