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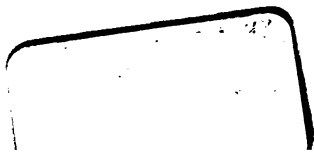
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IN CUPID'S COURT
BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS



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In Cupid's Court

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FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

WILLIAM S. LORD

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1902

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To Genevieve, Ethelwyn, Grayce, Mar-
jorie, Rosalind, Rose, Annette, *
Edythe, Arethusa, Stella and
others whose names are
too humorous to men-
tion, this booklet
is * lovingly
dedicated.

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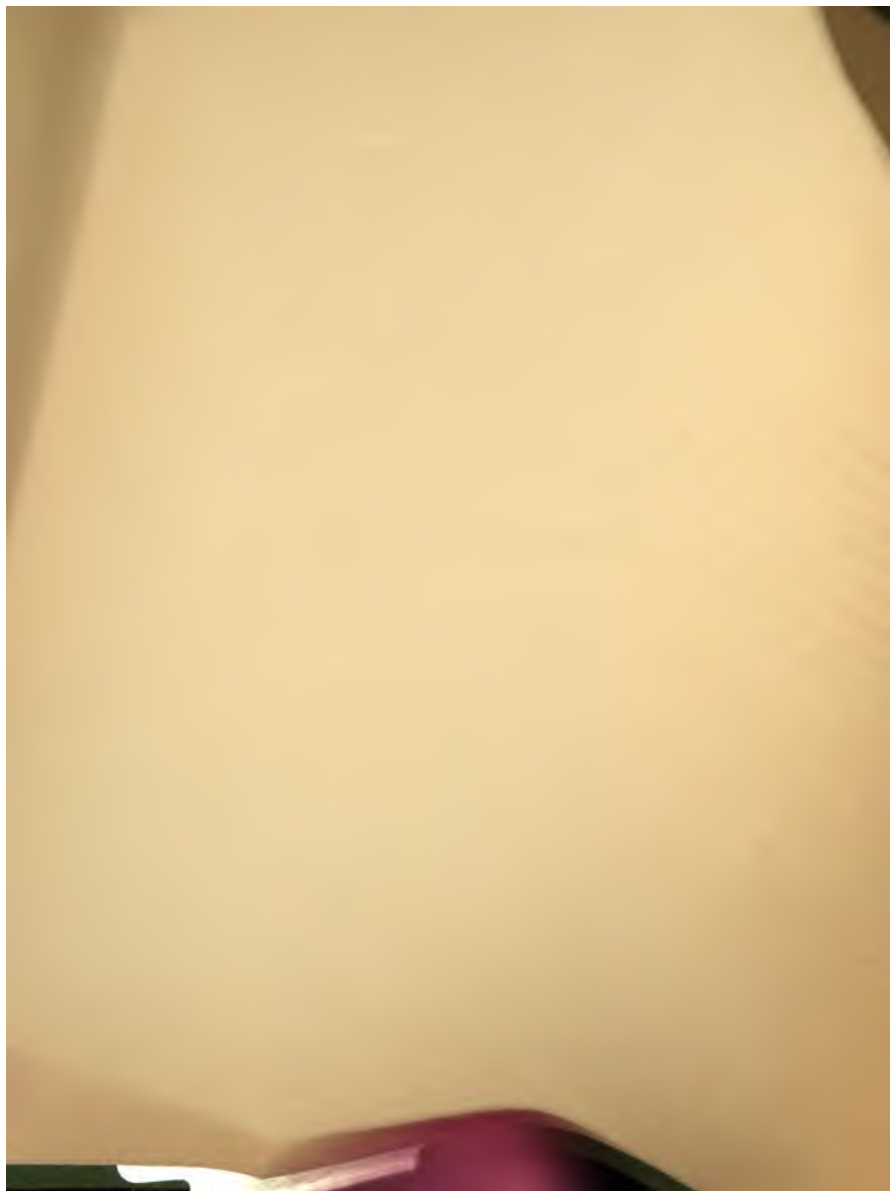
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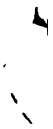
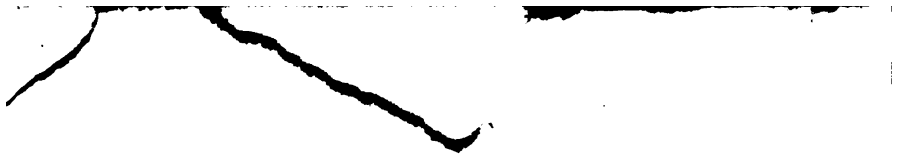
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*Whene'er the French forms I essay
You'll find me precise in technique,
My thoughts may go wildly astray
Whene'er the French forms I essay.
Concede this harsh critic I pray;
That though my idea is weak
Whene'er the French forms I essay
You'll find me precise in technique.*



