

SCHUBERT'S LIFE, LOVE AND SONG

Had I been Fortune's favored child,
What my heart held I might have told,
And on my cause she might have smiled;
But honor bade me all withhold.
And so for her a song I wrote,
And breathed my love in every note.

And then a thought came surging strong.
It held me with its potent spell;
I would go sing to her my song,
The glory of my "Swan Song" tell.
At eventide, as serenade,
I'd sing to her from out the shade.

I trod through star-swept ways of light,
I passed along the silver mere;
I paused where moonbeams shimmered bright,
The night winds whispered, "She is near;"
And there to my beloved I sang,
With love's appeal the welkin rang.

To her, my hope, my soul, my love,
In song was carried on a wave,
As light through darkness from above,
Came her sweet face, so sad, so grave,
And from her hand dropped down a flower,
This treasure of my darkest hour.