

DRIVING.

Alone, alone, my love and I,
Far, far from man's abode ;
Alone, alone, my love and I,
Behind our good steed rode.

The snow was white, the snow was cold :
Was ever different snow ?
My love was fair, my love was kind,
Was ever like her ? No !

We talked of themes both grave and gay,
As lovers mostly will ;
And whether they were grave or gay
Her words were music still.

And ever from the west did blow
The wind that beareth cold,
And ever in the west did glow
The dim, grey sun of old.

And I bethought me, "Though my love
Doth bear a heart so warm,
Perchance the little hand is cold
That rests beside my arm."

I asked her, and she suddenly
Dropped off her gauntlet sleek,
And glancing gaily up at me,
Her warm hand pressed my cheek.

Her warm hand pressed my cheek, and then
She, blushing, let it fall,
For right ahead appeared a man,
Most grim and grey and tall.

He gazed at us—we glanced at him ;
Although our steed was fleet,
I doubt not that he'll know us both
The next time that we meet !