

## Betrothed

By Norman Gale

SHE is mine in the day,  
She is mine in the dusk ;  
She is virgin as dawn,  
And as fragrant as musk.

And the wood on the hill  
Is the home where we meet—  
O, the coming of eve,  
It is marvellous sweet !

To my satisfied heart  
She has flown like a dove ;  
All her kisses are taught  
By the wisdom of love.

And whatever my grief  
There is healing, and rest,  
On the pear-blossom slope  
Of her beautiful breast.