

Song

My heart to thy heart,

My hand to thine;

My lips to thy lips,

Kisses are wine

Brewed for the lover in sunshine and shade,

Let me drink deep then, my African maid.

Lily to lily,

Rose unto rose;

My love to thy love

Tenderly grows.

Rend not the oak and the ivy in twain,

Nor the swart maid from her swarthier swain.