

PAULINE.

O the smell of the coming Spring!
And O the blue of the sky!
As we wandered through the meadow-lands,
Pauline and I.

The golden curls on her girlish brow
Blew wild in the April breeze,
As she picked from the slopes that faced the south
The early anemonies.

And her little hand was in my hand,
And her spring-time, childish words,
Seemed more the voice of the coming Spring
Than the vernal song of birds.

Yet O the note of the hermit-thrush,
And the whistle of the quail!
And O the flute of the robin's throat,
That swelled from a lowland vale!

And a blue-bird flitted across our path,
And sang from a swinging vine;
But never a voice, O child of Spring,
As sweet to me as thine;