

VI.

And, when the many-tinted Autumn's reign
Succeeded Summer's more congenial sway,
I told her of the mingled joy and pain
That stirred my soul throughout each Summer's day.
And whispered, in emotion's softest tone,
The love that I had feared before to own.

VII.

She listened silently, then, sweetly shy,
She laid her gentle head upon my breast.
And, in the liquid depths of each blue eye,
I read the love her lips had not confessed ;
And quickly, fondly, pressed her to my heart,
Vowing that none should keep us two apart.

VIII.

Ah ! happy were the months that followed then,
The months that flew as rapidly as days ;
And sweet the stolen hours of meeting when
We listened to the nightingale's sad lays,
Or, seated on a rustic bench alone,
Forgot all else in glad communion.