

A comfortable luncheon, then
Croquet, or archery ; and tea
With half a dozen lively men
Who come to laugh and flirt with *me!*

O life was sweet and beautiful !
Its pretty pleasures all my own ;
O life of life was very full,
And ev'ry minute lived alone !

And ev'ry minute was so strong,
It brought its little new-born bliss,
Sweeping in tender light along,
Or leaving shadows like a kiss.

What lent its glory to the flow'r,
And gave the nightingale her pow'r,
And made the sky so very blue ?
My little heart could it be you ?

My little heart, why did you beat
As if delighted to be me !
O, was it youth that was so sweet ?
Or was it youth's sweet liberty ?

They said I danced when I should walk
(My gay feet worked my gayer will),
They said I laughed when I should talk,
And chattered when I should be still.

I'd wake with laughing in the night—
Ah, happy nights I can't forget!—