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THE SWEET ONE WHOM I MEAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER

How proud, in love's unnumber'd wiles,
The sweet one of my fancy smiles!
Declare, my grateful lips, declare,
Whose hand betrays this wonder rare?
That thus, in pride of lovely wiles,
The sweet one of my fancy smiles.

Who lit the sweet one's azure eyes,
That shine like spheres of Paradise?
The same who bade o'er sea and land
The radiant arch of Heaven expand:—
'Twas He who lit the sweet one's eyes
That beam like spheres of Paradise.

Who thus with skilful care o'erspread
The sweet one's cheek with white and red?
He who a tender beauty showers
O'er the young almond's opening flowers:—
He with such cunning art o'erspread
The sweet one's cheek with white and red.

Who made the sweet one's ruddy mouth
So spicy fragrant, kind, and smooth?
He who to purple cherries lent
Their swelling ripeness, juice, and scent:—
He made the sweet one's ruddy mouth
So spicy fragrant, soft, and smooth.

Who bade the silken ringlets flow
Adown the sweet one's neck of snow?
He who the golden harvests bade
Wave, by His gentle zephyr swayed:—
He bade the silken ringlets flow
Adown the sweet one's neck of snow.

Who gave the sweet one voice and tongue
So heavenly sweet in speech and song?
He that with flute notes softly trilled
The lark and nightingale hath filled:—
He gave the sweet one voice and tongue
So soft, for love's discourse and song.

Who, for the throne of full delight,
Hath arched the sweet one's bosom white?
Even He who made, its type exprest,
The swan with downy swell of breast:—
He, for a throne of full delight,
Hath arched the sweet one's bosom white.

What artist framed in form and limb
The sweet one's shape so soft and slim?
His hand, that is, and was of yore
All beauty's artist evermore:—
His highest hand in form and limb
Hath framed her shape so soft and slim.

Who breathed through life and soul her mind,
So angel-gentle, pure and kind?
Who else than He, whose high commands
Have peopled Heaven with angel bands?
He breathed with life a soul and mind
So angel-gentle, pure, and kind.

Praise for thy work, great Artist, praise!
And high thanksgiving for the grace
That made thine image charm my sight
With all that makes creation bright:—
Praise for thy work, great Artist, praise!
And high thanksgiving for thy grace!

Yet say for whom, with loving wiles,
In state of charms, this sweet one smiles?
O Heaven! by thy bright sun 'tis sworn,
Fain had I rather been unborn,
Unless for me, with loving wiles,
In sovereign charms, the sweet one smiles!

Tail's Magazine for June.