

Wilde Love

King Charles

All men kill the thing they love
By all let this, by all let this be heard [x2]

I never saw a man who looked with such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue which prisoners call the sky
And at every drifting cloud that went with sails of silver by
In Reading Gaol by Reading town there is a pit of shame
And in it lies a wretched man eaten by teeth of flame
The man had killed the thing he loved
And so he had to die

All men kill the thing they love
By all let this, by all let this be heard

Some kill their love when they are young
And some when they are old
Some strangle with the hands of Lust
Some with the hands of Gold
The kindest use a knife, because
The dead so soon grow cold
And there, till Christ call forth the dead,
In silence let him lie
No need to waste the foolish tear
Nor heave the windy sigh
The man had killed the thing he loved
And so he had to die

All men kill the thing they love
By all let this, by all let this be heard
All men kill the thing they love
By all let this, by all let this be heard

Some do it with a bitter look
Some with a flattering word
The coward does it with a kiss
The brave man with a sword
The man had killed the thing he loved
And so he had to die

All men kill the thing they love
By all let this, by all let this be heard