

Nor could the mighty cyclone's wrath,
That levels cities in its path,
Uproots whole forests, mows the grain,
And furrows up the stubborn plain,
It could not cause me to repine
If only your true love were mine!
I'd bid the boisterous breezes blow—
Knowing as only I should know
They could not rend our love in two
If you loved me as I love you!

And if a Herr Professor came
(I hint no hint, I name no name!)—
What if he came from oversea,
And fiddled, as can only he,
Antique sonatas by the score,
Études and opuses galore,
And other tunes from foreign lands
One likes, but seldom understands—
The tweedledees and tweedledums
We always get when Thomas comes;
We'd let him fiddle—all his art
Could never fiddle us apart,
Could never charm our love in two
If you loved me as I love you!

If—ah, that "if" stands in the way,
And so I've nothing more to say;
I'll to your father; he'll insure
A speedy menticulture cure
For him who would not wail "boo-boo"
If you loved me as I love you!

October 16, 1895.