

Still , he must ~~be~~ very modest, *be* .

As time would indicate ,
For he"s let several years slip by
Without chooseing him a mate.

Perhaps thats on his mind just now,
As he plays those tuneful strains,
His heart speaks through the witching bow
The things his lips refrain.

Some day this man will waken up,
And he"ll surprise you all.
For when he starts to do a thing .
His actions are not small.

So now my friend , i"ll say no more,
For surely you need rest ,
But who this Durham man can be ,
I"ll leave with you to guess .

Written for a social in
Calif. The young man
was trying to take me
out. I laughed at him.