

Hysterics.

The orchard boughs were all in bloom ;
My love and I sat 'neath a tree ;
Between us there was little room ;
We sat where none around could see.
The summer flowers the air did scent ;
Brimful of joy the hours we spent.

Our cup of happiness ran o'er,
'Twas pleasure pure as it could be ;
The sorrow that makes hearts feel sore
Had never touched my love nor me.
Can you explain the reason why
When filled with laughter she should cry ?

We'd played as children o'er the lea ;
We'd plucked the wild rose on the moor ;
Companions all through life were we ;
But ne'er in such distress before.
A storm of grief her heart did fill
Though all around was calm and still.

A woman has within her breast
The elements of calm and storm ;
All things are moved at her behest,
The frost to blight, the fire to warm ;
She's fair in form as fair can be,
But full of contradictions she.

She wept as though a friend had died ;
I tried to understand her ease ;
I sat dumbfounded by her side,
And then my arms did her embrace.
The storm did quickly then subside ;
I'd asked my love to be my bride.

WM. STRONG.