

## II.

Charming little Patience,  
 Tripping to and fro,  
 Cheeks as red as roses,  
 Brow as white as snow ;  
 Gathering the daisies,  
 Bringing them to me,  
 With your rippling laughter,  
 Ringing merrily

## III.

Dainty little Patience,  
 I cannot believe,  
 That you will be faithless,  
 That you will deceive ;  
 I see you blush my darling,  
 You tell me by this sign,  
 That you will be faithful,  
 That you will be mine.

*Simonides (sotto voce).*—All bosh and rubbish. That is just the stuff  
 That fools are fed on. Hold ! I've had enough.

*Carolus.*—Oh precious poemlet ! sweet heartsease ! bright  
 As star-eyed daisy ! fragrant as the night !  
 A priceless boon, a noble gift thou art,  
 Calm my weak nerves, my agitated heart !

*(Skipping out)* For I'm an æsthetic young man,  
 A peripatetic young man,  
 A gay and imprudent  
 Divinity student,  
 Hope for the future young man.

*(Exit Carolus.)*

*Simonides.*—Wretched Alfredius, see the state of mind  
 In which that youth, who ought to be confined,  
 Exists. His heated brain no more can be  
 Brought to its senses, made once more to see  
 The folly of your thrilling minstrelsy.  
 Throw off your poet's garb, come do so, quick.  
 Assume an air that's purely philosophic.  
 There is a force in philosophic mien,  
 Stout Petrus says : " Philosophy is keen."