

Love's Pictures

Like the blush upon the rose
When the wooing south wind speaks,
Kissing soft its petals,
Are thy cheeks.

Tender, soft, beseeching, true,
Like the stars that deck the skies
Through the ether sparkling,
Are thine eyes.

Like the song of happy birds,
When the woods with spring rejoice,
In their blithe awak'ning,
Is thy voice.

Like soft threads of clustered silk
O'er thy face so pure and fair,

Sweet in its profusion,

Is thy hair

Like a fair but fragile vase,

Triumph of the carver's art,

Graceful formed and slender, —

Thus thou art.

Ah, thy cheek, thine eyes, thy voice,

And thy hair's delightful wave

Make me, I'll confess it,

Thy poor slave!