My Dove, My Beautiful One

Josephine Foster

Y dove, my beautiful one,
Arise, arise!
The night-dew lies
Upon my lips and eyes.The odorous winds are weaving
A music of sighs:
Arise, arise,
My dove, my beautiful one!I wait by the cedar tree,
My sister, my love.
White breast of the dove,
My breast shall be your bed.
The pale dew lies
Like a veil on my head.
My fair one, my fair dove,
Arise, arise!

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