

## HER LOVE-BIRDS

When I looked up at my love-birds  
That Sunday afternoon,  
There was in their tiny tune  
A dying fetch like broken words,  
When I looked up at my love-birds  
That Sunday afternoon.

When he, too, scanned the love-birds  
On entering there that day,  
'Twas as if he had nought to say  
Of his long journey citywards,  
When he, too, scanned the love-birds,  
On entering there that day.

And billed and billed the love-birds,  
As 'twere in fond despair  
At the stress of silence where  
Had once been tones in tenor thirds,  
And billed and billed the love-birds  
As 'twere in fond despair.

O, his speech that chilled the love-birds,

And smote like death on me,  
As I learnt what was to be,  
And knew my life was broke in sherds!  
O, his speech that chilled the love-birds,  
And smote like death on me!