

## As the Devil Hunts the Dove

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**A**s the devil hunts the dove,  
The white rose is painted red,  
While a dark and mellow storm,  
Virgin love unthreads.

And in the devil's chase  
The garden's pears grow anew,  
But the evil snake, and its venomous fangs,  
Suck their nectar, and sweetest dew.

Quenched of its thirst, the snake  
Will scoff the spring buds whole,  
As with its eyes poison the land  
With thoughts of deflowered joys.

In the chamber hidden amidst  
That secret guarded trove  
Blazing passion, gentle love, and pain,  
The devil, with golden threads, will sew.

