

his own vintage has the sparkle and delicacy of flavour of the wine  
he drew from the antique jars of the old legends. For example, read  
his "Lady Clare:"

It was the time when lilies blow,  
And clouds are highest up in air,  
Lord Ronald brought a lily white doe  
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn,  
Lovers long betrothed were they:  
They two will wed the morrow morn,  
God's blessing on the day.

"He does not love me for my birth,  
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;  
He loves me for my own true worth,  
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice, the nurse,  
Said, "who was this that went from thee?"  
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,  
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked," said Alice the nurse,  
That all comes round so just and fair;  
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,  
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"  
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"  
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,  
I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;  
I speak the truth as I live by bread;  
I buried her like my own sweet child,  
And put my child in her stead.

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,  
O mother, she said, "if this be true,  
To keep the best man under the sun,  
So many years from his due."

"Nay, now my child," said Alice the nurse,  
"But keep the secret for your life,  
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,  
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said.  
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie;  
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,  
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,  
"But keep the secret all ye can,"  
She said, "not so; but I will know,  
If there be any faith in man."