

SONNET 13

(On the Transfer of Loyalty to Victoria)

As changeless as the time worn rock, they say,
Should true love be and quite unlike a brook
That wanders wantonly--for love's pure look
Must never swerve--unlike the gulls who play
Joy--driv'n and aimless in their carefree way
"If love is true it never will grow strange
It ne'er will be transferred and ne'er will change
At all," tis said, "forever and a day!"

But I, poor heretic, will not agree
For still my love is true tho' it embrace
A new and different heart, another face!
It must not be bound down; It must be free!
But this is why I do not hide in shame:
Altho' the object's new, my love's the same!