

## Seven Long Years

Anthony Phillips

Seven long years have gone by,  
Scattered on the wind,  
Fortunes made and squandered,  
Ardour's beacon growing dim.

Seven long years have now past  
Neither glimpse nor word  
Of the jewel that vanished  
Though the case lay undisturbed.

Seven long years have I spent  
Trying to forget,  
But no man can banish  
Heaven he has sought and met.

Through the trials and the tears  
Still I cannot learn,  
Ever hopeless dreaming  
Perhaps some day you will return.