

pass me by as stupid,
when the haze of summer days
announces summer burning,
out of sorts and feel my thoughts
overdawn go lightly turning.

while I know you'll bring me woe,
with heart light as a feather,
your dear call I give up all,
we may be together.
any time will fly! You say goodbye
with some word lightly spoken;
well you may be blithe and gay—