

Of all the world which cities are,
The love of capitals and deep in prayer;
Yes it's parks to enter, to fill our hearts,
To touch the nerves and sensitive parts.

And in the midst of silent care,
And gentle misdt of moving are;
The love of night past quickly by,
Of two souls entwined who searched not to die.

As while they gazed and chanced to be,
The still yet silent glory peace;
The night air faded into the dawn,
Of what was strife yet the sunrise morn.

The breeze there winding through the way,
I chanced to walk at break of day;
And in the still lit moonlight reflection where,
I could the see the eye of the loveliest beauty there.

She was a fair maiden and lonely type,
As we wandered along opposite banks at twilight;
To all who ventured and made love through the night,
When crossed and met at the third bridge so bright.

There was touched and kissed and loved,
And yet venture to Notre dame and wandered there;
And as we came into the Lord God's alter,
We exchanged our vows and fled like water.

Signed,

The Obsession