

But when night her form unveils, in green meadows,
fields and dales,

Ah, 'tis then, pure angel, thou art at my side,
With star-dreamings and light-gleamings to cheer
me, when courage fails,

In the sky-blue of your eyes, where hopes abide.

O my love! My cooing dove! Had we wings, we
two could rove

Through the land, in sun, moonshine or stormy
weather;

Morns eternal yet will break, fairer afternoons
will wake,

Nights will throb for thy dear sake—

O my sweet in life! we'll share pure love together!