

You haven't come, nor has the night of waiting gone

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Looking for you the morn has called again and again.

Time spent in madness was time well spent.
Though my heart suffered ravages untold.

I must have spent that night in the street of my love,
The night when the preacher with me did debate.

What did not even figure in the tale entire,
To that he has taken very grave offence.

No flowers no wine noi sight of my friend.
In what a queer way we've spent this spring.

What havoc in the garden has the flower-pluckier wrought?
Disturbed blew the breeze beside my cage to-day.