

T W O L O V E R S .

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring :
 They leaned soft cheeks together there.
 Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
 And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
 O budding time !
 O love's blest prime !

Two wedded from the portal stept :
 The bells made happy carollings,
 The air was soft as fanning wings,
 White petals on the pathway slept.
 O pure-eyed bride !
 O tender pride !

Two faces o'er a cradle bent :
 Two hands above the head were locked ;
 These pressed each other while they rocked,
 Those watched a life that love had sent.
 O solemn hour !
 O hidden power !