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My youth and love, with life at its flood,
Were yours to take had you looked my way -
How could you guess that my heart wept blood
While eyes and voice were so gay!

The gift I gave you was thrown aside.
No longer I weep and agonize;
I pine no more for the kiss denied,
Nor am stabbed by your careless eyes.

Love, who never was lover of mine,
Was I not fair in those days gone by?
Were you so rich in love's precious wine
That your cruse could ne'er run dry?

My wine of life was spilled at your feet -
Heart and soul of me both were yours!
Well! Even to love in vain is sweet.
Pain passes, but love endures.

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