

THE OLD WAY

The whispering wind is swaying,
The oak leaves on the hill,
The deep gold of sunset
Sheens the sky at will.

The old way of a lover,
Crowds my heart with you;
And the gold of an olden rapture
Sheens a life anew!

UNDER THE STARS

Under the stars with you, oh girl,
Here where the brown leaves drift;
The night is alive with a million thoughts,
And my heart, with a world-old gift!

Here where the moonlight sheens your hair,
And lights the gold in your eyes,
I hold your life in a trust full true,
And ah, 'tis a heaven-won prize!

THE CALL

Gipsy-heart, the way is white—
Fluttering white, upon the trees.
And your eyes are all alight
With old wayward memories.

Come, we'll go where great boughs bend.
Was there ever sky so blue?
Where black pines and brooklets blend
Songs they ever made for you.

Gipsy-heart, we know the way,
Where white silence stills the soul—
Give ourselves one perfect day
Where God's mysteries unroll.

INVITATION

O'er the hills of waiting
In a purple land,
Souls are ever mating,
Hand in hand!

Dear, the way is lonely,
But the path is true—
Seekers go there, only
Two by two!