

1. Desire by Mihai Eminescu

Come now to the forest's spring  
Running wrinkling over the stones,  
To where lush and grassy furrows  
Hide away in curving boughs.

Then you can run to my open arms,  
Be held once more in my embrace,  
I'll gently lift that veil of yours  
To gaze again upon your face.

And then you can sit upon my knee,  
We'll be all alone, alone there,  
While the lime tree thrilled with rapture  
Showers blossoms on your hair.

Your white brow with those golden curls  
Will slowly draw near to be kissed,  
Yielding as prey to my greedy mouth  
Those sweet, red, cherry lips . . .

We'll dream only happy dreams  
Echoed by wind's song in the trees,  
The murmur of the lonely spring,  
The caressing touch of the gentle breeze.

And drowsy with this harmony  
Of a forest bowed deep as in prayer,  
Lime-tree petals that hang above us  
Will fall sifting higher and higher.