

AT THE LATTICE

GOOD-NIGHT, Marie, I kiss thine eyes,  
 A tender touch on either lid ;  
 They cover, as a cloud, the skies  
 Where like a star your soul lies hid.

My love is like a fire that flows,  
 This touch will leave a tiny scar,  
 I'll claim you by it for my rose,  
 My rose, my own, where'er you are.

And when you bind your hair, and when  
 You lie within your silken nest,  
 This kiss will visit you again,  
 You will not rest, my love, you will not rest.