

[Thy to appare shublime.

Not far beyant these grew a rose,
An' close beside in swate repose
A holy shamrock clusther.
The rose she plucked, and threw away;
The shamrocks wove into a shpray,
Which in her hair she wore that day,
An' gave her charrums a lusher!

[Say this very scornfully.

(I may add in parinthisis
There wur no thistles.
'Twas as a curse that they wur sint
—Loike mate wid gristles—
For in the Wörruld's synthsis,
They worn't meant.)

[Repate this wid a knowin' look.

Now, fwere was Adam, d'ye moind,
Whoile thim ivints wur goin' an?
Bedad, he'd shnakd away behoind
A fince, loike anny other man,
Whin through a knot hole he percaived
The forma an' faitures av the gurl,
An' the imprissions he received
Made his head whurl.

[Utter the next lines wid detarmination.

At lingsh, remimberin' as he thrimbled there,
That "faint heart niver won a lady fair,"
He bouldly marched into the open shpace
An' shtud before the colleen face to face.

[Appare to be in a shtate av hisitatin.

Her back was to him as she gazed aloft,
So, to incinse the maid, he shloightly coughed,
For niver havin' had an' introduction
He didn't know her name,
Which ignorance is often an obstruktion,
As yez know that same.

[Say this with an air av modesty.

Hearin' the cough, she quickly turned around,
An' thripped for Adam wid a nimble bound.
The shamrocks glistened in her golden hair,
An' Adam fell in love right then an' there.
Half way she shtopt, not knowing fwat to do,
For how she got there was mystarious;
Her loife an' carcumstances all wor new,
An' this predicamint was sarious.

[Just look like yersilf whin ye say fwat follows.

"Mavourneen, arrah cushla," now says he,
"Ma douchal; put your confidence in me,
There's ne'er another couple I have seen;
I'll be your gossoon—you be my colleen."

[Thy to appare in great astonishmint.

"Be all the saints in hiven!" says she,
As ye're a shtranger, ye make moighty free.
Or is it an omadhaun ye think I am
To jump at the fust offer av a man?

[Pleadingly and defoiantly.

"Begor!" says Adam, "but I loike yer voice,
It sounds as musical as Irish verse,
But have a moind, that I am Hobson's choice,
An' yez may go much farther and fare worse.

[Look swate an' gintle.

"Ye're 'Hobson's choice,' fwat do ye mane?"
"I mane," says he, "I've raison to belave
That all the wörruld does not contain
Another man but me, do ye percaive?
Fwheareas it's not imposs'ble to suppose
That there are other girls; an' who knows
But wan iv thim may crown her mortal joy
Be makin' me her own thure darlint bhoys;
We'll live as happy as a king an' queen,
An' she me jewel—the own Mavourneen,
Will milk the cow, and 'tind the little pig,
Whoile I to grow the praties blithely dig.
We'll live an' love from year to year,
An' ivery day, begorra! grow more dear,
We'll—" "Hould," says she, "take things a
little aisy,"



AN ODE TO THE PICTURESQUE SLEEVES.

Flying, tossing in the breeze
Joy of every Artist, these
Useless, foolish, if you please,
But beautiful to see.

Rail ye not against the vain,
Their coxcomby is our gain,
Decorative, let them reign
Foolish though they be.

W.B.

[Be mischavious lookin'.

"I didn't say I wouldn't; an' ye're crazy
To think that anny woman av good sinse
Would answer 'yis' the very furst purtinsie.
Me dues in coortin' I must have a whoile
So I may use me flattherin' kind av shmoile,
The wan I practised in the strame beyant,
Bekase I knew it was a thing I'd want.

[Say this sayriously.

To make me shtory short an' not too long,
Miss Aive consinted to be Adam's wife,
And if the shnake had not made things go wrong
Thin our furst parents still would be in life.

[Thy to appare conundhrumically.

Now this conundhrum all av yez may guess,
As aich may thruly do so more or less—
If thim ould couple had decoided NAV
Fwheareas would the prisint aujince be to-day?