



This living hand, now warm and capable
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold
And in the icy silence of the tomb,
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights That
thou wouldst wish thine own heart dry of blood
So in my veins red life might stream again,
And thou be conscience-calmed—see here it is—
I hold it towards you.

GERMAIN - ROBIN

CRÈME DE POÈTE

A LIQUEUR

375 ML 25% ALC./VOL.