

The meals are "nourishing" "Oh; yes!
 You thank me for the "Gift"
 "Porry I am not with you"
 Sure; and has it come to this:
 That out of all your glorious life
 Of health, and strength, and joy,
 There is one need that you can find,
 One part mixed with alloy?

But that is a delusion dear,
 For I am old - passé
 You've simply put me in the place
 Of some one young and gay;
 One who will come with stalwart tread
 With head held high, and brave;
 With conscience clear, and morals clean,
 No simpering fool, or knave.
 Perhaps he will be one of those
 Who in "Athletics" shine
 And can the lusty foot-ball kick
 And get it home on time.
 They tell me "Music has its charms
 And sooths the weary breast"
 It maybe some musician fine
 Will lull your heart to rest.