

THE LURE OF EARTH

Then the steep lane we'll climb,
Where hawthorns blow,
Where, in late winter time,
Flowers break the snow,
And faint the belfry-chime
Beats from below.

Afar, the red cliffs lean
O'er beaches white;
The darkening bay serene
Dissolves in night,
And the curved shore is seen
A lane of light.

Look, love! The bright orb steals
O'er yon dark crest,
And vale and roof reveals,
Where, in our nest,
Soft eyelids slumber seals,
By me unpressed.

Beloved, come! . . . I stand
Beside the bed,