

THE TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

“I think the devil will not have me damned.
... he would never else cross me thus.”

Merry Wives of Windsor.

THIS time she set her will against my will ;
Swore that she would not come : in my despair
I half believed her an enchantress fair
Cruel as hell and dowered with subtle skill
To strain my life out with her love, and kill
My soul with misery : suddenly a rare
Swift smile set shimmering all the ambient air,
And then I knew she was my true love still.

She would not come ? Why, were Hell's portals fast
Shut, as to Orpheus on Eurydice,
Their brass would break before love's gold and
steel,
The sharpness inlaid with sweet tracery
Of talismans of virtue : she is leal
To come and live and be my love at last.