

Gainst hardest sorrow For within a week
Death robbed him of all three. A heavy gloom
Oppressed him. And in loneliness he sought—
He the proud Leader and unselfish friend—
The healing of his sorrow. For no longer
Would he partake of kindly intercourse.
Six months have now elapsed, and be asured,
Unless some lucky joyous girl shall win him,
Which will be fortunate for us as well,
As a misanthrope or a stupid hermit,
We shall lament him and report his loss.

Urban.

The girls have teased him till he went with them
And Bertram, as both time and love are potent,
Both being healers, you may look for him.
Come with me; and remain to see the bridal.

Bertram.

Tomorow night? I wish that it were Rayon's.

Urban.

Yes—But amongst the beauties of our clan,
He yet must choose and woo—and may be jilted
Cold confident as he seems. Our girls are sterling,
And he is not invulnerable quite.
Nor all a paragon. But time will show.