

The Feast of Saint Valentine

Natalie Merchant

In the deep and darkest night of your soul
When you curse and rue the day
That you did dare to give your heart away
Take courage in the thought that you belong
Good comrade, you're not alone
We're here to give you shelter from the storm

In the blindness and confusion of the fight
When the blood is soaking through
We'll come to you; we'll come to bind the wound

March on, march on you soldiers of the heart
You ragged, weary crowd
You retreat in your defeat but you move on

Such a vast uncharted wilderness to see
Strange lands, strange beasts
But I'll go where you lead

And on the feast day of Saint Valentine
In the bleak mid-winter cold
Come lay your blood red roses in the snow

Don't stop your search now
Go, by the grace of God
Keep your courage, keep your faith
And take this paper heart to keep you safe

Keep you safe, keep your hope and faith

Love will lead you safely on
Love will leave you wounded
Love will bring you harm
Love will be the curse and be the charm
Love will be the bruising and be the balm
Love will set you free and love will be your bonds
Love will win

Love will conquer all