

And the next that I remember, it started in a
joke ;

But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us
spoke.

And the next was when I scolded because she
broke a bowl ;

And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't
any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in
our cup ;

And so that blamed cow-creature was always
a-comin' up ;

And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us
got,

But it gave us a taste of something a thousand
times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-
same way ;