



SHE ONLY SHOOK HER HEAD.

“ DEAR Madge, you’re the joy of my heart,
And the pride of my life!
Please name the near day
You’ll be my true wife.”
But she only shook her head,
(A blonde head)
And said, “Nay, nay, I cannot wed.”

(In a season or so,
As I’ve reason to know.
She went to Pau,
And married
A lord,
Or an earl,
Or a count.)

“ Dear Kate, *you’re* the joy of my heart,
And the pride of my life!
Pray name the dear day
You’ll be my fond wife.”
But she only shook her head,
(An auburn head)
And said, “Nay, nay, I cannot wed.”

(In a season or so,
As I’ve reason to know,
She, too, went to Pau,
And married
A duke,
Or a prince,
Or a king.)

“ Dear Fan, you *are* the joy of my heart,
And the pride of my life!
Now, sweet, name the day
You’ll be my dear wife.”
But she, too, shook her head
(A darling head),
And said—Nay, nay, I’ll not tell you what she said,
Only this: a month from to-morrow we wed.

N.B.—(‘Tis the joy of my heart
And the pride of my life
That I lost Madge and Kate
And got Fan for a wife.)

A. A. P.