

# If Ever I Would Leave You

Robert Meadmore

If ever I would leave you  
It wouldn't be in summer.  
Seeing you in summer I never would go.  
Your hair streaked with sun-light,  
Your lips red as flame,  
Your face with a lustre  
that puts gold to shame! But if I'd ever leave you,  
It couldn't be in autumn.  
How I'd leave in autumn I never will know.  
I've seen how you sparkle  
When fall nips the air.  
I know you in autumn  
And I must be there. And could I leave you  
running merrily through the snow?  
Or on a wintry evening  
when you catch the fire's glow? If ever I would leave you,  
How could it be in spring-time?  
Knowing how in spring I'm bewitched by you so?  
Oh, no! not in spring-time!  
Summer, winter or fall!  
No, never could I leave you at all!

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