

A Long Way Down From Stephanie

Al Stewart

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