

'Tis hers to walk when sunsets yield
Their painted splendors to the skies,
And dream on some far battlefield
Perchance alone, unwatched, he dies;
'Tis hers to kneel in patient prayer
When midnight stars keep sentinel,
Lest the chill death-dews damp the hair
Upon the brow she loves so well.

So stands she, white and sad and sweet,
Upon the latticed balcony,
From golden hair to slender feet
No lady is so fair as she;
He loves her true, he holds her dear,
But he must ride on dangerous quest,
With gallant glance and smile of cheer,
And her red rose upon his breast.