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In Cupid's Court

(A Rondel)

IN Cupid's Court! Ah, that is where
Both man and maid their wrongs redress;
And broken hearts they oft repair
In Cupid's Court.

'Tis pretty sport---a merry mess
Where naught is foul and all is fair
And where N-O spells Y-E-S.

The Laws of Love---but who would care
To codify such happiness?
Law, Logic, Reason---they don't dare
In Cupid's Court.

TO MY FIANCEE

(Neuvain)

WHY do I love you, dear? Because
Your face is wondrous sweet and fair?
Before we marry, you would pause.
You ask, before our lots we share:
Why do I love you, dear? Because
Your mind is bright---your wit is rare.
Away with reasons and with laws!
This is the answer, I declare:
Why do I love you, dear? Because !

A BALLADE OF "MODERN FABLES"

ALL YE who read of lovers' lore—
Of Abelard and Heloise—
How Aucassin in days of yore
His Nicolete sought sore to please—
How various other hes and shes
For Love their very lives have paid:
Put by your tearful threnodies
And read the Fables of George Ade.

And ye who read of joust and war—
How "Cude Kyng Arthure wonne ye
grees"—
How "Launcelot wolde sayn spill gore
On hym that Tristram hight." How "these
Wight knightes wolde then drayne to ye lees
Ye stirrup-cup." O story frayed!
O Malory, to yon tall trees
And read the Fables of George Ade!

And ye who read how men explore
And sail the frigid Northern Seas:
(I deem such stuff an awful bore—
I let 'em drown! I let 'em freeze!)

And Doctors who read of Disease;
Professors who through theses wade;
Cut Latin, Hebrew, Greek, Chinese,
And read the Fables of George Ade.

L'ENVOI

Go all: from Dence Spot to Main Squeeze—
Wife, Husband, Bachelor and Maid—
Stand in the salty, slangy breeze
And read the Fables of George Ade.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPELLED

SAID a lady whose surname was BEAULIEU:
"Orthography's very unreaulieu;

The spelling of Belvoir
Is quite a deceivoir"—

Said her husband: "What's wrong with Yours
Treaulieu?"

TO MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN

TO MISTRESS NELL so debonair
Eternally my faith I swear,
 Od's life! a hundred have I seen
 But like to thee not one, I ween,
For never yet was face so fair.

'Sdeath! some write "To Sylvia's Hair"
Or sonnets weave "To Grace", "To Clare".
 My Muse's fancy seems to lean
 To Mistress Nell.

Maude Adams had a goodly share
Of my poor homage. In the snare
 Of Lillian, Della and Maxine
 And eke some others have I been:
But now my homage flies---and where?
 To Mistress Nell.

HORACE: I., 8

(Triolet)

WHY, Lydia, O tell me, pray,
Is Sybaris no more a sport?
With quoit and spear he will not play—
Why, Lydia, O tell me, pray,
Does he not dress in war's array—
Or in the Tiber stream cavort?
Why, Lydia, O tell me, pray,
Is Sybaris no more a sport?

A RONDEAU: BY REQUEST

A RONDEAU? Well, I've worked all night
With all my heart and all my might
Till throbs my brain and ache my eyes
From scores of unsuccessful tries
A simple rondeau to radite.

"O Muse", I cried in hapless plight,
"I want a rondeau, how'er trite."
She answered, not without surprise:
"A rondeau! Well!"

