

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 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 fell silent, the light went from
the sky,

Each tender blossom shrivelled beneath that look so cold;
I walked neath skies of winter in a world sad and
cold.

