

And as though it now was lazy,
 And all sights seem slightly hazy
 Due to unexpressed emotions;
 And my life is all remembrance.

To —

When you wandered over the hills,
 Those grey-green hills with me,
 And we laughed and ran
 And then fell down, exhausted utterly.
 When we spoke of needed things
 And smelled the damp moist earth,
 Yet were inclined to recall
 At the end that gave them birth.

When the sun was going down
 And the dusk was just beginning
 The raptures fell in our throats
 And we felt that we were spinning.
 Yet we could not, and we feared
 For earth is rash at times

And we thought of night but unreluctant
 And longed for tropical climates,
 For the wind was getting up
 And we sense of peace was gone.
 Oh faith is a beautiful thing,
 On seems so when it is done.