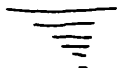


Ask me no more: thy date & mine are sealed:
 I strove against the stream but all in vain
 Let the great river take me to the main:
 No more dear love for at our touch I yield:
 Ask me no more.



As thro' the land at eve we went,
 And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
 We fell out my wife and I,
 And kiss'd again with tears:
 And blessings on the falling-out
 That all the more endears,
 When we fall out with those we love,
 And kiss again with tears!
 For when we came where lies the child
 We lost in other years,
 There above the little grave,
 We kiss'd again with tears.

II. These are not written regularly but just as they
 turned up