

As I have learned from this o'd book of truth,
Quite sure of this, one would not care to live !'

' Why May ! you are too wise by half to-day !'
Exclaimed old Clifford, smiling. ' So much love,
In one who never had a lover ! Nay !—
Blush not—nor be offended with me—What !—
" It is not so ? and many love you ? " Well !
I only jested. Sooth ! It is that book
Of our dead poet makes you wish that he
Were waiting for you—for no other swain
Like him, will ever touch your heart and brain !'

May pouted for a moment—blushing red
As salvia, to her temples—when she heard
Her secret fancies so turned inside out
By her rough uncle, whom she pardoned still
For truth of what he said. Yet woman-like
To show the contrary, and give him choice
To judge her either way, she answered not,
But pressed the book more closely to her breasts,
And then began to sing in wilful mood
A ballad gay, that drew the Chorus up
To join in the refrain—the music too
Refreshed by rest and mugs of ale, struck in,
And every thought of sadness brushed away
Like dust,—and so sped on the holiday.