

THE AUTHOR'S BALLADE OF  
HIS TALE

Go to the woodlands, English maid,  
Or where the downs to seaward bend,  
When autumn is in gold arrayed,  
Or spring is green, or winters send  
A frosty sun, or summers blend  
Their flowers in every dainty dye,  
And take, as you would take a friend,  
This pleasant tale of Thessaly.

Lie on the greensward, while the shade  
Shortens as morning doth ascend  
The gates of Heaven, and bud and blade  
Laugh at the dawn, while breezes lend  
Their music, till you comprehend  
The meaning of the world, and sigh—  
Yet love makes happy in the end  
This pleasant tale of Thessaly.

Turn from my book, the poet prayed,  
And look to Heaven, an hour to spend  
Before His throne who spake and bade  
The fountains of the deep descend  
And bade the earth uproot and rend  
To pitch like tents the mountains high,  
And gave him language who hath penned  
This pleasant tale of Thessaly.

#### ENVOI

Fair maiden, who hast rightly weighed  
The message of the morning sky,  
Think kindly of the man who made  
This pleasant tale of Thessaly.