



## THE MEDIEVAL GIRL

There's a dream of a girl in each man's heart  
From the time of his baby days—  
A picture that's carven—an ideal apart—  
And he loves it through all of his days.

It's a dream of a girl who is fair and chaste  
Like the ladies of olden times:  
Of the l'amour de vivre of the day he may taste,  
But the gold of that vision still shines.

There are many bright eyes that are willing to teach  
And lips that excite like wine,  
But ever a little beyond his reach  
Is the dream he can't define.

He may fancy he fondles in human form  
The girl who exists in his heart,  
But its only the outer garments are worn  
Of the lady who reigns apart.

Once in a blue moon, history says,  
He attains to his beckoning star,  
But whether or not, he's in love all his days  
With the dream—the eternal Etarre.