

Chanson

O, I would teach my voiceless lute to sing
A golden-throated song of love for you
A song of slender willows and a moon
That drenches them with liquid silver fire
And stars, forever drowned within a pool
That glimmers in its mystic darkened depths
And little winds that run on dancing feet
To rustle through the leaves that wait for them.
Tall scarlet poppies flaunting in the sun
A single tree upon a lonely hill
The ocean foaming white upon the beach
That reaches out its arms to touch the waves.
O, I would teach my voiceless lute to sing
Exquisite little songs to melt your heart.

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