

AT STOCKHOLM

We could not speak, although the sudden glow
Of passion mantling to the crimson cheek
Of either, told our tale of love, although
We could not speak.

What need of language, barren and false and bleak,
While our white arms could link each other so,
And fond red lips their partners mutely seek?

What time for language, when our kisses flow
Eloquent, warm, as words are cold and weak?—
Or now—Ah! sweetheart, even were it so
We could not speak!