

Ballad.



WHY is it so with me, false Love,
Why is it so with me?
Mine enemies might thus have dealt;
I fear'd it not of thee.

Thou wast the thought of all my thoughts,
Nor other hope had I:
My life was laid upon thy love;
Then how could'st let me die?

The flower is loyal to the bud,
The greenwood to the spring,
The soldier to his banner bright,
The noble to his king:

The bee is constant to the hive,
The ringdove to the tree,
The martin to the cottage-eaves;
Thou only not to me.

Yet if again, false Love, thy feet
To tread the pathway burn
That once they trod so well and oft,
Return, false Love, return;

And stand beside thy maiden's bier,
And thou wilt surely see,
That I have been as true to love
As thou wert false to me.

F. T. PALGRAVE.