

head - ges sweet with May. We trod the hap - py  
 lack of love to you. And, you, too, miss'd the  
 gain the blue - bell blows. But still our drift - ed

wood - land ways, Where sun - set lights be - tween The slen - der haz - el  
 peace that might Have been, yet might not be, From too much doubt and  
 spir - its fall, Spring's hap - pi - ness to touch, For now you do not

stems stream'd clear, And turn'd to gold the green.  
 fear of fate, And too much love for me.  
 care for me, And I love you too much.

*dolce e legato.* *ritard.*