
FORTY-SECOND WEEK.

THE PROPOSAL.

High on a boulder, there in the green, sat you down,
And I kissed you, kissed your shoulder
I did not see—did you frown?
Up above a dark pool, in the soft turf there,
You sternly put me, yes, put me to school:
You did no' forbid me, did you, when I twined your
hair?

There upon a summer day, long, long day in June,
Love grew bold and said his say.

That you WOULD: And your smile said "yea."
And I took your answer, 'cos you didn't say me "nay."
So I kissed you, boldly kissed you, and you didn't turn
away.

Smile coyly, was it "yea" or "nay"? You just
hummed a tune!