

Song in a Minor Key

By Dorothy Parker

There's a place I know where the birds swing low,
 And wayward vines go roaming,
Where the lilacs nod, and a marble god
 Is pale, in scented gloaming.
And at sunset there comes a lady fair
 Whose eyes are deep with yearning.
By an old, old gate does the lady wait
 Her own true love's returning.

But the days go by, and the lilacs die,
 And trembling birds seek cover;
Yet the lady stands, with her long white hands
 Held out to greet her lover.
And it's there she'll stay till the shadowy day
 A monument they grave her.
She will always wait by the same old gate, —
 The gate her true love gave her.