

Aleister Crowley **"La Gitana"**

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Your hair was full of roses in the dewfall as we danced,
The sorceress enchanting and the paladin entranced,
In the starlight as we wove us in a web of silk and steel
Immemorial as the marble in the halls of Boabdil,
In the pleasaunce of the roses with the fountains and
the yews

Where the snowy Sierra soothed us with the breezes
and the dews!

In the starlight as we trembled from a laugh to a caress
And the god came warm upon us in our pagan
allegresse.

Was the Baile de la Bona too seductive? Did you feel
Through the silence and the softness all the tension of
the steel?

For your hair was full of roses, and my flesh was full of
thorns,

And the midnight came upon us worth a million crazy
morns.

Ah! my Gipsy, my Gitana, my Saliya! were you fain
For the dance to turn to earnest?— O the sunny land
of Spain!

My Gitana, my Saliya! more delicious than a dove!
With your hair aflame with roses and your lips alight
with love!

Shall I see you, shall I kiss you once again? I wander far
From the sunny land of summer to the icy Polar Star.

I shall find you, I shall have you! I am coming back
again

From the filth and fog to seek you in the sunny land of
Spain.

I shall find you, my Gitana, my Saliya! as of old
With your hair aflame with roses and your body gay
with gold.

I shall find you, I shall have you, in the summer and the
south

With our passion in your body and our love upon your
mouth—

With our wonder and our worship be the world aflame
anew!

My Gitana, my Saliya! I am coming back to you!

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