

## NOCTURNE

When the lithe moonlight silently  
 Leaped like a satyr to the grass,  
 Filling the night with nakedness,  
 All silently I loved my love  
     In gardens of white ivory.

Three fragrant trees which guard the gates,  
 Three perfume-trees which sweeten nights,  
 Rise upon heaven, full of stars  
 And dripping with white radiance.  
     Her body is more white than trees.

Five founts of Bacchus, honey-cold,  
 Five showers making drunk the lawns,  
 Spout up a dark delicious rain  
 Filling the earth with sleep and tears.  
     Her tresses are more sweet than wine.

Seven flowers which breathe divinity,  
 Seven wondering blossoms of embrace,  
 Open their glory to the moon,  
 Kissing white immortality.  
     Her mouth is chaster than a flower.

When the fleet moonlight silently  
 Fled like a white nymph down the grass,  
 Leaving the night to loneliness,  
 All songfully I loved my love  
     In gardens of white ivory.

The strings are silver to my harp,  
 And all the frame is ebony  
 I think the moon is blossoming—  
 My hungry fingers bite the strings—  
     My harp becomes a flower, and blooms.

The strings are golden to my harp,  
 And all the frame is as a rose.  
 I think the moon is quivering—  
 My longing fingers search the chords—  
     My harp becomes a heart, and breaks.