"Now, Cousin Matthew, sit no more
So moody in a corner there;
If you are brave then you should kneel."
And when her lips had spoken thus
Her heart repented for the words,
Since wounded love had come to brood
Above him, as the thrush torn-winged
Croons ceaselessly on some low bough.
"Dear Cousin Matthew," she exclaimed,
And then she knew not how to speak;
But in the little hand she laid
Across his hard and sunburned palm
There was a bond of sympathy
That warmed him toward her gentleness.
"I'm going there no more," he said,
Half gladly, half regretfully,
Raising his eyes and looking down
The southern road. "It's ended now.
How many times, since she and I
Danced that first night, my heart has turned



To her; how many times my thought
Has builded castles in these woods
And meadows where we two might live.
Ah, Ursula, if any man
Loves you as I have worshipped her
These hopeless yet too happy years,
You could not but be merciful
To such a heart.
But she? She is
So beautiful, so cold, so wise!
All through the autumn afternoons
I've followed down the river's shore
To be with her, to hear her voice,
To look within her eyes for some
Love-token; Cousin Ursula,
She could not love, she does not know
What love should be; she only knows
That women marry; she is wise.
I've placed her beauty in the stars
And knelt to her. I've taken her