The Modern Lady

A swain he wandered with his fir

Where summer woods were shady

He said “O love you fast compare”

She smiled, that winsome lady

He said, “My life I offer you”,

She whispered “What’s your income?”

He said “My worldly goods are few”

She said, “When more you win, come!”

The youth who woes a modern maid

Must somehow find the silver

He’ll reach Port Wedlock undismayed

With Mamon at the tiller

For hearts are bought and sold today

And love’s a trade, like others

Wise Cupid‘s flung his darts away

With all their aches and bothers.

[crossed out on the back of the page]

Now the watcher’s heart grows gladder –

The wished for ~~form~~ (one) appears

And gently descends the ladder

A-quiver with hopes and fears

Then ~~I~~ softly steal through the bushes

The danger will soon be past –

“Nabbed” the policeman rushes

And soon has the burglar fast

Now his throbbing heart grows gladder

~~Soon the watchers heart grows gladder~~

A shadowy form appears

It ~~gently descends the~~ (creeps down the waiting) ladder

Not a sound the [--] (watcher) hears;

The danger is all but past –

“Nabbed!” the policeman rushes

And soon has the burglar fast