

## **From a Prison**

Reynaldo Hahn

The sky-blue smiles above the roof  
Its tenderest;  
A green tree rears above the roof  
Its waving crest.

The church-bell in the windless sky  
Peaceably rings,  
A skylark soaring in the sky  
Endlessly sings.

My God, my God, all life is there,  
Simple and sweet;  
The soothing bee-hive murmur there  
Comes from the street!

What have you done, o you that weep  
In the glad sun,-  
Say, with your youth, you man that weep,  
What have you done?