

There was a man
Who loved a girl
Whose father said "You cannot marry her,
I forbid it. You will not be my son,
Or my heir,
And you will be dead to me."

So the man said
"But my father,
There is love in my heart,
And beauty in my soul,
So be it.
I will marry her."

To have heart and soul,
To know you will be disinherited,
To go against your father,
For love?

Wouldn't that be admirable and wondrous?
Wouldn't that be the stuff of poetry and stories?

There was a man
Who loved a girl
Whose king said "You cannot marry her,
I forbid it. You will not be my subject,
Or my citizen,
And you will be executed."

So the man said
"But my lord,
There is love in my heart,
And beauty in my soul,
So be it.
I will marry her."

To have heart and soul,
To know you will be killed,
To go against your king,
For love?

Wouldn't that be admirable and wondrous?
Wouldn't that be the stuff of poetry and stories?

There was a man
Who loved a girl
To whom the LORD spake, saying "THOU SHALT NOT MARRY HER,
I FORBID THEE. THOU SHALT NOT BE WORTHY IN MY SIGHT,
THOU SHALT NOT ENTER HEAVEN,
THOU SHALT BE DAMNED."

So the man said
"But, oh LORD,
There is love in my heart,
And beauty in my soul,
So be it.
I will marry her."

To have heart and soul,
To believe in Heaven and Hell,
Yet face damnation,
To go against even God,
For love?

Wouldn't that be admirable and wondrous?
Wouldn't that be the stuff of poetry and stories?