Teach, Oh Teach Me to Forget: A Favorite German Melody

Henry R. Bishop

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To her caverns pure and deep,
And a forc'd smile only wakes them,
From the shadows.

Friends depart, and memory takes them,
To her caverns pure and deep,
And a forc'd smile only wakes them,
From the shadows.
Beneath the bow'rs, where they sleep,
Who shall school the heart's affection?

Twas with them I sat there last;
Weave me not spring's early flow'rs,
They'll remind me of the past:
Music seems like mournful wailing,
In the halls where we have met;
Mirth's gay call is unavailing,
Teach, oh, teach me to forget.

One who hopelessly remembers,
Cannot bear a dawning light;
He would rather watch the embers,
Of a love that once was bright:
Who shall school the heart's affection?
Who shall banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh, teach me to forget.