

And still she looked, and wondered oft,  
And watched each setting sun,  
And pictured to herself the looks  
Of the long-looked for one.

One day a cloud of dust was seen,  
Upon the distant hill,  
And soon a pair of dappled greys  
Came trotting to the mill.

Behind them sat a comely lad  
Whose name was Ephriam Lee.  
Shad-bellied coat, and broad-brimmed hat,  
From Quaker Street came he.

It happened to be washing day,  
And she was by the line,  
That stretched from corner of the house  
To yonder scraggy pine.

And he looked o'er the fence of slabs,  
And she looked out at him ;  
The glance that flashed along the line,  
Went through his heart so prim.

Of how they got acquainted first  
I cannot say a word,  
And you will pardon me, I'm sure,  
Because I never heard.

But this I know, that after that  
The visit was renewed,  
And they who listened at the door,  
Say this is how he wooed.