

## A WOODLAND IDYLL.

FRESH breath from the woodland blows sweet  
O'er the flowery path we are roaming,  
On the dimples of light lover's feet  
In the mystical charm of the gloaming,  
Eveline !  
On the buds that blush bright as we meet  
In the mystical charm of the gloaming !

A tear for the stars of the night,  
And a smile for the avenue shady,  
A kiss for the eyelashes bright,  
And a blush for the cheek of my lady,  
Eveline !  
A laugh for the moon and her spite,  
And a blush for the cheek of my lady !

We'll tread where the daffodils shake  
And the primrose smiles up through her weeping,  
Where the daisies dip down to the lake,  
Where the wonderful thrushes are sleeping,  
Eveline !  
By the marge of the maze of the brake  
Where the wonderful thrushes are sleeping.



So, birds, are you shy to awake  
Your voices to laughter-tuned numbers ?  
So, sun, do you tremble to shake  
The dews of the night from our slumbers ?  
Eveline !  
So, breeze, to reluctant to take  
The dews of the night from our slumbers ?

Light breaks, and the breezes caress  
Cool limbs and sot eyes and fair faces ;  
The nightingales carol to bless  
The dawn of our nuptial embraces,  
Eveline !  
The woods wear a lovelier dress  
In the dawn of our nuptial embraces !