

61

so thick, she can not see her lover hid ing but guess es he is near. And the slid - ing of the wa ter

67

F

seems a strok-ing of a dear hand u-pon her. What is sum-mer in a fine bro-cad-ed gown!

73

I should like to see it ly-ing in a heep u-pon the ground. All the pink and sil-ver

G *Breathlessly*

80

crump-led u-pon the ground.

I would be the pink and sil-ver— as I

ran a longthe path,

86

and he wouldstumb led af ter be-wild ered by my laugh ter.

92

H *mp*

I should see the sun flash-ing from his sword hilt, and the buck-les on his