

My Love, My Dove, My Beautiful One...

My Love, My Dove, My Beautiful One,
How my heart rejoices at the sight of thee.

Listen to my voice,
Do you hear the beat of my heart?

Stay still, do not make a move,
Let me have a good look at you.

What tears of joy flow from my eyes as I gaze upon my beloved,
A sight more beautiful there could not be.

The stars of the night, the light of the moon,
The warmth of a sunrise, the shine in the afternoon.

The grace of a cherry blossom, the fragrance of a rose,
The white of winter, the peace of it's snow.

The freedom of the wind, the feel of the breeze,
The fall of rain, it's return to the sea.

The shade of a tree, the gentleness of it's leaves,
The colors of the fall, indeed beauty, one can see.

Even so, the sum of these beauties are but a speck to my love,
A sight more precious than my beloved, there could not be.

And so tonight, as your eyes grow weary,
Rest my darling, rest my love.

For tonight, in the silence of the night,
With the angels as my choir, I sing to you, I sing to you:

My Love, My Dove, My Beautiful One,
How I love thee, How I love thee.

- Victor H. Lemus Jr.