

## The Traitor

Now the Swan it floated on the English river  
Ah the Rose of High Romance it opened wide  
A sun tanned woman yearned me through the summer  
and the judges watched us from the other side

I told my mother "Mother I must leave you  
preserve my room but do not shed a tear  
Should rumour of a shabby ending reach you  
it was half my fault and half the atmosphere"

But the Rose I sickened with a scarlet fever  
and the Swan I tempted with a sense of shame  
She said at last I was her finest lover  
and if she withered I would be to blame

The judges said you missed it by a fraction  
rise up and brace your troops for the attack  
Ah the dreamers ride against the men of action  
Oh see the men of action falling back

But I lingered on her thighs a fatal moment  
I kissed her lips as though I thirsted still  
My falsity had stung me like a hornet  
The poison sank and it paralysed my will

I could not move to warn all the younger soldiers  
that they had been deserted from above  
So on battlefields from here to Barcelona  
I'm listed with the enemies of love

And long ago she said "I must be leaving,  
Ah but keep my body here to lie upon  
You can move it up and down and when I'm sleeping  
Run some wire through that Rose and wind the Swan"

So daily I renew my idle duty  
I touch her here and there -- I know my place  
I kiss her open mouth and I praise her beauty  
and people call me traitor to my face