

And I stopped the horse 'neath the cedar's arms,
Till a few great words we said;
And the rhythmic glory of love beat time
With the wind-song overhead.

I can see the stars as they twinkled through
The old trees above us then;
And I hear the hemlocks in anthems sweet
Rejoice, as they sang "Amen."

So I long to go to the old swamp road
For another ride to-night;
For the sweetest birthday of human power
Is when love first shines its light.