Rue

What aileth my love?

What sorrows oppress her heart?

Angels that dwell above,

Your gladness to her impart,

Whisper low to my love,

Till songs from her sweet lips start

Cheerily, cheerily

She droopeth her heavy head

Like a lily weighted with rain,

The rose from her cheek has fled

Ah, when will it bloom again?

She museth upon the dead,

Dreaming and sighing in vain

Dreamily, drearily.

Her eyes of tender blue

Are misty with unshed tears, -

Has she tasted life’s bitter rue ~~?~~

That her heart is shadowed with fears,

That her smiles are sad and few,

That she gazeth adown the years,

Wearily, wearily?

Vivelai

Dep in the woodland spectral shadows grow,

The somber 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 theirs icy bright.

My sad heart share in nature’s wintry woe –

Soon, ah how soon, youth’s radiant blossoms go,

Life’s bonding current falters sad around 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

But my dark thoughts + coward fears to flight

Despite the clouds of 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.