

LADY DIDO.

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And her promise is sure, and her converse
as pure
As the chorus of birds when the morning is
clear.
For my far-away rose I'll get sick, I suppose ;
For Fate still defies me to wed her, I fear.
Shadows linger, but Love, shining through
from above,
Gives her face all the grace of the glad sum-
mer day.
O, her feelings are fine, and her temper
divine,
And her mind is as rich as the vines of
Cathay ;
And her heart is as kind as a gentle south
wind ;
So her welcome was sweeter than songs in
my ear.
For my far-away Rose I'll get sick, I sup-
pose ;
For Fate still defies me to wed her, I fear.

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O, there is a humble cabin,
That belongs to Uncle Eben,
That's unshaken by the tempest, unmolested
by the wars ;
And there is just where I go,