

"If you will go, dear, you must fain  
Put on those shoes—the pair  
Meant for your marriage, which the rain  
Forbade you then to wear."

She clapped her hands, flushed joyous hues ;  
"O yes—I'll up and ride  
If I am to wear my satin shoes  
And be a proper bride !"

Out then her little foot held she,  
As to depart with speed ;  
The madhouse man smiled pleasantly  
To see the wile succeed.

She turned to him when all was done,  
And gave him her thin hand,  
Exclaiming like an enraptured one,  
"This time it will be grand !"

She mounted with a face elate,  
Shut was the carriage door ;  
They drove her to the madhouse gate,  
And she was seen no more. . . .

Yet she was fair as early day  
Shining on meads unmown,  
And her sweet syllables seemed to play  
Like flute-notes softly blown.