

Oh how sad to be so lonely,  
Your own your one and only,  
When you wish "M'love to hold me,  
To embrace me, and to know me."

When you vow to wine and dance her,  
Sing your heart and to entrance her,  
And with passion, to romance her,  
But the world declines to answer,

For the chill seems crime's atonement,  
But be still your heart a moment,  
Turn the sullenness you foment,  
Into peace, a garden grows in it.

Earth has all sorts of love-kind things,  
Rose petals and strange road windings,  
Sad stories and good friend tidings,  
It's wrong to grant them no mindings.

Because your lady isn't some high elf,  
Or found behind some too-wide shelf,  
You'll find her when you find, I tell,  
How truly you might love yourself.