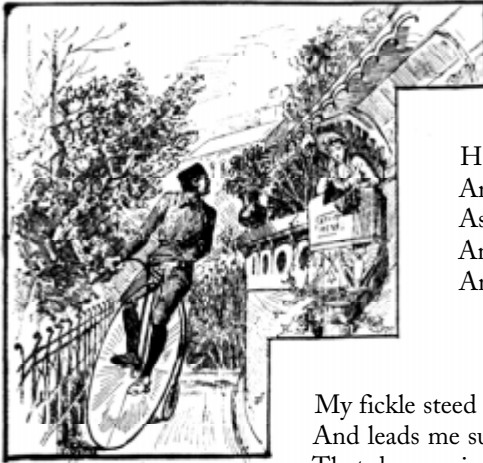


# AMENITIES



## RONDEAU.

HER starry eyes, with lightning glance,  
Arrest me like a swift-thrown lance,  
As I ride down the narrow lane;  
And backward on my wheel I crane,  
Another glimpse to catch askance.

My fickle steed begins to prance,  
And leads me such a lively dance,  
That danger signals glint in vain,  
Her starry eyes.

O Fortune! if, by happy chance,  
You'd throw this fair one in a trance,  
Until I tumble on the plain—  
But no! she cries a laughing rain—  
A header dims my brief romance,  
Her starry eyes,

And now when'er I pass the seat  
Where first I met that maiden sweet,  
My aching heart is smote again;  
The blush of shame o'ermounts my brow,  
And bids me soft repeat the vow,  
Her starry eyes.

*Jay Gee.*

