

TARSHITERING.

NEPALI LOVE-SONG.

O KISSABLE Tarshitering ! the wild bird calls its
mate—and I?

Come to my tent this night of May, and cuddle
close and crown me king!

Drink, drink our full of love at last—a little while
and we shall die,

O kissable Tarshitering!

Droop the long lashes: close the eyes with eyelids
like a beetle's wing!

Light the slow smile, ephemeral as ever a painted
butterfly,

Certain to close into a kiss, certain to fasten on me
and sting!

Nay? Are you coy? Then I will catch your hips
and hold you wild and shy

Until your very struggles set your velvet buttocks
all a-swing,

Until their music lulls you to unfathomable ecstasy,
O kissable Tarshitering!

Note.—This poem is probably the original of the well-known Hindu love song :

“Thora thairo, Tenduk! thora thairo, tum!
Thora thairo, thairo thora, thora thairo tum!”