

THE TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

“She having the truth of honour in her,  
hath made him that gracious denial which  
he is most glad to receive.”

*Measure of Measure.*

OF course I might have know it was a lie.  
Nathless, I wept all morning and despaired.  
Nothing for any life of earth I cared,  
Neither for heaven: I railed against the sky,  
Hating the earth, the sea, the witchery  
Of all the universe: my breast I bared  
And cursed God, hoping lightning; and I dared  
Not ask my love “In very truth—you die!”

I could not bear it longer; then she spake:  
“I lied indeed, love, for mine honour’s sake,”  
And I reproached her for her love’s distrust,  
Saying “I would not so in any wise  
Have lowered love unto the level of lust  
But now—” I hid my thought in tears and sighs.