

Verses At Ellesmere

Words and music by Robin Williamson, Pig's Whisker Music

Because you wear the face of all women for me
I yearn for you with the yearning of all men
Along the faceless streets of shadowed England
Owning the broad daylight of my pain
Owning the broad daylight of my pain

Who can deal an order on God's ardour?
Who can out-shuffle every shift of the cards?
Among the tangled turns of nettled England
How sweetly blooms the rose among graveyards
How sweetly blooms the rose among graveyards

If love can clasp or fathom to some ultimate stand
Neither pity nor desire can tell
Among the lonesome crowds of familiar England
Knowing every kiss is a kiss of farewell
Knowing every kiss is a kiss of farewell

Wooden-loined, I praise the evergreenness of things
The patternlessness, the perfect lack of symmetry
Among the sad, sad markets of heartless England
Till my heart shall cease to seek to make bargains for me
Till my heart shall cease to seek to make bargains for me