

## A Memory



I was thirteen and she was twelve.  
In blooming May  
I walked a blessed mile with her  
From school one day.  
Out from the village street we went,  
Near the old mill,  
Along the road and past the church  
Beyond the hill.

We spoke of beauty that we saw  
On field and sky ;  
She loved the trees, the flowers, the clouds,  
And so did I.  
We reached the parting of our ways,  
And said "good bye",  
When wistful tenderness I saw  
Light up her eye.

We silent stood, until I said ;  
May I come, too ?  
She blushed, then smiled and coyly said,  
"I'd like it—do !"  
Some of the sweetest flowers of life  
That still remain  
First started in my heart to grow  
In that green lane.