



"Well, Mr. Flood, we have not met like this  
In a long time; and many a change has come  
To both of us, I fear, since last it was  
We had a drop together. Welcome home!" 35  
Convivially returning with himself,  
Again he raised the jug up to the light;  
And with an acquiescent quaver said:  
"Well, Mr. Flood, if you insist, I might. 40

"Only a very little, Mr. Flood—  
For auld lang syne. No more, sir; that will do."  
So, for the time, apparently it did,  
And Eben evidently thought so too;  
For soon amid the silver loneliness 45  
Of night he lifted up his voice and sang,  
Secure, with only two moons listening,  
Until the whole harmonious landscape rang—

"For auld lang syne." The weary throat gave out,  
The last word wavered; and the song being done, 50  
He raised again the jug regretfully  
And shook his head, and was again alone.  
There was not much that was ahead of him,  
And there was nothing in the town below—  
Where strangers would have shut the many doors 55  
That many friends had opened long ago.