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I could not find the little maid Content, So out I rushed, and sought her far and wide; But not where pleasure each new fancy tried, Heading the maize of reeling merriment, Not where, with restless eyes and bow half bent, Love in a brake of sweetbriar smiled and sighed; Not yet where fame towered, crowned and glorified, Found I her face, nor wheresoe'er I went.

So homeward back I crawled like wounded bird, When lo! Content sat spinning at my door. And when I asked her where she was before, "Here all the time!" she cried; "I never stirred; Too eager in your search, you passed me o'er, And, though I called, you neither saw nor heard." -Alfred Austin