

# Al Stewart, A Long Way Down From Stephanie

Maid, truly I see  
Now it must be a long way down  
And with love's burnt shore  
Must all dalliance hither  
Crumble and wither

Oh strange,  
Methought it strange  
Thou couldst deprive me of my crown  
Thou cast upon me as linden bears fruit of bitter strain

And I would go forsooth to the dragon's tooth  
If thus a chance were gained  
To resurrect that part of your wanton heart  
To whose grave my own is chained

And hold, ere thou dost go  
Were not thy moments gilded too?  
And in honesty didst thou not measure for measure  
Countenance pleasure?

Cold wert thou so cold  
Lest thy mind be frozen too  
And will not spring be reborn  
But might the sun for the frost here  
That all be not lost herein

And I would rather, zounds  
It were hell's own hounds  
Whose foul breath upon my face  
Did portent my doom  
Than to bear the gloom  
Of a world stripped of thy grace

And so in truth I know  
Yes it will be a long way down  
And if go thou must  
Ere we should meet accidental  
Prithee be gentle  
And though distant now  
Perchance the hand of time may soothe  
And though lost at six  
If I should live to be seven I might forget Stephanie