I'm wild again, beguiled again, a simpering, whimpering could-n't sleep and would-n't sleep when love came and told me I

child a-gain, be-witched, both-ered and be-wil-dered am I.

I wil-dered am I.

Lost my heart, but what of it. He is cold, I a-gree.

He can laugh, but I love it, al-though the

laugh's on me. I'll sing to him, each

spring to him, and long for the day when I'll cling to him, be-

witched, both-ered and be-wil-dered am I.

FINE

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I'm wild again, guiled again, a simpering, whimpering
couldn't sleep and wouldn't sleep when love came and told me I

child again, bewitched, both-er'd and be-wil-dered am I.

shouldn't sleep, bewitched, both-er'd and be-

I wil-dered am I.

Lost my heart, but what of it. He is cold, I a-
gree.

He can laugh, but I love it, al-though the

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