You thought, O Muse, the task was slight:
You took a scadish, grim delight
In answ'ring thus my mournful cries,
But do you think, or e'en surmise
That I could ever hope to write
A rondeau well?

BALLADE OF THE GIRL OF TODAY

NAUGHT to me is the ancient air
Flora breathed in the days of yore,
Naught for mythical girls I care,
Loved by Woden and Pan and Thor.
Why should I scribble pedantic lore
Of Heloise, Thais and Venus? They
Seem to me quite a classic bore.
Give me a girl alive today.

Time's too precious for me to share
Any of it with a "lost Lenore";
Why should I read "To Julia's Hair"?
Or "Celia's Eyelash" that winks no more?
That for the bonnet that Laura wore!
I snap my fingers and cry: "Nay, nay."
Why praise Guinevere's shade? What for?
Give me a girl alive today!

What tho' Daphne was passing fair?
Must ye her infinite praise outpour?
Lauding beauty no longer where
Hearts may worship and eyes adore?

Bards, what booteth your bounteous store?
Vain regrets—a post-mortem lay.
I and the Present have the floor:
Give me a girl alive today!

L'ENVOI

Princess Beautiful, score on score
My rivals are taking you all away.
This the boon for which I implore:
Give me a girl alive today!

SPRING: A RONDEAU

WHEN Spring is here the bards rehearse
Themes good and bad, prolix and terse.
They glorify some sylvan scene
Where "brooklets clear and grasses green"
All thought of Winter's cold disperse.

"The editors must reimburse
These poets well", we say and curse
The ever present magazine
When Spring is here.

But stay, the poet's lot is worse:
While we our sorry selves immerse
In odes to Spring, and vent our spleen
On these poor bards, the bards I ween,
Are busy writing Autumn verse
When Spring is here.

THE LINE-O'-TYPE MAN

O THE Line-o'-Type Man—the one what we
Read in *The Tribune*—of B. L. T.

Ain't he a goin' to come back no more
An' make us laugh till we're a'mos' sore?
I ist can't laugh when he's gone away
Geel! But I wisht he'd come back today
'N' write about all what's happening
All over the world; 'n' how's the king.
Let him come ag'in soon 's he can.

He's sech a funny ol' Line-o'-Type Man.

Ain't he a funny ol' Line-o'-Type Man?
Line-o'-Type, Line-o'-Type, Line-o'-Type
Man.

ON JULIA'S BIRTHDAY

AS TIME goes on, the friends we met
In former days have ceased to fret
About our weal and eke our woe:
No longer do they care to know
Are we in life? Are we in debt?

O Julia, with thy hair of jet!
O paradoxical brunette!
Brunettes are sometimes fair, I'll show
As Time goes on.

They have forgotten me, I'll bet—
Those friends of summer days—and yet
As I construct this poor rondeau,
Methinks in Cincinnati, O.,
There's Julia—who will not forget
As Time goes on.

TRIOLET

O WHAT would the poets all do
If we'd no such flowers as violets?
My! Wouldn't they be in a stew?
O, what would the poets all do?
We've hundreds of endings in "oo",
But nary a one to rhyme triolets!
O, what would the poets all do
If we'd no such flowers as violets?

“TEMPORA MUTANTUR”

WHEN Lowell wrote “SIR LAUNFAL”, he
Apostrophized each bird and tree:
He worshiped June at Nature’s shrine,
And thought the month supreme, divine,
Replete with varied melody.

In every nook he seemed to see
Some happiness; and all agree
That June, indeed, was very fine,
When Lowell wrote.

“Mutantur tempora”; and we
Can’t praise this June with conscience free,
And as for me, I must decline
To echo that oft quoted line—
For June ain’t what it used to be
When Lowell wrote.

ON RETURNING GWENDOLYN'S GLOVES'

YOUR gloves I enclose—
 May Good Fortune betide 'em!
When next, Goodness knows,
Your gloves I enclose,
I am fain to suppose
 There'll be something inside 'em.
Your gloves I enclose—
 May Good Fortune betide 'em!

