

Rue

What aileth my love?
What sorrows oppress her heart?
O angels that dwell above,
Yours gladness to her impart,
Whisper low to my love,
Till songs from her sweet lips start
bleerily, cheerily.

She droopeth her heavy head
like a lily weighted with rain,
The rose from her cheeks has fled
ah, when will it bloom again?
She museth upon the dead,
Dreaming and sighing in vain
Drearily, drearily.

Her eyes of tender blue
Are misty with unshed tears,
Has she tasted life's bitter rue?
That her ~~is~~ heart is shadowed with fears,
That her smiles are sad and few,
That she gazeth adown the years,
Wearily, wearily?

Ivelai

Deep in the woodland spectral shadows grow,
The sombre trees loom dark amid the snow,
The stream ice-pent has hushed its rippling flow,
Sad from frozen wastes of horror sharp winds blow,
Sad nature shivers neath their icy blight.

My sad heart shares in Nature's wintry woe
Soon, ah how soon, youth's radiant blossoms go,
Life's bounding current falters sad and slow,
Our fairest hopes & highest aims brought low,
Are swallowed up in gloomy shades of night.

O come, sweet Hope, and with thy tender light
Put my dark thoughts & coward fears to flight,
Dispel the clouds of earth that dim my sight,
Strengthen my soul to reach the shining height
Where in God's presence, love and knowledge glow.

Come, Faith & Hope, and make my pathway bright
Then shall earth's shades no more my soul affright,
Then shall my heart receive new grace & might,
And life be crowned & blessed with blossoms white
Bright stars above, and fragrant flowers below.