

## EPILOGUE

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Oh dearest mine—for that thou art, and will  
For ever be, while Heaven gives me life—  
I pray thee now forget all evil strife  
With thy poor lover, and too, such ill  
As he hath done to thee, and thy heart fill  
With tender thoughts of him; so 'suage his  
grief.

Ah! was it kind to show me thy disdain,  
And wound my heart, because for love of thee  
I was too prone to feel that other he  
Hath done thee service often and again?  
Or was it just to make me smart with pain,  
And should my love be made a penalty?