

### MY DAY

Oh, the day was strangely dark,  
Dark and drear,  
For a care was on your brow,  
And a fear;  
And my heart to minor music wept so low,  
While my footsteps at my tasks were very slow.

Oh, the day was all agleam,  
For your eyes  
Shone untroubled and as calm  
As summer skies,  
And my heart was all alit with gay old song,  
And my feet were swift and eager all day long.

### WHEN I COME HOME

When I come home at twilight to a little friendly  
cottage,  
Where the vines in clinging tenderness creep shyly  
everywhere,  
It will be all sheened with moonlight where are white  
petunias dreaming,  
And its mystic light will tremble o'er the glory of  
your hair.

You will hush me with your finger to the magic of the  
beauty,  
And I'll thrill to stand and worship in the still and  
fragrant night;  
But the day's anticipation, all the glory of its waiting,  
Will be mine, when with a sigh, you come with tender  
eyes alight.

### HER COMING

Like sunshine in the early spring,  
Like daffodils all laughing gay,  
She came with tender eyes and hands.  
My comrade for a day.

We found where pussy-willows sleep;  
We touched the fern's all-frosted spray;  
We played with little drifts of snow,  
We went a gipsy way.

But ah, my golden girl was she  
When night came down and we two dreamed,  
Beside an open fire's glow.  
How wonderful it seemed

To touch her hair of gleaming gold,  
The blue of heaven in her eyes  
To marvel o'er! And ah, her heart—  
To claim it—lover-wise!