

That time of agony in Spain?—

Though smooth at last the troubled water
Those stormy days must still remain,—

Her work not such, my little daughter!

No; though I may be much derided,

I'll have my way with this, my own,
And on one point I am decided—

My babe shall wed for love alone!

Nor shall this second Rosa be

A flirt, whatever else they make her!
Rather than have her that, I'd see—

The baby-farmer come and take her!

We will not care for gain and greed,

Though sought by greatest in the land!—
But, as her inclinations lead

So goes my little daughter's hand!

We have authority for this—

And let us copy from above;—
And may that marriage end in bliss,
The fruit alone of mutual love!