

SYMPATHY

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A Knight & a lady met in a grove
While each was in quest of a fugitive love
A woe ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

'Oh! never was a Knight such a sorrow that thou!

'Oh, never was maid so deserted before!

'From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump into each other for company.'

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed. -

But here was a bramble & there was a weed -

"How tiresome it is" said the pair with a sigh.

So they sat down to rest them for company.

They gazed at each other, the maid & the Knight,

How fair was her form, how goodly his height!

'One mournful embrace' said the youth 'ere we die

So kissing & crying kept company

'Oh! had I ^{but} loved such an angel as you!

'Oh! had but my swain been a quaker as true

'Is mine such perfection how blinded was I!

Even now they were excellent company!

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a surly ^{of} _{face}

'The weather is cold for a watery kiss:

When summer returns we may easily die -

Till then let us sorrow in company