The Lover

My hearts last life blood I would sell

For one draught of your love is red wine,

I would wait through a thousand years of hell

For the touch of your lips on mine.

I the glories of earth and Heaven above

God gave unto me for dower

I would forfeit them all to win your love

For one brief ecstatic hour!

I woke and said in my joy “O sun you shine for me,

For me are the birds in song and the blossoms on the tree

For me flowers gem the meadows and the earth is young and glad

Who in a world so lovely, could be lonely or sad?

I met my only love, and he looked and passed me by

The singing birds fall silent, the light went from the sky,

Each tender blossom shriveled beneath that look so cold

I walked neath skies of winter in a world sad and cold.