

His College Girl.

I.

A maiden so neat,
With face that's sweet
And fair beyond conception,
Quite won his heart
When first they met
There, at a friend's reception.

II.

Her eyes of blue
So tender and true,
At first, won admiration;
But her queenly style,
In a very short while,
Changed this to adoration.

III.

So to win her hand
He at once began—
Well, the tale has oft been told—
He won her heart,
And we wish to state,
'T was a heart of purest gold.

IV.

"There was a time
When to my mind
The prospects were n't the brightest;
But now I know,
'Cause she told me so,
And of doubts I have n't the slightest."

V.

"She loves but me,
And I feel quite free
In coming to this conclusion,
'A love that is pure
Will forever endure,
When two hearts beat in unison.'"

VI.

With her for a wife,
He'll be happy for life;
The earth holds no greater boon;
But it quite breaks his heart
To think they must part,
To think he must leave her soon.

VII.

But—, my dear,
You need never fear
Wherever he is or may be,
If you wish to be kind,
Please bear this in mind
His thoughts will be ever of thee.

VIII.

Now, sweetheart fair,
If you really care
To fill his heart with bliss,
Fly to his breast
And on his lips press
A loving, farewell kiss.

D. G. S.