

Ballad

I know my love is true,
And oh the day is fair,
The sky is clear and blue,
The flowers are rich of hue,
The air I breathe is rare,
I have no grief or care;
For my own love is true,
And oh the day is fair.

My love is false I find,
And oh the day is dark.
Blows sadly down the wind,
While sorrow holds my mind;
I do not hear the lark,
For quenched is life's dear spark—
My love is false I find,
And oh the day is dark!

For love doth make the day

Or dark or doubly bright;

Her beams along the way

Dispel the gloom and gray.

She lives and all is bright,

She dies and life is night.

For love doth make the day,

Or dark or doubly bright.