

" My arm is bound
Her waist around,
A ruby kiss interprets thought.
Such joy as this
Transcends the bliss
That in your grand salon is sought.

" She cannot die !
Her beauties fly
In matchless grace before my mind.
I hear her song ;
It rolls along
Within the larynx of the wind.

" Had I the right
Each blissful night
To rove with her along this stream,
O who would be
More blessed and free,
Or live in more enchanting dream ?

" Oft when I spy
A maiden nigh
Where unexpressive love is found,
A pang doth make
My nature quake
That leaves within my heart a wound.