

And the faint smell of the mould,
Sweeter than the musky scent
Of the garden's manifold
Perfumes into perfect blent.
Lights and sounds and odours stole,
In the golden, golden weather—
Heart and thought, and life and soul,
Stole away,
In that merry, merry May,
Wandering down the burn together.

Ah Valentine—my Valentine !
Heard I, with my hand in thine,
Grave and low, and sweet and slow,
As the wood bird over head,
Brooding notes, half sung half said,—
“In the world so bleak and wide,
Hearts make Edens of their own ;
Wilt thou linger by my side,—
Wilt thou live for me alone,
Making bright the winter weather,
Thou and I and love together ? ”

“Yea,” I said, “for thee alone,”—
Shading eyes lest they confess
Too much their own happiness,
With the happy tears o'erflown.