

# 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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*Contemporary Rhyme* Vol. 3 No. 3 2006