

In May

Oh to have you in May,
To walk with you under the trees,
Dreaming throughout the day,
Drinking the wine-like breeze,

Oh it were sweet to think
That May should be ours again,
Hoping it not, I shrink,
Out of the sight of men.

May brings the flowers to bloom,
It brings the green leaves to the tree,
And the fatally sweet perfume,
Of what you once were to me.