

## RISQUÉ GARB AND RISQUÉ RHYME.

*By the Poet Low-Rate.*

*Dedicated to the College of Prudes by a member of the "Satanic School."*

"Little girl you look so small,  
Don't you wear no clothes at all?  
Don't you wear no shimmy-shirt,  
Don't you wear no petty-skirt,  
Just your corsets and your hose—  
Are those all your underclothes?"

Little girl you look so slight  
When I see you in the light.  
With your skirts cut rather high  
Wont you catch a cold and die?  
Aint you 'fraid to show your calf?  
It must make some fellers laugh.

Little girl what is the cause  
Why your clothes is made of gauze?  
Don't you wear no undervest  
When you go out fully dressed;  
Do you like those peek-a-boo's  
'Stead of normal underclothes?

Little girl your spenders show  
When the sunlight plays on you.  
I can see your tinted flesh  
Through your little gown of mesh.  
Is it modest, do you s'pose  
Not to wear no underclothes?

Little girl your socks has shoals  
Of those little tiny holes.  
Why you want to show your limb  
I don't know—is it a whim?  
Do you want to catch the eye  
Of each feller passin' by?

Little girl I see your chest  
'Cause you go around half dressed.  
Yes, I see way past your throat  
To a region most remote;  
T'aint my fault now, don't suppose,  
Why not wear some underclothes?

Little girl where is the charm  
In your long uncovered arm;  
In the V behind your neck,  
Is it there for birds to peck?  
Little girl, I tell you those,  
Aint so nice as underclothes.

Little girl now listen here,  
You would be just twice as dear  
If you'd cover up your charms,  
Neck, back, legs and both your arms.  
I would take you to the shows  
If you'd wear some underclothes.

Little girl, your mystery  
Luring charm and modesty,  
Is what makes us fellers keen  
To possess a little Queen;  
But no lover—goodness knows—  
Wants a girl *sans* underclothes.

S'pose I wandered down the street  
With a loin-cloth 'round my feet;  
S'pose I wore some harem pants  
Or no shirt, like all my Aunts,  
Or a ringlet through my nose,  
They'd arrest me, don't you s'pose?

I must wear a coat of mail,  
Clothe from head to big toe-nail,  
I must cover up my form  
Even when the weather's warm;  
Can't enjoy the swimmer's throes  
Less I garb in underclothes.

Little girl take this advice  
And you'll look just twice as nice;  
Wear a shimmy—petty-coat,  
Closed-work socks—et aussi l'autre  
Chose—unspeakable—you see  
There's a charm in lingerie.