

XV.

What need to speak of all that next ensued?

Still constantly, throughout those weary days,
Impelled by hope, with fondest love imbued,

Did I renew my suit. By bold essays
I sought to win the baronet's consent—
Each day a wilder rage his bosom rent.

XVI.

He had forbidden me to see my Love ;

But one glad morning I received a note
From her. She bade me meet her in the grove

Behind her father's house. In pain she wrote,
For, though the letter spoke no word of pain,
Her tears had left a sorrow-telling stain.

XVII.

We met at night-time ; and her tear-stained face,
Upturned to mine, was sorrowful and pale.

I pressed her to me in a fond embrace,

And kissed the cheeks that told so sad a tale.
She sadly smiled, then spoke, her cheek bedewed,
The while, with bitter tears again renewed :