

But she looked at me with a smile in her eyes'
dark gleam,

What word might she use to make me
understand?

So she spoke instead of the earth all bathed in
light,

Of the moon as a lily when the leaves unfold,
Of the trees like silver plumes to deck the
night,

Of the starry skies as a blazoned script
unrolled.

She has no praise for all she had cherished
before,

And has given away her beads of yellow gold,
Strange she seems, yet more kind than hereto-
fore,