

Rondeau

Your heart was never mine; and though
You were too wise to make it so
And I, too foolish to be true
To any path – still, we both knew
The places where two friends might go.

But now you rest, slain by a foe
More pitiless than I would know;
For it took us away from you.
We must abide.

Please tell me that you look below
To laugh at your friend's jester-show,
And that those antics that you view
Of mine refresh your heart anew
For until we meet again, oh –
We must abide.

– Written by Lord Morgan O'Lathlann in memory of the passing of Lady Rhiannon d'Epee, Kingdom of the East. The style is in the Rondeau form.