

When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug.
"Shake," quoth the dovehouse. 'Twas no need, I
 trow,
 To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years.
For then she could stand high-lone. Nay, by th'
 rood,
She could have run and waddled all about,