

LOVE'S LABOURS LOST

I

arise oneself and go
down the slope of two
into the loop of three
over the roof of four
under the belly of five
along the ever slant of never seven.

II

"Never! never! never! never!
Faint heart ne'er won fair la—dee."

III

therefore threefour
one for that two
for that she was two
for that she was true
although yet wherefour the of
whereof?

IV

o the sad bad glad mad never seven o
o the ever why when where whither bother o
for that she was two!
ALTHOUGH YET LOVE WHEREOF
WHEREFOUR THE OF
WHEREOF ?