

The Young Man's Disappointment

The jig is up: I have been flung
Too high—and worse than that
The girl whose praises I have sung,
With pen, with pencil, and with tongue,
Said "No," and I felt flat.

Now I will neither rave nor rant,
Nor my hard fate deplore:
Why should a fellow look askant
If one girl says she won't, or can't,
While there's so many more?

I strove my best—it wouldn't do:
I told her she'd regret—
She'd ruin my heart, and chances too,
As girls don't like those fellows who
Their walking papers get.

In truth I loved her very well,
And thought that she loved me:
The reason why, I cannot tell,
But when I wooed this pretty belle—
'Twas a mistake in me.

She's dark of eye—and her sweet smile,
Like some of which I've read,
Is false, for she, with softest guile,
Lured me 'mong rocks, near love's brightest isle;
And then she cut me dead.

My vanity was wounded sore—
And that I take the worst:
You see, a haughty look I wore,
And thought she could but, adore?
Of all men, me she first,

And a good thing for Himself

Well, thank the fates, once more I'm free—
At every shrine I'll bow;
And if again, a girl cheat me,
Exceeding sharp I guess she'll be—
I've cut my eye teeth now.

Oh, like the humbler I'll rove,
East when, and where I please—
Inhaling sweets from every grove,
Humming around each flower & love,
And dancing in each breeze.

A free man forever

Man

Her native sense improved by reading
Her native sweetness by good breeding

Girl.

For trifles, why should I displease
The man I love? For trifles such as these
To serious mischiefs lead the man I love.

Love one, and Love no more. My Motto

The golden laws of love shall be
Upon this pillar hung;
A simple heart, a single eye,
A true and constant tongue.

Let no one for more love pretend
When thy heart's in store:
True love begun shall never end:
Love one, and love no more.