

XVIII

O Sweetheart, hear you  
Your lover's tale;  
A man shall have sorrow  
When friends him fail.

For he shall know then  
Friends be untrue  
And a little ashes  
Their words come to.

But one unto him  
Will softly move  
And softly woo him  
In ways of love.

His hand is under  
Her smooth round breast;  
So he who has sorrow  
Shall have rest.