

How Shall I Woo Thee

How shall I woo thee to win the[sic], mine own?

Say in what tongue shall I tell of my love.

I who was fearless so timid have grown,

All that was eagle has turned into dove.

The path from the meadow that leads to the bars

Is more to me now than the path of the stars.

How shall I woo thee to win thee, mine own,

Thou who art fair and as far as the moon?

Had I the strength of the torrent's wild tone,

Had I the sweetness of warblers in June;

The strength and the sweetness might charm and persuade,

But neither have I my petition to aid.

How shall I woo thee to win thee, mine own?

How shall I traverse the distance between

My humble cot and your glorious throne?

How shall a clown gain the ear of a queen?

Oh teach me the tongue that shall please thee the best,

For till I have won thee my heart may not rest.