Into my heart, and only asked
A little love, a little love.
And every time she answered me
With all the sweetness that is hers,
With all the freshness on her lips:
'Wait, Matthew, wait; be patient, dear,
And give me just a little time.'"
His words that came unwillingly
In other days, forged hot and sere
Like sparks struck out beneath the iron.
And Ursula sat breathless, cowed
Beneath resentment stern and deep,
Stirred from his long enduring soul.
"Yes, Ursula," he said, "she hoped
To keep me subject till she knew
Another would not make her his,
And then she would have thrown to me
A rose he would not stoop to wear.
I stood before her with my hat
Clutched tight between my finger-nails.

'What shall your answer be?' I said.
'A little time, good Matthew, please,'
She sighed; I bowed and answered her:
'A lifetime you shall have; good-day.'
And having spoken, left her there."
A hush came over all the room;
The spinning-wheel no longer moved,
And Ursula, wide-eyed and awed,
Looked steadfastly at Matthew's face;
Then like the breaking of a storm
Fell forward sobbing on her wheel.
Matthew in silence rose and stood
A moment like an awkward child,
And then went quietly away.