

**All for the Love of One**

**(SA)**

I must go walk the wood so wild  
and wander here and there in dread and deadly fear,  
for where I trusted I am beguiled,

And all, and all for love of one, and all for love of one,  
and all, and all for love of one, for love of one.

Thus am I banished from my bliss  
by craft and false pretence,  
faultless, without offence as of return no certain is.

And all, and all for love of one, and all for love of one,  
and all, and all, for love of one, for love of one.

The running streams shall be my drink,  
acorns shall be my food.

Nothing may do me good,  
but when of your beauty I do think

And all, and all for love of one, and all for love of one,  
and all, and all for love of one, for love of one.