

EPILOGUE

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?