

Invitation to Love

Come when the nights are bright with stars

Or when the moon is mellow;

Come when the Sun his golden bars

Drops on the hay-field mellow.

Come in the twilight soft and gray,

Come in the night or come in the day,

Come, oh Love, whene'er you may,

And you are welcome, welcome.

You are sweet, oh Love, dear Love,

You are soft as the nesting dove.

Come to my heart and bring it rest

As the bird flies home to its welcome nest.

Come when my heart is full of grief,

Or when my heart is merry;

Come with the falling of the leaf

Or with the redd'ning cherry.

Come when the year's first blossom blows,

Come when the summer gleams and glows,

Come with the winter's drifting snows,

And you are welcome, welcome.