

So Shall Our Love Die

Strawbs

The rose buds are hard and firm;
Erect and proud they stand
On slender stems,
Wrapped in silk
And tied with a velvet ribbon.

"Tie the ribbon in my hair,"
She says,
"Your gentle touch upon my brow
Can make me close my eyes
In sleepy pleasure."

Low the candle burns
And flickers shadows on the wall;
It's crimson lips are closing
Round the flame.
As the flame dies
So shall our live die?

The roses stoop lower
As their petals fall.
So shall our love die?

"What is it,"
She says.
"Nothing,"
Say I,
"Nothing but the west wind,
The wind of change."