Did I abuse her or show her disdain?

Why does she run from me?

If I should lose her, how shall I regain the heart she has won from me?

Agony!
Beyond power of speech, when the one thing you want is the only thing out of your reach.

High in her tower, she sits by the hour, maintaining her hair.

Blithe and becoming, and frequently humming A
light-hearted air: Aaahhhh Agony!

Far more painful than yours. When you know she would

go with you. If there only were doors.

Agony! Oh the torture they teach!
Or half so fatiguing—As

What's as intriguing—

what's out of reach?

Am I not sensitive, clever, Well—

cresc. poco a poco