

Beneath her gracious shade
 The children laughed and played
 And rich on every shoot
 Hung purple fruit.

*O vine, vine, vine,
 Tell of the evil worm that pierced
 The roots of the vine with the thousand branches.*

Now far and wide, on every side,
 The vine had gathered fame,
 When one black night to Heart's Delight
 An evil creature came,
 A noisome, creeping thing,
 Armed with a deadly sting,
 The gardeners marked it not
 Invade the sacred spot,
 But all too soon they found
 Death in the ground.

Ah, woe is me! For who could see
 Such piteous wreck, nor mourn?
 The leafy crown all sere and brown,
 The strength and beauty shorn,
 Ay, even Heart's Delight
 Itself, a sorry sight,
 Its walls of square-hewn stone
 Utterly overthrown,
 While thorn and sand o'erspread
 Path, border, bed.

*O vine, vine, vine,
 Sing of the hope in the heart of a man,
 And of life that was hid in the heart of a vine!*