

THE REASON WHY

WHENE'ER I sing my lady's charms,
Compare her to the lily,
She shyly turns her shapely head,
And sweetly whispers, "Silly!"

Constrained to dwell on deeper themes
And leave my lady out,
I notice that it always means
A little fret or pout.

Thus is it, why I keep alive
Through all the years of care
The Muse, which sings of Love's bright eyes,
To charm my lady fair.