

Nor did a slip suggest a snare.
 His gathered brows hid half the glare
 And gleam of his dark eyes.

He crept

Along a mossy ledge, or leapt
 Across a chasm, and ever kept
 An eye unerring on his prey.
 He scarcely breathed lest it betray
 His presence on that winding way.

The hero reached the sylvan spot,
 And she looked up and quickly caught
 The care with which his brow was fraught,
 And yet the cause she dared not ask.
 He plumed him on his power to feign
 An air and tone of ease, and mask
 With seeming serenity a task
 That worried his burdened brain.
 No moan gave voice to mastered pain:
 Under his calm, deep care did lurk;
 No ease could lure him on to shirk
 A peril or unrequited work.
 Firmest when others' courage shook:
 The taunt of pride he would not brook.
 But ah! how meet that searching look
 How feign a mind at ease! How chase
 Away the care that left its trace
 Or every feature of his face
 And took the spring from out his pace!
 He knew that it was vain to hide
 From her who was to be his bride—
 Another morrow they must bide.
 They bowed their heads yet neither sighed.
 Somehow a vague prophetic pain
 Was haunting them, that not again
 Would they commune when evenings wane.
 Deep in their fear there lay a stain—
 A stain of blood.

Their heads were bowed,
 Though ne'er before his mind had cowed,
 He felt a glooming fate enshroud.