

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
 The man will cleave unto his right,"
 "And he shall have it," the lady replied,
 "Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
 Alas, my child, I sinned for thee,"
 "O mother, mother, mother," she said,
 "So strange it seems to me"

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
 My mother dear, if this be so,
 And lay your hand upon my head
 And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
 She was no longer Lady Clare:
 She went by dale, and she went by down,
 With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
 Leapt up from where she lay,
 Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
 And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower;
 "O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
 Why come you drest like a village maid,
 That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
 I am but as my fortunes are:
 I am a beggar born," she said,
 "And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
 For I am yours in word and deed.
 Play me no tricks, said Lord Ronald,
 "Your riddle is hard to read."

O, and proudly stood she up!
 Her heart within her did not fail;
 She looked into Lord Ronald's face
 And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn;
 He turned and kissed her where she stood

"If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the next in blood—"

"If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
 We two will wed to-morrow morn.
 And you shall still be Lady Clare."

These ballads are but as a drop from the ocean. Lack of space precludes reference to humorous ballads, of the class found in the "Bon Gaultier" book. And there are Irish, Spanish and Norse ballads of wondrous beauty; songs from France, including those of