

XXII

Of that so sweet imprisonment  
My soul, dearest, is fain—  
Soft arms that woo me to relent  
And woo me to detain.  
Ah, could they ever hold me there  
Gladly were I a prisoner!

Dearest, through interwoven arms  
By love made tremulous,  
That night allures me where alarms  
Nowise may trouble us;  
But sleep to dreamier sleep be wed  
Where soul with soul lies prisoned.