

The Modern Boy

A swain he wandered with his fair,
Where summer woods were shady,
He said "I love you past compare,"
She smiled, that wondrous 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 wears a modern maid
Must somehow find the silver,
He'll reach Port Wedlock undismayed
With Mammon at the tiller,
For hearts are bought and sold to day
And love is a trade, like others,
Wise Cupid is flung his darts away
With all their aches and potholes.