

## O Love, My Love!

O Love, my Love! like radiant-tinted flowers  
That rise up yearning towards the heavenly skies,  
Or beauteous evening star that slyly spies  
The loves of youth and maid in evening bowers:

Even so the tender thought of kissing showers  
And loving tears of misty tremulous eyes,  
When each hot kiss on burning kisses dies,  
Inflame my heart for more of such loved hours!

O Love, my Love, would that thy love could burn  
My breath, my body and my soul away!  
Thou art my heaven, for thee alone I yearn,

O glorious loving eyes half-blue, half-grey,  
Gold chestnut hair that gleams at each ray's turn,  
Love-glowing body which my kisses sway!

A. L.

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