

Oh fair she shone in the wan moonlight,
And her hand was thin, and her eyes were bright ;
She bended down—and ah the bliss
When she pressed his lips with an icy kiss.

For he felt his flesh to fall from him
And his spirit spurn the lifeless limb,
As o'er the surge of the snowdrift sea
The twinkling footed twain gan flee.

But nevermore his form returned
To where the banquet torches burned,
For there he lay where the snow made hiss
On his lips stiff-pursed to an icy kiss.

Cy. Prime.

SONG.

The columbine flaunts at the precipice edge
As the wind-gusts come and go,
The birch clings fast to his narrow ledge
And the waters roar below.
Sing columbine, dancing gaily,
Sing the song that the wind sings daily,
Sing birch-tree, lithe and swaying,
What all day are the waters saying,
And the winds that come and go?

Rudel.