

208 THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the
azure abysses.

Down through the golden leaves the sun was
pouring his splendours,

Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches
above them suspended,

Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of
the pine and the fir-tree,

Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the
valley of Eschol.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral
ages,

Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling
Rebecca and Isaac,

Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful
always,

Love immortal and young in the endless suc-
cession of lovers.

So through the Plymouth woods passed onward
the bridal procession.