

XXI.

"Oh! fly thou with me, Love," I trembling cried,
"And—" but my loved one would not hear my cry :
" 'Tis but a twelvemonth since my mother died,
And I should sin against my God if I
Should leave my father. Oh! my Love, seek not
To tempt me thus, but help me bear my lot."

XXII.

'Twere wrong to more persuade her. Silently
I kissed her gentle lips. A loving spell
Of sweet communion followed—it could be
But short—and then we bade a long farewell.
O'erwhelmed with tears, my gentle Love was gone,
And I must wander exiled and alone.

XXIII.

Yet is it best that I should wander thus,
Far from the cherished spot where we have passed
Such happy days, since not again for us
Will be the joy that seemed too great to last.
Her father is too stern a man to know
Remorse's sting ; his hatred will but grow.