Meeting at Night   by [Robert Browning](http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/182)

The gray 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,

And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

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,

And a voice less loud, through joys and fears,

Than the two hearts beating each to each!

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