BALLADE OF NAMES I LOVE

EACH poet puts forward his claim
For the how and the wherefore and why
Of the charm of some fair lady's name—
In each some attraction must lie.
The boasts of them all I defy!
O Muses, your aid I implore!
Let them scoff; still I cannot deny
Genevieve is the name I adore.

Bob Herrick won permanent fame
By writing "To Julia's Eye,"
And then "To My Celia" he'd frame,
The sweetest of rhymes—on the sly.
O. Horace extolled to the sky
Melpomene, Pyrrha, and more,
Let him of his Lydia sigh!
Genevieve is the name I adore.

Leonote was the favorite flame
Of Poe, quite a fickle young guy.
And Mary and Nancy (the same
To whom Bobby Burns wrote "Good-bye")

Are the names that suffice to imply
That poets had sweethearts galore.
With the best of them now I can vie!
Genevieve is the name I adore.

L'ENVOI

O Line-o'-Type Genevieve, fly
With me to the Michigan shore;
For I say, till my ink has run dry:
Genevieve is the name I adore.

GENEVIEVE TO HER B. D.

B D., to you I pen this lay.
'Tis difficult for me to say
A tenth of what is in my mind:
And so I bid you be resigned,
Contented, if you can't be gay.

B. D., I simply couldn't stay.
With F. P. A. I've gone away—
Which you may think was none too kind,
B. D., to you.

O blame me not, B. D. I pray.
Come back again some time I may.
To you whom we have left behind
We send our best regards combined—
"To which we add," says F. P. A.,
"Be d— to you."

BALLADE OF UNREQUITED AFFECTION

State of Bliss
County de Coeur, } ss. In Ye Courte of Love.

Sir Francis
vs.
Saintess Grayce } Bill of Complaint.

YE plaintiff bids ye Courte good-day,
And eke ye Bailif—merrye wight—
Eke Ethelwyn and F. P. A.
B. D. and Genevieve, which hight
Ye Jury. List unto his plight.
Him it repeateth sorely, viz.:
Ye charge that he must needs indict:
Ye Saintess Grayce a four-flush is.

For wit ye well, this maiden's sway
O'er Francis was of wondrous might,
And daily truage did he pay
For that to her he fain would write.
Of food did he partake no bite
Out-cept ye Grapeauttes stuff. Gee whiz!
Namely he dureth none too light:
Ye Saintess Grayce a four-flush is.

Erstwhile ye Knight was passing gay.
His japes not few, his visage bright.
Fain did he joust, nor in ye fray
Did Francis ever dure despite.
Gaze on him now: i' sooth a sight!
Ye careworn brow, ye wrinkled phiz!
For cause this thought his soul doth smite:
Ye Saintess Crayce a four-flush is.

L'ENVOI

Judge, when will she his love requite?
When will her heart reach out to his?
Prove wrong this charge of Francis, Knight:
Ye Saintess Crayce a four-flush is.

SIR FRANCIS

True, Love & Co., Solicitors for Plaintiff
Attest: A. Marblechart, Clerk of ye Courte of Dan
Cupid.

YE COURTE OF LOVE

State of Bliss, }
County de Cœur. } ss. In Ye Courte of Love.

Saint Francis }
vs. } Bill of Complaint.
Saintess Grayce. }

APOLOGY FOR LACK OF ATTORNEYS

(Villanelle)

SIR FRANCIS loves ye Saintess Grayce
Nor law nor barrister needs be:
Full fain Sir Francis pleads ye case.

He hath nor wit nor time nor space
For other else than this his plea:
Sir Francis loves ye Saintess Grayce.

Ye lawyers go o'erswift a pace:
Ye lawyers graft o'er much of fee,
Full fain Sir Francis pleads ye case.

His lance, his hauberk, eke his mace,
His lifedays, at her service be:
Sir Francis loves ye Saintess Grayce.

Dear Saintess, wilt thou yield a place
 Within thy stony heart to me?
Full fain Sir Francis pleads ye case.

