

Marc Almond

"Gabriel"

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Mine head upon thy lap, love, let me lie
I am wounded, and without thee I shall die
Lull me and love me, love! till I am well
Gabriel

Turn on me sweetly till my soul have ease
Thine evening eyes, that seem to breathe forth peace
Wherefrom the tender tears are quick to quell
Gabriel

Ah! for an everlasting afternoon
Lift not thine eyes, lest sunset come too soon
With the long tolling, of the vesper bell
Gabriel

The sweet, slow, sleepy, solemn sounds that seem
Like incantations half heard in a dream
Or sad-eyed Siren singing some strange sea spell
Gabriel

Sing me to sleep while the long shadows wane
Sing to me the songs of childhood, come again
With thy sweet eyes, that all ill thoughts repel
Gabriel

In blessing lay thine hands upon my head
Ah! would that with the sunset I were dead!
Having lived for one sweet hour, too sweet to tell
Gabriel

Living no longer than the lingering light
Seeing thy sweet eyes slowly sink from sight
While the slant shadows sound my dying knell
Gabriel

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