

ALAS! IF ONLY WE'D HAD TIME

(Hyacinthus and Apollo)

Kaius

Spritely, lively, my love once danced:

laugh like music, smile like the sun,
a siren's voice— I am entranced.

O'er green fields we gaily did run;
A growing love, a steady climb—
Alas! If only we'd had time!

Early mornings, sat by the stream,
heedless of the treacherous air—

Oh! How gentle the breeze did seem!

Now, each gust a derisive sneer,
my anger climbs— bitter relapse;

But so much time has passed! Alas—

As skin runs cold, your blood runs hot
and tears like salty torrents rain.

The cures all fail, my vision spots;

Take me! End this eternal pain!

This aching, dire, relentless strife;

Trade with me, love, your fading life!



Alas, there's nothing I can do
to sway the minds of death and fate.
Crimson shifts to hyacinth blue;
My love, for you, I dedicate
the songs I'll sing till I collapse,
of aching, ceaseless grief, alas—

