

# Gyllene Tider, 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 girl in town  
Gathers up the pieces  
If there's one gone whistling by  
Would I let it grieve me  
Let her wonder if I lie  
Let her half believe me