

## A VALLEY SONG

OVER the hills the shadows creep,  
Like dreams across the sleep of lovers;  
And through their golden, satiate sleep,  
Singing, the skylark hovers.

His lyric gold the skylark spills  
As over the bare, green hills he hovers;  
The space betwixt love's breasts he fills  
With songs from the hearts of lovers.

The shadows move across the green,  
Slowly, over the grass and clover,  
As gentle as the kiss between  
Love's breasts from the lips of her lover.

The hills lie bare and green and steep,  
And the skylark rises over,  
Like the breath of love in the satiate sleep  
Of the lover with her lover.

Oh, the hills of the scorching south,  
Whereover the dim, poised skylark hovers!  
Oh, why is the song of the skylark's mouth  
Such pain to the weary lovers?

Over the hills the shadows creep  
Like dreams across the sleep of lovers;  
And through their satiate, golden sleep  
The shrilling skylark hovers.