Unacethe more love could Knight retrace.
 Judge, give him Crayce, his honest gree,
Sir Francis loves ye Saintess Crayce:
Full fain Sir Francis pleads ye case.

RONDEAU: TO ETHELWYN

TO Ethelwyn I sing: For her
My Pegasus will need no spur.
How could I know, last Christmas eve,
That Gea would F. P. A. deceive?
I thought myself a connoisseur.
With every wish did she concur.
O my! she was a jollier!
But now I turn from Genevieve
To Ethelwyn.
Go, Memory of things that were:
To her who sets my heart astir
These threads on Fancy's loom I weave.
All other ties I hereby cleave,
O Cupid, give me a transfer
To Ethelwyn.

ONE CASE OF COLD FEET

ON ETHELWYN, that maiden sweet,
The North Wind blew, and chilled her feet
And all her light, fantastic toes—
O woe is me!—completely froze.
The North Wind laughed and roared “Ho! Ho!
You’ll have to use some Scrubbio!”

TO STELLA: A RONDEAU

WHANNE Stella plaies, a joy akinne
Toe Paradise is founde withinne
My herte. Nor tongue nor pen colde saie
Ye happinnes those tunes convey—
Y-wis, soche gaitie's noe sinne.
Thys daintie mayde my soul doth winne
Whanne 'thwart ye dulcet strings soe thin
She drawes ye bowe. 'Tis always Maye
Whanne Stella plaies.

O happy fidel for to ben
So snuglie nestlyng 'neath hire chin!
I envy thee or nite or daie;
I fain wolde steal thy place away:
I wolde I were that violinne—
Whanne Stella plaies.

TO MINNIE

IF Henry Wadsworth sings the praise of Minne-
haha's power,
If Pillsbury and Washburn vaunt their Minnesota
flour,
If Minneapolis rhymesters Minnetonka's glories
sing,
If soldiers apotheosize the minie-bullet's sting,
Why should not I be pardoned if in these few lines
to you
I join the ranks and thus become a minnesinger too?

RONDEAU TO EDYTHE

GOE, litel rime! To Edythe beare
This message of the sweete despaire
That lurks within her lover's heart,
Sith he hath felt her piercing dart
For other madyes none does he care.
Not matters how nor when nor where—
Just say her swain is ever there
There with the goods from Cupid's mart.
Goe! litel rime!
Sith hereby I my love declare,
She'll treasure this poor rime, He sweare,
Mayhap 'twill cause her love to start
Or, if she scorn poeticke art,
'Twill serve at least to curl her hair.
Goe, litel rime.

TO HIS EDYTHE: ASKING THAT SHE
SKIPPE WITH HIM

TO FLY with thee, O mayden prime,
To some soft, sunny, Southern clime—
Meseems that this wolde be katish
With Edythe, sweete and maydenish—
Y-wis our flight wolde be no crime.

Appoint the place and name the time
To sound our joyous nuptial chime.
I'll give up all—e'en my posish
To fly with thee.

This is the question of my rime:
Where shall we goe, O mayde sublime?
Which Cretna Green does Edythe wish:
Milwaukee, Wis., or St. Jo. Mich?
Or can it be, sweet mayde, that I'm
Too fly with thee?

BALLADE OF DIFFICULTY

(In reply to Arethusa's "Ballades Are So Easy to Write")

MOST gladly I'd write a rondel,
Or even a long virelai;
I can scribble a fair villanelle:
And ballads—a dozen a day.
But when a ballade I essay,
O, Pegasus! where are thy wings?
The rhyme drives the reason away—
Ballades are such difficult things.

At sonnets I really excel.
(Though sonnets, I think, are outre:)
I've written a blithe kyrielle:
I write vers de societe:
My latest rondeau redouble
Its meed of true recompense brings—
But now I am lost—I'm astray,
Ballades are such difficult things.

A rondeau I write very well:
At triolets, liltng and gay,
Is where, I am willing to tell,
Yours Truly wins laurel and bay.

But try it as hard as I may
One thought through my cranium rings:
That writing ballades is *not* play;
Ballades are such difficultthings.

