



I'M SINGLE NO LONGER, YOU KNOW.

'Twas while kneeling at beauty's fair shrine,  
In the years that I fain would regain,  
Spinster Fate drugged my vintage of wine,  
And entangled me fast in her skein.  
In the days ere my star's sudden wane,  
I was thought a most handsome young beau,  
But I'm now called "decidedly plain,"  
For I'm single no longer, you know!

Edith said that my eyes were divine  
As we strolled thro' the green country lane—  
That the girls thought my figure was fine,  
I discovered from sweet Mary Jane;  
But alas for a once happy swain,  
With the virtues of one year ago!  
I am met with a haughty disdain,  
For I'm single no longer, you know!

Tho' these ballades and rondeaux of mine  
Had the verdict of "quite in the vein,"  
They say now I am shunned by the *Nine*,  
And my verses are ruthlessly slain.  
Tho' by courtesy we are called twain,  
'Tis my wife that comprises the Co.,  
And of course I've no right to complain,  
For I'm single no longer, you know!

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In a word, to conclude the refrain,  
I have hung up my fiddle and bow,  
I have mortgaged my castles in Spain,  
For I'm single no longer, you know!

*Sanborn Gove Tenney.*