

## THE COMING OF LOVE.

*In and out the osier beds, all along the shallows  
Lifts and laughs the soft south wind, or swoons among  
the grasses.*

*But ah, whose following feet are these that bend the gold  
marsh-mallows,  
Who laughs so low and sweet? Who sighs—and  
passes?*

*Flower of my heart, my darling, why so slowly  
Lift'st thou thine eyes to mine, deep wells of gladness?  
Too deep this new-found joy, and this new pain too holy—  
Or is there dread in thy heart of this divinest mad-  
ness?*

*Who sighs with longing there?—who laughs a low—  
and passes?*

*Whose following feet are these that bend the gold marsh-  
mallows?*

*Who comes upon the wind that stirs the heavy seeding  
grasses,*

*In and out the osier beds, and hither through the  
shallows?*

*Flower of my heart, my dream—who whispers near so  
gladly?*

*Whose is the golden sunshine-net o'erspread for cap-  
ture?*

*Lift, lift thine eyes to mine who love so wildly, madly—  
Those eyes of brave desire, deep wells o'erbrimmed  
with rapture!*

GEO. GASCOIGNE.