

THE SPARROW :

But nymphs who are born of the sea
You know are capricious and free,
And sometimes defiant of fate.
Remember, sweet swain,
Like Rapture and Pain,
That Love is the brother of Hate.
Ah me—me—me !

THE POET :

Sad sprite of the forest, thy song
Is omen of pitiless wrong,
And sweetly bemoaneth my fate.
Too oft, as with you,
The false wins the true—
Love's arrows are stolen by Hate.
Ah me—me—me !