A blossom fell from off a tree; A blossomi fell fromi off a tree; It settled softly on the lips you turned to me. The gypsies say, and I know why, A falling blossom only touches lips that lie.

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A blossom fell, and very soon
I saw you kissing someone new beneath the moon.
I thought you loved me; you said you loved me,
We planned together to dream forever,
The dream has ended, for true love died
The night a blossom fell and touched two lips that lied.