

HEART'S DESIRE

Give me the breath of dewy morns,
The stirring chase, the hunter's horns,
The scent of roses 'mid the thorns
In all their beauty dreaming.

Give me the shining fields so sweet,
Where sun and shadow love to meet;
The sickles swinging through the wheat,
While golden sunlight's streaming.

Give me the flower-jewelled hills—
A love-song that with rapture thrills,
That lifts the heart above earth's ills,
And gives to life new meaning.

Give me the hush of quiet eves,
The sleepy note amid the leaves,
God's calm, sweet slumber that relieves,
While starry lamps are gleaming.

Give me a woman sweet and true
To have and hold life's journey through,
And love like sunshine ever new
In bright eyes softly beaming.

Give these, the world may have the rest;
The heart's content the heart that's blest;
Ah, gold is bright, but these are best!
I'll ask no more, I'm deeming.