L'ENVOI

Arethusa, I've finished! Hooray!
With "ayes" and with "els" and with "ings,"
But this truth I have sought to convey:
Ballades are such difficult things.

POINT OF INFORMATION

ON poesie thys mayde is shy:
O tell her what Ye Rondeau is.
Tho' Tryolettes she fain wolde try.
On poesie thys mayde is shy.
O, wilt thou with her boon complye?
Y-wis she needs it in her biz.
On poesie thys mayde is shy:
O, tell her what Yc Rondeau is.

GUINEVERE

TO GUINEVERE (OF OCONOMOWOC)

YE Rondeau is from France, and so
Right subtlie sholde ye verses flowe:
And yet thy Muse may not disdayne
Ye Gallic rules, tho' she be fain
Sometime against ye rules to goe.

First comes thy Rime's refrain to show
Ye reason of ye Rime—and know
Yt writte with Rimes but onlie twain
Ye Rondeau is.

Behold! 'Tis simple, and I trow
With everie line doth simpler grow—
Eftsoons, ere thou ye goale attayne,
Employ again thy deft refrain,
With which thy taske is done—and lo!
Ye Rondeau is.

BALLADE OF LINE-O'-TYPE LOVERS

GENEVIEVE, Ethelwyn, Grayce,
Marjorie, Rosalind, Rose—

Have you all vanished to space?

Gone with the last winter's snows—

Gone with your joys and your woes—

Gone beyond human recall?

Where are your numerous beaux?

What has become of you all?

Gone are thy hauberk and mace,

Gone are thy doublet and hose,

Gone are thy joust and thy chase,

Gone are thy verse and thy prose—

Francis, whom Saintess Grayce chose—

Grayce, who our hearts did enthrall

Daily with "prettie" bon-mots.

What has become of you all?

Down the whole gamut I trace

Amorous "ahs", "ifs" and "ohs!"

Sung from soprano to bass—

Sonnets, ballades and rondeaus.

Kisses—elopements—trousseaus.
Swiftness! The thought does appall!
Now that your married, disclose
What has become of you all.

L'ENVOI

Lovers or sad or jocose,
Blonde or brunette, great or small—
Tell me, O any who knows!
What has become of you all?

EIN TRIOLET

EIN TRIOLET ist schwer gemacht,
Wenn man das Dichten nicht versteht.
Ich habe hin und her gedacht—
Ein Triolet ist schwer gemacht!
Was hilft mein sinnem Tag und Nacht?
Denk ich's gefunden—Ist's verweht.
Ein Triolet ist schwer gemacht.
Wenn man das Dichten nicht versteht.

B. L. T.

THE TRIOLET CONTEST

I

A TRIOLET is lightly wrought
If poet's art you understand.
Long on this subject have I thought:
A triolet is lightly wrought.
Just get a rhyme—and then you ought
To have the matter well in hand.
A triolet is lightly wrought
If poet's art you understand.

THE TRIOLET CONTEST

2

TOUGH is ye Triolette, y-wis,
Withouten trewe poeticke skill.
One salient point ye may not miss:
Tough is ye Triolette, y-wis,
Eke all my weening comes to this:
Ye Poet is not made at will.
Tough is ye Triolette, y-wis,
Withouten trewe poeticke skill.

THE TRIOLET CONTEST

3

INTANGIBLE, difficult, light.
The dainty and delicate triolet.
Now here—and now gone from our sight.
Intangible, difficult, light—
Withal not so easy to write,
 But as sweet as—the rhyme compels—violet.
Intangible, difficult, light.
 The dainty and delicate triolet.

BALLADE TO MISS CAROLYN WELLS

(In reply to Miss Wells' Ballade endings:

'O Fame, I ask not gildings bright,
Nor brave éditions de luxe
But grant that some day I may write
One of the six best selling books!')

PERHAPS, Miss Wells, I shall not end
This rhyme to Gallic model set;
These verses I may never send;
This dogg'rel you may never get.
Shades of Calliope! I'll bet
That, judging from the way it looks,
You'll never know, while still they're wet,
I *always* purchase *all* your books.

