

LOVE'S GIFTS

BELOVED, can I make return to thee
For all the gifts which thy rich heart doth hold,
Gifts that have turned my life's gloom into gold
And opened wisdom's door with magic key.
My eyes enchanted see love's mystery,
And though I fear, yet would I fair be bold,
For thy voice thrills on ears no longer cold
And murmurs wondrous music, tenderly.
And though my hands hold naught, yet would I part
The curtains of my soul to give thee bliss,
Answer thee in the throbbing of my heart
And soothe thy fevered lips with one deep kiss.
Ah! let no shadow fall our souls athwart,
For life holds nothing greater, love—than this.