

Seven Long Years

Anthony Phillips

Seven long years have gone by,
Scattered on the wind,
Fortunes made and squandered,
Ardour's beacon growing dim.

Seven long years have now past
Neither glimpse nor word
Of the jewel that vanished
Though the case lay undisturbed.

Seven long years have I spent
Trying to forget,
But no man can banish
Heaven he has sought and met.

Through the trials and the tears
Still I cannot learn,
Ever hopeless dreaming
Perhaps some day you will return.