

SONG OF A QUEEN

NELL HANSON

"There isn't any use," she said,
"In thinking on spilt milk;
 On faith dismayed,
 And love betrayed,"
She swished her train of silk.

"There isn't any use," he said,
"In talking like a queen;
 For queens can sigh,
 And pine, and cry,
Like any maid I've seen".

"Who says a queen can cry", she said,
"For things not worth a straw?
 For yellow head
 And moonlit bed?
You jest!" she said. "Withdraw"!

He kissed her once. He kissed her twice.
She gave a sigh between.
 He stroked her hair;
 And left her there:—
Left her to be a queen.