

FLOWER-FRAGRANCE blent  
 With lustier odours from the mountain pines,  
     A star-beam sent  
 Athwart the moonbeams' swift and strenuous lines,  
     Soft minor chords  
 Stealing across the unrest of a life,  
     A woman's words  
 To heal the fever of a lasting strife,—  
     Such power is thine,  
 O well-beloved and fair,  
     To make divine  
 My days that darkest were.  
     For thou shalt be  
 A Flame to kindle and a Breath to fan  
     The life in me  
 That nerveless, bloodless ran  
 Downward through chances of the lapsing years  
 To thee and all the gentleness in thee.  
 Then buffeted as one that faintly nears  
 A hope that looms and lessens in the night,  
 Now sharer in that unimagined light,  
 Which from the sympathy of hopes and fears  
 ✓ Arises and is Love, whose wings expand,  
 Shedding a splendour o'er life's shadowed strand.