

Robert Browning (1812-89)

5 *Meeting at Night and Parting at Morning*

*Meeting at Night*

I.

The grey sea and the long black land;  
And the yellow half-moon large and low;  
And the startled little waves that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow, 5  
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

II.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;  
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;  
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
And blue spurt of a lighted match, 10  
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,  
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

*Parting at Morning*

Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,  
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim:  
And straight was a path of gold for him,  
And the need of a world of men for me.

1845

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