

**THE WAY OF A VIRGIN.  
BEING EXCERPTS FROM RARE,  
CURIOUS AND DIVERTING BOOKS.  
LONDON, ENGLAND**

**1922  
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*Songs of the Groves: Records of the Ancient World.* (The Vine Press: Steyning, Sussex: 1921), has a singularly charming account of a rustic courtship. *The Wooing*, the poem to which we refer, is a rendering from the Greek of Theocritus, and is remarkable for the vivid picture conjured up before our eyes in a few lines of verse. Daphnis, a young shepherd, and a maiden, discourse of love and marriage; eventually she yields to his passion:—

“Remove your hand, you satyr; do not seek my blossoms so!  
Just a first glance! Oh! I must see those snowy flowers of mine!  
O Pan! O Pan! I’m fainting! Take away that hand of thine!  
Darling, look up! Don’t tremble so! Why fear your Lycidas?  
Oh, Daphnis! I shall spoil my robe; it’s filthy on this grass.  
But—just see here!—the softest fleece over your robe I’ve thrown.  
Ah me! Oh! Don’t undo my belt! Why do you loose my zone?  
Because the Paphian Queen must have it for an offering.  
Some one will come! I hear a noise! Leave off, you cruel thing!  
A noise? My cypresses: they murmur how my darling weds.  
Oh, I am bare! You’ve torn my robe into a string of shreds!  
A better robe I’ll give you soon; a larger robe I’ll buy.  
Oh yes! You’ll give me all, when soon salt even you’ll deny.  
Oh, I could pour my soul into you for your dear delight!  
Forgive, O Artemis, forgive your faithless acolyte.  
Venus shall have an ox; a calf for Cupid I will burn.  
A virgin came I hither, but a woman shall return.  
The nurse, the mother, of my babes, now never more a maid.  
So with young limbs entwined in love all joyously they played.  
Soft-murmuring each to each; then from their secret couch  
they leap:  
She, when she had arisen, went away to feed her sheep;  
Shame was in her eyes, but her heart beat high above:  
Joyous, he went to feed his flocks, glad from the bed of love.”