

## Lines on The Canvas

Adapted from "The Simla Dancers,"  
and Directed to Mr. P. D. Armour.



"We never flattered thee. Innocent our guise,  
Dainty our shining feet, our voices low;  
And we revolve to divers melodies  
And we are happy since a year ago.  
The moon that sees tonight our lightsome wiles  
And pales within, before the arc's white glare,  
And on our gentle hearts and sweethearts smiles,  
Was wan with gazing on our strife and care.

"What have we ever done to merit gift?  
There was no room save only in the Gym.  
To dance the happy hours till dawn shall lift,  
And rude rough sport would hold it but for him.  
Must athletes e'er usurp our chosen spot?  
And is our temple ne'er to be? we cried,  
Must still to watch their gambols be our lot  
And we for basket ball forego our joys and hide?

"Aye! by the memory of tuneful nights--  
Aye! by the witchery of flying feet--  
Aye! by the glamour of foregone delights--  
By all things merry, musical, and meet;  
By wit that sparkles, and by sparkling eyes--  
By wailing waltz, by reckless twosteps strain--  
By dim, still stairways and by soft replies,  
We thank thee for this ball room once again."

--M. K.