

An Evening

A maid divine, with eyes sublime,
A table set for two;
A quiet time, a little wine,
No hurry to get through.

A silly joke, a clever stroke,
You think you've made a hit;
She knows one, too, it's fairly new,
You overflow with wit.

Her cheeks burn red, you lose your head,
And things don't seem the same;
Her ruby lips, long to be kissed,
But then, you're not to blame.

You soon draw near, and call her dear,
The sweetest girl you know;
Try to caress, and then confess,
You always loved her so.

She knows you well, and will not tell,
And this you do deplore;
You're where you're at, when you said that,
A hundred times before.

MORAL.

Do not allure, this maid demure,
No matter what you know;
To maiden dear, it is quite clear,
How far a girl should go.

—A. J. A.