

"Her Knight Proved True" 339

Golden Crescent, runs over home and listens very attentively while he is burning his porridge and *boiling* his tea,—he may hear of what happened to that sweet, little maid."

And, sure enough, as I stood, with my sleeves rolled up, stirring oatmeal and water that threatened every minute to stick to the bottom of the pot; there came through my open window the sounds of the bewitching voice of Rosemary,—my own, my charming Lady Rosemary:—

A maid there is in the North Countree;

A coy little, glad little maid is she.

Her cheeks are aglow with a rosy hue,

For her knight proved true, as good knights
should be.

And, day by day, as their vows renew,

Her spinning wheel purrs and the threads weave
through;

It purrs. It purrs. It purrs and the threads weave
through.

THE END