

COLD WATER

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Would you believe it, the other came,  
Full of presumes and supposes,  
Hoped nobody held he was to blame,  
I carried him down, though, just the same,  
His bunch of hot-house roses.

He bowed himself off with such an air,  
Not a bit overpowered,  
And Adam said anything was fair,  
With a man who went around with such hair,  
And proved himself a coward.

My brother wrote to mc yesterday,  
"How *did* you cure my daughter,  
She's not the same girl that went away."  
But when I ask her, she'll laugh and say,  
"The cure! O just cold water!"

