

The Modern Way.

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A swain he wandered with his fair  
Where summer woods were shady;  
He said, "I love you past compare",  
She smiled, that winsome lady.  
He said, "My life I offer you",  
She whispered, "What's your income?"  
He said, "My wordly goods are few",  
She said, "When more you win, come!"

The youth who woos a modern maid  
Must somehow find the siller,  
He'll reach Port Wedlock undismayed  
With Mannon at the tiller;  
For hearts are bought and sold to-day  
And love's a trade, like others;  
Wise Cupid's flung his darts away  
With all their aches and pothers.

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