

*Rintrah, where has thou hid thy bride?
 Weeps she in desert shades?
 Alas! my Rintrah, bring the lovely jealous
 Ocalythron.*

Then against a possible invasion of my privacy, I touched my white cheeks until they blushed. My luck was not in. He was a typically farm-labourer, with what thy'd call in Bloomsbury a Newdigate fringe. Just like that sort of a poet, I supposed they'd mean. He anchored himself heavily, consciously waving an empty pipe. Henry was now stooping over the other body, whistling between its teeth. What would I have done, I wondered? Really this sort of thing was native to me in a way. I wished there were water without going for it. I remembered, of course, that there was a conduit dating from 1597 standing here in the market place. But that was of little use to me. On the whole, I thought I would have as much nerve as my dear hero. But one never knew.

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