

## Wilde Love

King Charles

All men kill the thing they love  
By all let this, by all let this be heard [x2]

I never saw a man who looked with such a wistful eye  
Upon that little tent of blue which prisoners call the sky  
And at every drifting cloud that went with sails of silver by  
In Reading Gaol by Reading town there is a pit of shame  
And in it lies a wretched man eaten by teeth of flame  
The man had killed the thing he loved  
And so he had to die

All men kill the thing they love  
By all let this, by all let this be heard

Some kill their love when they are young  
And some when they are old  
Some strangle with the hands of Lust  
Some with the hands of Gold  
The kindest use a knife, because  
The dead so soon grow cold  
And there, till Christ call forth the dead,  
In silence let him lie  
No need to waste the foolish tear  
Nor heave the windy sigh  
The man had killed the thing he loved  
And so he had to die

All men kill the thing they love  
By all let this, by all let this be heard  
All men kill the thing they love  
By all let this, by all let this be heard

Some do it with a bitter look  
Some with a flattering word  
The coward does it with a kiss  
The brave man with a sword  
The man had killed the thing he loved  
And so he had to die

All men kill the thing they love  
By all let this, by all let this be heard