

A Woodland Idyll

By Aleister Crowley

Fresh breath from the woodland blows sweet
O'er the flowery path we are roaming,
And the dimples of light lover's feet
In the mystical charm of the gloaming,
Eveline!
On the buds that blush bright as we meet
In the mystical charm of the gloaming!

A tear for the stars of the night,
And a smile for the avenue shady,
A kiss for the eyelashes bright,
And a blush for the cheek of my lady,
Eveline!
A laugh for the moon and her spite,
And a blush for the cheek of my lady!

We'll tread where the daffodils shake
And the primrose smiles up through her weeping,
Where the daisies dip down to the lake,
Where the wonderful thrushes are sleeping,
Eveline!
By the marge of the maze of the brake
Where the wonderful thrushes are sleeping.

Where the brook trickles clear to the eye
Below dew-spangled frondlets of willow
We will wander to find bye-and-bye
The sward of our delicate pillow,
Eveline!
Where the mosses deliciously lie
For the sward of our delicate pillow.

For a bride fairer far than the flower
Is the couch spread by fingers of even,
The blossom of apples for bower,
Its roof-tree the sapphires of heaven,
Eveline!
For the bride of the mystical hour,
Its roof-tree the sapphires of heaven!

With songsters the heavy sweet air

Is trembling and sighing and shimmering,
With meteors magically fair
The sky is ecstatically glimmering,
Eveline!
With splendour and subtlety rare
The sky is ecstatically glimmering.

Sweet bride to fond arms with a sigh
Strong arms to soft bosom are twining,
The winds breathe more musically by,
The moon has a rosier lining,
Eveline!
The stars grow more dim in the sky,
The moon has a rosier lining.

So, birds, are you shy to awake
Your voices to laughter-tuned numbers?
So, sun, do you tremble to shake
The dews of the night from our slumbers?
Eveline!
So, breeze, too reluctant to take
The dews of the night from our slumbers?

Light breaks, and the breezes caress
Cool limbs and soft eyes and fair faces;
The nightingales carol to bless
The dawn of our nuptial embraces,
Eveline!
The woods wear a lovelier dress
In the dawn of our nuptial embraces!