# Threnody

Lilacs blossom just as sweet

Now my heart is shattered.

If I bowled it down the street,

Who’s to say it mattered?

If there’s one that rode away

What would I be missing?

Lips that taste of tears, they say,

Are the best for kissing.

Eyes that watch the morning star

Seem a little brighter;

Arms held out to darkness are

Usually whiter.

Shall I bar the strolling guest,

Bind my brow with willow,

When, they say, the empty breast

Is the softer pillow?

That a heart falls tinkling down,

Never think it ceases.

Every likely lad in town

Gathers up the pieces.

If there’s one gone whistling by

Would I let it grieve me?

Let him wonder if I lie;

Let him half believe me.