

#7. Impatience

I'd cut it in the trunk of every tree,
I'd carve it into stones for all to see,
I'd sow it into every planted field
With seeds of cress so they would soon reveal...
On every paper scrap I'd write the same:
Yours is my heart, yours is my heart
And is forever, ever, always!

A little starling I would like to raise
So he could speak these words, I him would train
When he could speak them with my voice and tone,
With all the passion that my heart has known,
I'd send him out to sing outside her windowpane:
Yours is my heart, yours is my heart
And is forever, ever, always!

I'd speak it softly to the morning breeze,
I'd make it rustle through the swaying trees.
If it could shine from every flower fair
Or waft its scent to her upon the air!
Oh water, are you only good for making waves?
Yours is my heart, yours is my heart
And is forever, ever, always!

I thought my eyes would give the game away,
My burning cheeks would make my longing plain,
My silent mouth, unspoken words betray,
Announcing them with every breath I take,
But she saw nothing of my love sick pain.
Yours is my heart, yours is my heart
And is forever, ever, always!