

To Chloris

Reynaldo Hahn

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,

(And I'm told you love me dearly),

I do not believe that even kings

Can match the happiness I know.

Even death would be powerless

To alter my fortune

With the promise of heavenly bliss!

All that they say of ambrosia

Does not stir my imagination

Like the favour of your eyes!