

BALLADE DE LA JOLIE MARION

It is a sweet thing to be loved,
Although my sighs in absence wake,
Although my saddening heart is moved,
I smile and bear for love's dear sake.
My songs their wonted music make,
Joyous and careless, songs of youth,
Because the sacred lips of both
Are met to kiss the last good-bye,
Because sweet glances weep for ruth
That we must part, and love must die.

Remembrance of love's long delights
Is to remember sighs and tears,
Yet I will think upon the nights
I whispered into passionate ears
The fond desires, the sweet faint fears.
My lover's limbs of lissome white
Gleamed in the darkness and strange light,
The wondrous orbs voluptuously
Bent on me all unearthly bright:
But we must part, and love must die.

Fond limbs with mine were intertwined,

A hand lascivious fondled me ;
My ears grew deaf, my eyes grew blind,
My tongue was hot from kisses free,
Short madness, and we lazily
Lolled back upon the bed of fire.
I was a-weary—her desire
Drew her upon me—Marion, fie !
You work our pleasure till I tire :
But we must part, and love must die.

Nor thus did love's embraces wane,
Though lusty limbs grow idle quite ;
Our mouths' red valves are over-fain
To suck the sweetness from the night ;
And amorously, with touches light,
Steal passion from reluctant pain.
So has the daystar fled again
Before the blushes of the sky,
So did I clasp thy knees in vain :
For we must part, and love must die.

You say another's sensuous lips
Shall open to my kisses there :
When weary, steal those luscious sips ;
Another's hands play in my hair
And find delight for me to bare

The bosom, and the passionate mound
White and, for Venus' temple, round,
A garden of wild thyme whose eye
My sword shall piece, and never wound:
For we must part, and love must die.

You say—but Oh! my Marion's kiss
Shall linger on my palate still,
No joy on earth is like to this
That we have tasted to our fill
Of all our sweet lascivious will.
The cup is drained of lust's delight,
Yet wells with pleasure, and by night
I'll come once more and loving lie
Between thine amorous limbs, despite
That we must part and love must die.

ENVOI

Thus, sweet, I'll sing when day doth break
And weary lovers must awake
To part, but now our pleasure take
In one last bout of rivalry,
Whose passions first shall answer make
To the dances that the curtains shake
Till we must part and love must die.