

## SCHUBERT'S LIFE, LOVE AND SONG

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She is my life, my light, my friend,  
The lodestar of my troubled soul;  
Only the hours with her I spend  
I truly live, is life made whole;  
All other times are barren, grey,  
A sunless waste, a lonely way.

My stammering speech she understands,  
Where tongue doth fail, her bright eye sees;  
She then doth bid me with my hands,  
To talk to her upon the keys;  
For then, o'er realms I reign alone,  
I am king upon a throne.

And when I play at her behest.  
To all the tide of love impent,  
And smouldering deep within my breast.  
I do in song give vent, give vent;  
What faltering lips dare not impart,  
I tell in strains of sweetest art.

And now to her a song I'll give,  
The impulse doth my being thrill;  
A song, a song, my heart to live,  
When her loved voice and mine are still;  
And love, deep love, shall be its breath,  
Immortal love, more strong than death.