

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

M.L. McCarthy

after the German of Heinrich Heine

When I look into your eyes,
All my sorrow melts and dies;
And when my lips on yours I press,
I drink all health, all happiness.
Reposing on your breast, I feel
Celestial rapture through me steal.
You speak: "I love you!" Ah, my heart!
Then anguished weeping is my part.

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