

Dearest Dear

Anna Ternheim

My dearest dear, the time draws near
When you and I must part
And no one knows the inner grief
Of my poor aching heart

Just to see how I suffered for your sake
You are my love so dear

I wish your breast was made of glass
And in it I'd behold
Your name in secret I would write
In letters of bright gold

Your name in secret I would write
Pray believe me when I say
That you're the one that I love best
Until my dying day

And when you're on some distant shore
Think on your absent friend
And when the wind blows high and clear
A line or two pray send

And when the wind blows high and clear
Pray to send it love to me
That I shall know by your hand write
How times have gone with thee