

IX.

I had not asked her father for her hand ;
He was a baronet of ancient blood.
Proud of his lineage, jealous of his land ;
His pride was such as boded me no good.
I was an author, not unknown to fame,
But could not boast a title to my name.

X.

Sore did my loved one beg me to confess
My love to him, and ask for his consent.
He loved her well, and could not fail to bless
Our union ; his pride had oft unbent
To her, and she had now but little fear
That he would hear me with a willing ear.

XI.

I gladly heard her speak in confident
And reassuring tones, and all the doubt
That had been mine now vanished, and I went,
With lightsome heart, to seek her father out ;
And prayed him give his daughter for my wife,
And thus confer a blessing on my life.