

King And Poet - song lyrics

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KING AND POET.

As recited by Willie Wildwave.

A poet stood by a palace gate,
And saw the king pass by in state,
His crown upon his head;
But myriad crowns can never buy
A poets songs, that never die,
When poet and king are dead.

A poet's song is like the rose-
We know not how it comes or goes,
Fair nature's sweet surprise;
A breath of color and perfume,
A waif of love's exotic bloom,
Bloom out of Paradise.

The poet stood by the palace gate,
No wealth had he, or rank or state,
But only the voice to sing;
His song swept up with its mighty powers,
And circled above the palace towers,
Like an eagle on the wing.

The king leaned over to catch the strains
That drifted in through the purple panes
And silenced the mighty throng;
A sweet sense thrilled through the hearts of all,
And the poet was king in the palace hall
By the royalty of song.