

Then the stile's stiff, rusty bones
Gave a shiver and a shake,
A thrill of life ran through him like a flame,
And in quaint, old-fashioned tones
To the loitering pair he spake,
Calling each astonished villager by name :

"Such a pretty pair c geese
I have never, never seen ;
Why this dallying on a question that's so plain ?
John take Sue, and live in peace,
With no bickering between
Man and wife. Now go, nor bother me again."

That was all he said ; and soon,
On that silent summer night,
Sue looked up at John, and John looked down at Sue,
Till the bashful, modest moon
In a cloudlet hid her light,
As along the leafy byway went the two.

