

## Robert Browning's "Meeting at Night" (1845)

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!

## Robert Browning's "Parting at Morning" (1845)

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.