When the land was white with moonlight, And the air was sweet with May:
I was so glad that
Love would last — Forever and a day,

When the land was white with moonlight,

And the air was sweet with May.
Now the land is white with winter, And the dead Love,
laid away, I am so glad Life cannot last, For,

ff dim.
ev er and a day.

ff dim.
p

B. M. Co 261

(Manchester–1893)