



Jim Dumps—Jim Pliny Whitney Dumps—
 Long wept, but now for joy he jumps;
 The chance of office seemed so small
 He scarcely dared to hope at all—
 But extra force has come to him
 And now they call him "Sunny Jim."

Comme il faut!

Ma chere Annette, the moon is beaming—
 (I fear she's not, but never mind :
 I have to write like other poets,
 So please excuse mistakes you find) !
 Thus, we will say, the moon is beaming,
 (Although I cannot find her ray) :
 Come, let us wander 'neath fair Luna,
 And—*permettez-moi de vous embrasser!*

Ma chere Annette, the stars are shining—
 (I am not sure, I hope they shine ;
 And if they don't—well, do not blame me—
 It surely is no fault of mine) :
 And so, we say the stars are shining,
 ('Tis certainly the poets way) ;
 Come, roam with me *sous les etoiles*,
 And—*permettez-moi de vous embrasser!*

Ma chere Annette, the birds are singing ;
 (Or if they're not, they ought to be ;
 For poets, they are always warbling,
 And if for them, why not for me) ?

So, to repeat, the birds are singing,
 (Tho' 'tis October and not May) :
Venez ma chere, and walk beside me,
 Et—*permettez-moi de vous embrasser!*

Ma chere Annette, the flowers are blooming
 (In some hot-houre, I know 'tis true ;
 That fact's enough for me, *ma cherie*—
 'Twill do for me, why not for you) ?
 And, like the poets, "flowers are blooming,"
 (If not now, some other day) :

Ah, *ma mignonne!* come breathe their perfume,
 And—*permettez-moi de vous embrasser!*

Ma chere Annette, methinks my metre
 Is not such as I should use ;
 What with *vol langue*, and what with English
 In its course it seems to lose !

Mais, however, let it go,
 I have finished—but to say :
Comment trouvez-vous mon sujet—
 " *Me permettez-vous de vous embrasser?*"

—L'EMBRASSEUR.