

Semmo.

Starborn, we did not.
Just a few birds. Our purpose was a ramble.

Thylpa,

And we strayed further, and a little onward,
And somewhat yet, till we o'erstept the hour.
Elkona please accept a brace of pigeons,
And at your tent we'll leave them as we pass.

Elkona

O thank you, Thylpa, you are very kind.
Leave them, and come to-morrow both of you,
We like to have you for a pleasant feast.
I and my husband now are on a stroll.

*They pass along.**Thylpa.*

Onward they pass. Such noble forms! And she
A princess—yes, an angel. After all
The nameless anguish he has caused her, see
Her love seems not estranged, but even deeper.
But there's anxiety in that sweet face,
Exquisite even in sadness. Unaccountable—

Semmo.

Both in full dress, as if for some great congress.
Gone evidently to the Cavo of Bones.