

TWO GAOL SONGS
(To C. Day Lewis)

I.

Come, live with me and by my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
Of simple drink and hardy fare
And sheltered lives in narrow air.

I'll promise you a bridal cell
Of wondrous make to hld you well;
A number shall adorn your dress,
And batons your soft brow caress.

In our bed of ecstasies
We'll hear the lullaby of keys;
We'll wake, not to the crow of cocks,
But to the turning of the locks.

And Cupid shall be watching over
With his rifle on the tower.
If these delights your mind may move
Then live with me and be my love.

II.

O my love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June.
But granite walls hold us apart
And roses wither soon.

I see my love but once a month
And through an iron grille.
I cannot ask her to be true,
So young and lusty still.

And so our meetings grow more strange
With every passing day,
As we find less to bind us close
And less and less to say.

The obligations of the heart
Too soon become a chore;
Within a year, or maybe two,
My love will come no more.

And we will both be spared the sight
That neither wants to see,
— The marks which life will put on her
And gaol will put on me.

PETER KOCAN