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A Summer Night.



CAN I forget that glorious summer night,
 So full of joyous pain, when you and I
 Stood on the shore beneath a cloudless sky,
 And watched the moon, all drenched with holy light,
 Sail slowly up and toss a veil of white
 Across the heaving sea? When waves rode by
 And pressed broad palms upon the rocks, to try
 And bear away the rough stone from our sight?
 Ah, no! 'twas then I spoke to you of love—
 My secret which you long ere that had guessed.
 'Twas then I first knew passion's fiery heat
 And kissed your cheek, your lips, while high above
 A great star shook, and in its burning breast,
 As in my own, a red heart beat and beat.

—Herbert Bookford

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