

*Am*                      *G*              *C*  
Beloved, gaze in thine own heart  
*F*              *C*                      *G*              *Am*  
The holy tree is growing there  
*Am*                      *G*              *C*  
>From joy the holy branches start  
*F*              *C*                      *G*              *Am*  
And all the trembling flowers they bear  
*Am*                      *G*              *C*  
The changing colors of its fruit  
*F*              *C*                      *G*              *Am*  
Have dowered the stars with merry light  
*Am*                      *G*              *C*  
The surety of its hidden root  
*F*              *C*              *G*              *Am*  
Has planted quiet in the night

*F*              *C*              *G*              *Am*  
The shaking of its leafy head  
*F*                      *C*              *G*              *Am*  
Has given the waves their melody  
*F*              *C*                      *G*              *Am*  
And made my lips and music wed  
*F*                      *C*              *G*                      *Am*  
Murmuring a wizard song for thee

(bölüm 1 ve 2)  
There the Loves a circle go  
The flaming circle of our days  
Gyring, spiring to and fro  
In those great ignorant leafy ways

(sadece bölüm 2)  
Remembering all that stroken hair  
And how the wingled sandal dart  
Thine eye grow full of tender cares  
Beloved, gaze in thine own heart

(bölüm 1 ve 2)  
Gaze no more in the bitter glass  
The demons with their subbtile guile  
Lift up before us when they pass  
Or only gaze a little while

(sadece bölüm 2)  
For there a fatal image grows  
That the stormy night receives  
Roots half hidden under snows  
Broken boughs and blackened leaves

(bölüm 1 ve 2)  
For all things turns to bareness  
In the dim glass the demon hold  
The glass of outer weariness

Made when God slept in time of old

(sadece bölüm 2)

There, through the broken branches, go  
The ravens of unresting thought  
Flying, crying, to and fro  
Cruel claws and hungry throat  
Or else they stand and sniff the wind  
And shake their ragged wings : alas !  
Thy tender eyes grow all unkind  
Gaze no more in the bitter glass

(bölüm 1 ve 2)

Beloved, gaze in thine own heart  
The holy tree is growing there  
>From joy the holy branches start  
And all the trembling flowers they bear

(sadece bölüm 2)

Remembering all that shaken hair  
And how the winged sandal care  
Beloved, gaze in thine own heart