

And all the while her eyes shone splendidly
At something far too fine for us to see ;
But oh ! at the ending of the ballad, when
Those eyes sank down to rest alone on me,
Full well for one such glance of hers I knew
I'd tip my hat to her command for all that a man
may do.

XVIII.

And so enamor'd on the instant grown,
I sprang to meet her when the song was done ;
She met me wondrous kind ; then one by one
The others drew aside, while we, alone,
Crush'd from the moments, in our eagerness,
A wine of many years, as one would press
Sudden the ripen'd grapes. Ah ! we had known,
In some strange way that I'm too old to guess,
A dream of life between, I know not how,
That link'd her alien soul to mine with a dream out-
lasting vow !

XIX.

You know how goes the custom of the Camp ;
How swift the wooing where the pace is set
To live all in the hour—and then forget !
The midnight moon shone pale, like an onyx lamp
Hung in the amber twilight of the sky,
When we went forth together, she and I,
And open'd yellow wine, whose yellow stamp
Won high approval from the rascals dry