

RONDELS

I

Maid of dark eyes, that glow with shy sweet fire,
Song lingers on thy beauty till it dies
In awe and longing on the smitten lyre:
Maid of dark eyes.

Grant me thy love, earth's last surpassing prize,
Me, cast upon the faggots of love's pyre
For love of the white bosom that underlies

The subtle passion of thy snowy attire,
The shadowy secret of thine amorous thighs,
The inmost shrine of my supreme desire,
Maid of dark eyes!

2

Boy of red lips, pale face, and golden hair,
Of dreamy eyes of love, and finger-tips
Rosy with youth, too fervid and too fair,
Boy of red lips.

How the fond ruby rapier glides and slips
'Twixt the white hills thou spreadest for me there;
How my red mouth immortal honey sips

From thy ripe kisses, and sucks nectar rare
When each the shrine of God Priapus clips
In hot mouth passionate more than man may bear,
Boy of red lips!