



## ON A WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

BY SIR ROBERT AYTON.

[THE author of the following verses, which for harmony and elegance of fancy, have rarely been surpassed, was Private Secretary to the Queen of Denmark, wife of James VI. He wrote several beautiful Latin poems, which may be found in the *Deliciae Poetarum Scotorum*. It is to be regretted that but few of his English poems have been preserved.]

I LOVED thee once, I'll love no more,  
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;  
Thou art not what thou wast before,  
What reason I should be the same.  
He that can love unloved again,  
Hath better store of love than brain.  
God send me love my debts to pay,  
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown  
If thou had still continued mine;  
Yea, if thou hadst remained my own,  
I might, perchance, have yet been thine;  
But thou thy freedom did recal,  
That it thou might elsewhere enthrall,  
And then how could I but disdain  
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,  
And changed the objects of thy will  
It had been lethargy in me,  
Not constancy, to love thee still;  
Yea, it had been a sin to go  
And prostitute affection so,  
Since we are taught no prayers to say  
To such as much to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice;  
Thy choice of thy good fortune boast,  
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,  
To see him gain what I have lost;  
The height of my disdain shall be,  
To laugh at him, to blush for thee—  
To love thee still but go no more  
A begging at a beggar's door.

## SLEEP ON.

BY JOHN O. SARGENT.

SLEEP ON—sleep happily on  
Untroubled by the cares of day,  
While thy free spirit wings its way  
Then to me!

Dream on—but dream of me!  
As all my dreams of dear delight,  
Through the sweet slumbers of the night,  
Are of thee!