

Winter of My Discontent

Immortal Souls

Alas!
That I shall now die,
Not for deed or belief;
All I've been is glory,
Fear shall not embrace me.

Behold!
That I'm not for this,
Nor my mouth says of grief;
Kingdom for heartfelt love,
Passed are all that was formal.

Now is the winter of my discontent,
Made glorious by this sun of north;
All the clouds that lowered upon me,
Are fallen and deep snow buried.

Now is the winter of my discontent,
Made glorious by this sun of north;
Of forest that scent of pine refines,
At heavens caress the white that alights.