

Toots unto my heart a call ; —  
Maid petite, and trombone tall —  
*It's a mash !*

Yet, I hesitate — for lo,  
What a pout !  
She's poetic ; and I know  
I am stout.  
In her little room would she  
On her trombone, tenderly,  
Sit and toot as thus to me ? —  
Ah, I doubt !