

To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day,
Thou knowest, fond heart, Ann hath a way ;
 She hath a way,
 Ann Hathaway ;
To make grief bliss, Ann Hathaway.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay ;
Talk of my gem, Ann Hathaway !
She hath a way with her bright eye,
Their various lustre to defy, —
The jewel's she, and the foil they ;
So sweet to look Ann hath a way ;
 She hath a way,
 Ann Hathaway ;
To shame bright gems, Ann hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven ;
For though a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Ann Hathaway ;
She hath a way so to control,
To rapture the imprisoned soul,
And sweetest heaven on earth display,
That to be heaven Ann hath a way ;
 She hath a way,
 Ann Hathaway ;
To be heaven's self Ann hath a way ! "

Whether or not this playful love-song be really a genuine effusion of our poet passing through the third of the seven ages as a lover,

“Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow,”

may we not find in sweet Ann Hathaway the key to that nobleness and grandeur of womanly grace and beauty of generosity which appear to such advantage in the Shakespearean drama ? In any case, Shakespeare's women—Miranda, Juliet, Desdemona, Virgilia, Ophelia, Cordelia, Imogen, and many more—are embodiments of sweetness, devotion, patience, and inextinguishable affection.

An enthusiastic Frenchman once asked concerning Sir Isaac Newton, whom he admired to ecstasy, whether he ate and drank like common mortals. Now it is somewhat of the nature of a