



I heard them first in that sweet home
I never more shall see,
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintive turn for me;
Alas! its vain in winter time
To mock the songs of spring;
Each note recalls some wither'd leaf,
I'm saddest when I sing.

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Of all the friends I us'd to love,
My harp remains alone,
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own:
My tears when I bend over it
Will fall upon its string,
Yet those who hear me little think
I'm saddest when I sing.

I'm saddert when & Guitar