

VALENTINE TO MISS L—D—,

FEBRUARY 14TH, 1846.

Dear lassie, I hope you'll my freedom excuse,
 And listen, well pleas'd, to this strain of the Muse—
 And while numbers of suitors, their blandishments
 try—

All eager to bask in the beam of your eye—
 On me let the light of your countenance shine,
 And, in spirit and truth, become *my* Valentine.
 There's B—r, young J—n, without whiskers is he—
 A smock fac'd Adonis!—no fit match for thee!
 And then, only think of how long you must stay;
 Ere years of apprenticeship languish away!—
 Believe me, dear girl, if you wait for that day,
 Your jetty black locks will be frosted with grey!
 Then *Hymen's* pure sweets you could never enjoy
 What could an *old woman* do with a *young boy*?—
 What do with him?—listen to me, and I'll tell
 You the truth—and I hope you will ponder it well—
 You'd have only to follow the Wandering Jew,
 As he kiss'd other maids who were *younger* than you.
 And then, there's McNeill, with his pedagogue air,
 Who pretends that *he* wishes your true love to
 share!—

But take my advice—send him off with a jerk,
 To storm once again the proud heart of Miss B—ke;