

# SERENADE

*Oscar Wilde*

The western wind is blowing fair  
Across the dark Ægean sea,  
And at the secret marble stair  
My Tyrian galley waits for thee.  
Come down! the purple sail is spread,  
The watchman sleeps within the town,  
O leave thy lily-flowered bed,  
O Lady mine come down, come down!

She will not come, I know her well,  
Of lover's vows she hath no care,  
And little good a man can tell  
Of one so cruel and so fair.  
True love is but a woman's toy,  
They never know the lover's pain,  
And I who loved as loves a boy  
Must love in vain, must love in vain.

O noble pilot, tell me true,  
Is that the sheen of golden hair?  
Or is it but the tangled dew  
That binds the passion-flowers there?  
Good sailor come and tell me now  
Is that my Lady's lily hand?  
Or is it but the gleaming prow,  
Or is it but the silver sand?

No! no! 'tis not the tangled dew,  
'Tis not the silver-fretted sand,  
It is my own dear Lady true  
With golden hair and lily hand!  
O noble pilot, steer for Troy,  
Good sailor, ply the labouring oar,  
This is the Queen of life and joy  
Whom we must bear from Grecian shore!

The waning sky grows faint and blue,  
It wants an hour still of day,  
Aboard! aboard! my gallant crew,  
O Lady mine, away! away!  
O noble pilot, steer for Troy,  
Good sailor, ply the labouring oar,  
O loved as only loves a boy!  
O loved for ever evermore!