

When their rosy curves beguile
All my heart by beauty's smile ?

In this arbour, 'neath the vine,
Where the blossoms intertwine,
Softly falls the radiant light
Of the stars that rule the night ;
And the velvet moss's hue
Glitters with the pearly dew.
Wherefore in this sylvan spot,
Peerless maiden, may I not
Woo thee as a lover should,
In this lovely classic wood ?
Woo thee to a lover's arms—
Strive to wear the matchless charms,
That a god, himself, to win,
Scarce would deem to steal them sin.

Why may I not warmly press,
Taper fingers that caress
Senseless buds, that scent the air,
Conscious not that hands so fair
Cull, and fondle them, while I
Envious, may vainly sigh
For a single touch like those,
Given to yon poor blushing rose ?

Why not watch thy velvet cheek
Flush and kindle, when I speak
Words a lover's fond suspense
Fain would clothe with eloquence ?
See thee, on yon flowery bed,
Lowly droop thy sunny head ?
Veil thine eyes beneath the fringe,
Sweeping o'er the mantling tinge,
Deep, that tints thy cheek and brow,
When I breathe the whispered vow ?

Tell me, did'st thou ever feel
Love's enchantment o'er thee steal,
E'en as I, who, cold as snow,
Dreamed that nought could move me so,
Till thy beauty's witchery
Bound me heart and soul to thee.

Fair and dearest, here beneath
This dew-laden, woody wreath—
Fringed about with bending flowers—
Let us spend the fairy hours.
Dearest, in my warm embrace
Richer hues shall dye thy face ;
Eyes of thine, with smiles and tears,
Joys shall own above the spheres !
Here, among the forest trees,
I shall envy not the breeze ;
For myself shall taste the lips
Every wandering zephyr sips.
Banished every haunting fear,
Earth shall pass and Heaven draw near !