

Francoise Hardy

"The Garden Of Jane Delawney"

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The poet's voice lingers on, his words hanging in the
air
The ground you walk upon, might as well not be there
Might as well not be there
I'll take you through my dreams, out into the darkest
morning
Past the blood-filled streams, into the garden of Jane
Delawney
Into her garden now

Through the rose if there, don't pluck it as you pass
Or the fire will consume your hair and your eyes will
turn to glass
Your eyes will turn to glass
In the willow's shade, don't lie to hear it weep
Or it's tears of gold and jade, will drown you as you
sleep
Will drown you now

Jane Delawney had her dreams that she never did
discover
For the flow that feeds the streams is the lifeblood of
her lover
Is the lifeblood of her lover
And the purifying beams of the sun will shine here
never
While the spirit of her dreams, in the garden lives
forever
Lives forever now.

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