

SULAMITH

O, I found too much bliss
On your sweet mouth!
Already I feel the lips of Gabriel
Burning on my heart....
And the night-cloud drinks
My deep dream of cedars.
O, how your life beckons to me!
And I perish
With a blossoming pain in my heart
And I soar away into space,
In time,
In eternity,
And my soul burns out in the evening colours
Of Jerusalem.