

When I was young then all my boughs
Were thickly hung with glittering hopes.
But one by one they've blown away
And only one remains today.
It flutters out upon the air,
One hope all pinned on gossamer.

What are all lives but gossamer
In one lacy cobweb crossed?
Yet strand by strand we tear at it
Until the pattern's lost.
And one by one hopes blow away
Till only one remains today.

I hope the forest will return
To climb the mist-hung morning slopes.
Where falling leaves deep-banked in fern
May meet the water ouzel's hopes.
But one by one they've blown away
And only one remains today.

And when the condor opens flight
On crystal air not cracked or stained
By any fallen angel's flight,
These glittering hopes may be regained.

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One hope all pinned on gossamer.