

A VALENTINE.

(Feb 14, 1897.)

WHY did you smile when the summer was dying
If it were not that the hours
Might bring in winter, while sad winds are sighing,
Some of Love's flowers ?

Now is beginning of spring, and I ask not
Roses to flame o'er the lawn—
Who should know better that peonies bask not
In the sun's dawn ?

Still, through the snow, it may be there is peeping
Veiled from the kiss of the sun
One lone white violet, daintily sleeping,
Hard to be won.

So with my fairy white maiden (you hear me ?)
Winter may yet pass away ;
Spring may arrive, (will it find your heart near me ?)
Summer may stay.

Passionate roses I seek not, whose glories
Now are too fierce for the spring,
While the white flames of the frost flake that hoar is
Flicker, on wing.

Only a primrose, a violet laden
With the pale perfume of dawn ;
Only a snowdrop, my delicate maiden ;
These have no thorn.

Old-fashioned love, yet you feel it a fountain
Springing for ever, most pure ;
Old-fashioned love, yet as adamant mountain
Solid and sure.

Yes, tender thoughts on your lips will be breaking
By-and-by into a smile ;
Love, ere he springs up divine at his waking,
Slumbers awhile.

So, my kissed snowdrop, you took its white blossom
Tenderly into your hand,
Kissed it three times, wear it yet in your bosom—
I understand.