You too have caught the modern tread—
Commercial thoughts your brain must fret
And hopes of gold appear to blend
With rondeau and with triolet.
In widely-meshed Ambition's net
I find you with the other crooks,
But wherefore be in such a pet.
I *always* purchase *all* your books.

Perhaps, Miss Wells, you apprehend
The blithe ballade I've never met
Thus—face to face—and Fates forbend
Again my tackling this coquette!
I have no thought to link with "threat"
And no idea to chain to "cooks"
No reason to my rhyme—and yet
I *always* purchase all your books.

L'ENVOI

O Princess Wells, I am in debt:
My pleading no refusal brooks.
This is, alas, my chief regret:
I *always purchase* all your books.

A TROLLEY TRIOLET

THE night was quite dark,
And we rode on the trolley.
Coming home from the park
The night was quite dark.
Now, I don't often spark,
But---well---do you know Dolly?
The night was quite dark,
And we rode on the trolley.

ACROSS THE AISLE

ACROSS the aisle my gaze roamed free,
Forgive my tender heresy--
Forgive me if I looked askance--
Forgive me---I was in a trance---
Insensible of aught but thee.

Intent although I seemed to be
On sermon, yet how furtively
And stealthily I stole a glance
Across the aisle!

O pretty maid, hark to my plea,
Make my poor song a symphony---
My prosy life a sweet romance,
Let thy sweet eyes, next week, perchance,
Deign now and then to look at me
Across the aisle.

TO MY MUSE

(Rondeau Redouble)

A DEEPER thought, O Muse, I would I might
Express in graver mood, I beg of thee.

I am not always frivolous and light,
Nor is my lot from care and worry free.

And as my other verses seem to be
With Laughter, Love and Folly well bedight,
I sometimes wonder, wilt thou let me see
A deeper thought, O Muse? I would I might!

Oft have I in my fancy's skyward flight
Dreamed pretty dreams—sung sweetest melody
But grander things, O Muse, less stale and trite
Express in graver mood, I beg of thee!

For though the sun shines wonder bright for me
And though my Day is longer than my Night,
I hold, O Muse, and thou too wilt agree
I am not always frivolous and light.

For though at times I am a happy wight,
Though rather than of gloom I sing of glee,
I am not always feeling blithe and bright,
Nor is my lot from care and worry free.

O SWEETHEART. at thy shrine I bend my knee,
And thus my only creed do I recite:
Thou hast my heart and holdest it in fee
(I thank thee, Muse, I never hope to write
A deeper thought.)

THE SONNET CONTEST

[A prize of a steel engraving of George Washington was offered for the best sonnet built on rhymes to the names Battromie Szlizexc and Waroniki Kizayteza, who had been licensed to wed at Danville, Ill.]

O BATTROMIE, no doubt you think me cheeky,
But I were no true man did I not seize a
Good chance like this to tickle and to please a
Sweet person as is darling Waroniki.
Let others sing "O' Lasses o' 'Auld Reekie' ".
I sing of Danville's fairest maid, for she's a
Peach, be she Szlizexc, be she Kizayteza---
I sing her praises in a sonnet squeaky.

I hereby tender my congratulations
To both of you, dear Mr. and dear Mrs.
But though I send my true felicitations,
A question's in my mind tonight, and this is:
By all the shades of Polanders most shady!
Which is the Gentleman and which the Lady?

BALLADE OF REASON AND LOVE

(A Double Refrain)

COLD Reason sits upon her throne
With Law, her counselor, and they
Declare in mournful monotone:
 "Where Reason rules you must obey."
I chafe at such a tyrant's sway;
Hate logical and leaden prose:
 And curse those despots every day
Who would the Laws of Love oppose.

Your hearts are surely made of stone,
 Who try to reason Love away.
It is a dismal, dreary moan:
 "Where reason rules you must obey."
 Come, let us sing a roundelay
And join the other belles and beaux!
 Ye are not glad, ye are not gay
Who would the Laws of Love oppose.

In college days I used to "bone"
 Philosophy for my B. A.,
And then 'twas very clearly shown
 Where Reason rules you must obey

