КЕФАЛН ОЕ

PLOVERS' EGGS38

Spring beans and strawberries are in: goodbye to the oyster!

If I really knew what I wanted, I could give up Laylah, or give up everything for Laylah.

But "what I want "varies from hour to hour.

This wavering is the root of all compromise, and so of all good sense.

With this gift a man can spend his seventy years in peace.

Now is this well or ill?

Emphasise *gift*, then *man*, then *spend*, then *seventy years*, and lastly *peace*, and change the intonations—each time reverse the meaning! I would show you how; but—for the moment!—I prefer to think of Laylah.