

This long ago when I was young,
 My Sabine nurse prophetic sung ;
 As shook the crone her magic urn,
 And drew each billet forth in turn.
 No poison shall his life invade,
 Nor shall he fall by foeman's blade,
 Nor pleurisy, nor racking cough,
 Nor hobbling gout shall cut him off,
 Worse tortures shall his life consume,
 And to be talked to death his doom.
 If wise, then let him as a rule
 Avoid a noisy prating fool."
 We now reached Vesta's ; of the day
 A full fourth part had passed away,
 When he, it seemed, must by the laws,
 Appear in court, or lose his cause.
 " Now if you love me," he entreated,
 " Just step within, the Judge is seated,
 'Twill not detain you."—" May I die,
 If I can stand by you," said I,
 " Or aught of legal pleadings know ;
 And you're aware where I must go."