

(Second verse)

If love is a thorn, they show no wit Who fool-ish-ly hug and fos-ter

it. If love is a weed, how sim-ple they Who ga-ther it day by

day! If love is a net-tle that makes you smart, Then why do you wear it next your

heart? And if it be none of these, say I,— Ah, why do you sit and — sob and

riten.

day; For I_ am blithe and I_ am gay. Think of the gulf_'twixt them_ and
CHORUS. *f* For she is blithe and she is gay, *p* For she is

me, Think of the gulf_'twixt them and me, Fal la la la
blithe and gay, For she is blithe and gay,

ad lib.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, and mi - se - riel
Ah, mi - se - riel
f a tempo