

CAPRIAN WINE.

Bring me a cup of the vintage of Capri,
Odors of violets flooding its brim;
Here, in the cold north, I would be happy,
Calling up memories misty and dim.
Memories carried, like Orient treasure,
Over the seas to the homes of the West.
Gathered by hearts palpitating with pleasure,
Locked in the casket of love in my breast.

Voices that sound like the wind in the cedars,
Come with the odors of Capri to me,
With hands that were faithful and tireless wooders,
In gardens of life reaching down to the sea.
Thirst of my spirit this vintage can slaken.
Time, sorrow and distance, like clouds, disappear.
Long silent singers their strains re-awaken,
The brave and the noble who perished are here.