

And thanked him with a glance, a word—a kiss ;  
While he, the artist, proud of such a work,  
But prouder of acceptance, and reward,  
Restored the falling garland to her hair,  
And led her to her brothers, where they stood,  
Scaring with stones the minnows in the brook ;  
And said, “ Behold her ; she’s the Queen of May,  
And I’m the King ! ” Whereat one laughed and  
jeered :

The other, all intent upon a trout  
Which he espied beneath a ledge of rock,  
Took off his shoes, and paddled in the stream,  
Heedless of brother, sister, and the world.

Ten winters passed, and once again ’twas May :  
The boys were men, the maid was sweet seventeen ;  
And all were friends, as in the olden time.

Rich were the Bellendens—surpassing rich :