

Could I sing you a song
Of the beautiful dead,
Who forever is laid
In that lonely bed,
Such a song—such a song would I sing ;
So wildly and bitterly sad would it be,
So bitterly sad, Oh your tears it would bring,
Heard you only the song I would sing.

But I croon me a song
Of my hopes and my fears,
Of my trials and cares,
'Mid fast flowing tears,
Such a song—such a song do I sing ;
It is strangely and utterly sad to me,
So utterly sad, Oh your tears it must bring,
Heard you only the song that I sing.

