

Sprite of Fairhaven

What reasons could there be?
For sure, none just that you should be alone!
So bright struck from your eyes, like stars
The rays of hope when first I saw you
That I said the day was dark for me
If I had failed once to look upon your face.
So now I peer the while, expectant for you
As the earth turns toward the sun for morning light
Revolving in my mind your form and features-
How they draw from me lively anticipations of your caress.
Alone?
If you're alone, it's not for want of charm or beauty
But that Man's grown dim of sight and hard of heart
Not to be moved, as was I, by one marveled glance of you.
For once enough it was for me
To look into your brimming eyes
And swoon with ambrosial thoughts
That you might grant me favor-
So fitly joining each, as one
Enraptured with our prime humanity!
Smile then, for I am wont
To play the courtly fool for you
And entertain a simple dance of meaning.
Yet one thing, it is no jest-
If your heart's as fair as your form implies
More I'd serve respect and high regard
Far better than this playful verse I now employ;
For this, I'd broach with awe
And if you dare my innocent and eager wiles to try
Up-springing I will throw a thousand garlands round you
Whispering sweet admiration of the soul
That you, for this and laughter, then must say and true confess-
I am not alone, far be it hence!

-Durand von Meissen