

Filling my heart with joy as o'er the plain
I wander all alone, thinking of days
Gone by, O happy days! Still in my heart
I feel the vibrant chords quivering with
Ecstasy divine, as recollection paints
Each well-remembered scene. Of beast, or bird,
Or man, love's language warms the heart and
tunes

The soul to its sweet melody. Yet do
Regrets come floating o'er my mind, of things
I've said, of things I've done, of things I've left
Undone, of thoughts that withered in the blaze
Of Love's devouring flame. Pierced, bound,
enslaved,

I could not speak with freedom. Trembling,
shorn

Of my strength, I stood, a creature owned by
fate—

O happy fate that gave me liberty;
O bliss divine of perfect love begot.