

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire, A Woman's Life And Love

Since I first saw him, I think myself blind
I look around me and it's only him I see
His image floats before me so gentle and so kind
He has got a clear mind and firm courage
Oh, ring upon my finger, little golden ring
Devoutly I press you to my lips and to my heart
Sisters come adorn me, banish foolish fear
Twine upon my furrowed brow the blossoming myrtle
I serve him and live for him belong wholly to him
Give myself and find myself, transfigured by his brightness

Ring upon my finger, little golden ring
Devoutly I press you to my lips and to my heart
The blissful dream of childhood has ended
Now I drink delicious death with you my love
Now you have me caused me my first pain, that really hurt
You sleep, you hard cruel man, the sleep of death
The veil falls, the bell tolls, the black shawls, the carriage rolls
You, my whole world