

SURPRISES (FROM THE GERMAN).—BY ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.



Hark ! the gate creaks, be still my beating heart.
He comes, he comes—why lingers he apart.
How strange I feel, and he, what thoughts are his !
Dreams he I wait in rapture for his kiss !
His breath comes hard, he's run perchance from far,
He comes—O joy, methinks I hear him—A-h-h !



Say, how shall I find Irind, say how,
Are there any pretty girls live there now !
'Tis a couple of hours from here, or so,
Till you come to the meadows 'way below ;
Then turn to the left through the hollow ground,
You'll find there a pretty girl—I'll be bound.



Well, here I am, and now my wife to seek,
She don't expect me back within a week.
With what a rapture will she spring to meet me,
O'erjoyed thus unexpectedly to greet me ;
She's not within, perhaps she's wandered out ;
I'll find her in the summer-house, no doubt.



He to the White House, on grave car's intent,
To seek an audience of the President ;
His wife parts from him at the railway station
For Saratoga is her destination.
She goes to dress for dinner—do not laugh
She's swapped portmanteaus with her better half



She promised me at sunset to be here,
And now 'tis night—I halt 'twixt hope and fear.
Ah, cruel love ! and reckless of my grief !
To keep me crouching here like any thief,
She comes at last—By yonder moon, I'll seize her,
And make her pay me toll e'er I release her.



Go on, Conductor, we're quite full inside,
There isn't room to give a cat a ride.
Excuse me, Madam, let me count again—
Seven, eight, nine—there should be room for ten.
One more—ah, here's another. Hi ! this way,
Plenty of room—a little closer, pray.

