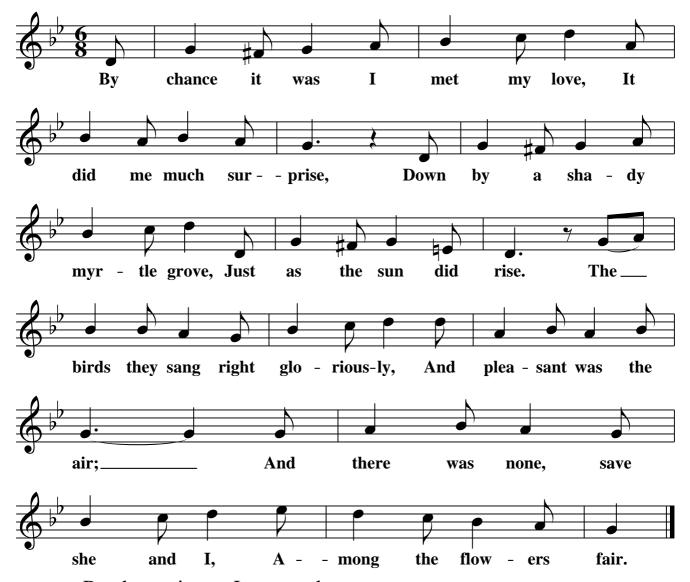
By Chance It Was



By chance it was I met my love, It did me much surprise, Down by a shady myrtle grove, Just as the sun did rise. The birds they sang right gloriously, And pleasant was the air; And there was none, save she and I, Among the flowers fair. In dewy grass and green we walk'd,
She was timid and was coy;
"How can'st thou choose but pity me,
My pretty pearl, my joy?
How comes it that thou stroll'st this way?
Sweet Maiden, tell me true,
Before bright Pheobus' glittering ray
Has supped the morning dew?"

"I go to tend the flocks I love
The ewes and tender lambs,
That pasture by the myrtle grove,
That gambol by thier dams;
There I enjoy a pure content
At dawning of the day,"
Then, hand in hand, we lovers went
To see the flock at play.

And as whe wended down the road.
I said to her, "Sweet maid,
Three years I in my place abode
And three more must be stayed.
Three times that I am bound so fast,
O fairest wait for me.
And when these weary years are passed
Then married we will be"

Three years are long, three times to long, Too lengthy the delay".

O then I answered in my song, "Hope wastes them quick away.

Where love is fervent, fain and fast, And knoweth not decay.

There nimbly fleet the seasons past Accounted as one day."