

# Breathless

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It's up in the morning and on the downs  
Little white clouds like gambolling lambs  
    And I am breathless over you  
And the red-breasted robin beats his wings  
    His throat it trembles when he sings  
    For he is helpless before you  
    The happy hooded bluebells bow  
    And bend their heads all a-down  
    Heavied by the early morning dew  
At the whispering stream, at the bubbling brook  
    The fishes leap up to take a look  
    For they are breathless over you  
        Still your hands  
        And still your heart  
For still your face comes shining through  
    And all the morning glows anew

        Still your mind  
        Still your soul  
    For still, the fire of love is true  
    And I am breathless without you  
    The wind circles among the trees  
And it bangs about the new-made leaves  
    For it is breathless without you  
    The fox chases the rabbit round  
    The rabbit hides beneath the ground  
    For he is defenceless without you  
    The sky of daytime dies away  
And all the earthly things they stop to play  
    For we are all breathless without you  
    I listen to my juddering bones  
The blood in my veins and the wind in my lungs  
    And I am breathless without you  
        Still your hands  
        And still your heart  
For still your face comes shining through  
    And all the morning glows anew  
        Still your soul  
        Still your mind  
    Still, the fire of love is true  
    And I am breathless without you