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In the dark pine-wood  
I would we lay,  
In deep cool shadow  
At noon of day.

How sweet to lie there,  
Sweet to kiss,  
Where the great pine-forest  
Enaished is!

Thy kiss descending  
Sweeter were  
With a soft tumult  
Of thy hair.

O unto the pine-wood  
At noon of day  
Come with me now,  
Sweet love, away.