

A PICNIC FOR TWO.

The moon looked gaily down, he didn't wear
a frown,
A happy pair was spooning there;
They sat upon the sands, and held each
other's hands,
For nothing else they seemed to care.
He thought "I love her true, I don't know
what to do,
Or how to tell,—I love her well."
Soon the boy was asking—
"Sweetheart can you guess what would bring
me happiness."

The fishes in the sea were swimming 'round
in glee,
It seemed absurd, upon my word,
And many an ocean wave, said "why don't
they behave?
Such foolish talk we never heard."
The girlie's head was bowed, the moon hid
'neath a cloud,
He said "What bliss! They want a kiss"
Soon the moon was winking with a merry
face, when he saw the two embrace.

CHORUS.

Take a cunning little cottage, you will find
there's lots of room,
Take a pretty little garden where flowers
bloom;
Take a dainty little girlie, one who says she's
fond of you;
Then you settle down to love her, that's a
picnic for two.