After exams are over,
After the ponies are torn,
After the dangers hovered
Over the students forlorn,
Many a papa is aching
Only to see his son,
Who by the tutor was caught faking,
And shipped on the Q.T.

A SERENADE.
Beneath my fair queen's lattice
I touch my light guitar,
And play there, while the cat is
My echo from afar.

But hark! how, softly stealing
From yonder window, creeps
A long, deep sound, revealing—
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

VANITAS VANITATUM.
Two tender, thoughtful azure eyes,
Look lovingly at me;
A witcning smile the red lips part,
And dazzling pearls I see.

I smooth aside the golden curls
That shade the snowy brow,
I touch the soft and dimpled cheeks,
Suffused with blushes now.

Ah, can it be that it is mine,
A face so fair as this?
I press it fondly to my own,
The ruby lips I kiss.

No thrill runs through me at the touch
Of those sweet lips, alas!
You see, I only kissed myself
Within the looking glass.

STILL AS OF YORE.
In the days of old,
When knights were bold,
And barons held their sway,
Men got together
And swore at the weather,
Just as they do today.

SIGN OF SPRING.
With prospects of a treeless waste
The botanists are grieving;
For though the sun calls forth the flowers,
Yet all the trees are leaving.

BETWEEN THE LINES.
'Twas a frosty little letter,
And a cutting one she wrote,
And I really knew no better,
So believed the little note.
Yet I planted it before me,
Like a puzzle, to unfold.
Wondering if 'twas really for me.
And just why so freezing cold.

We are on the sofa sitting,
With my arm around her bent;
Surely there's no time more fitting
To find out just what she meant.
"Why, you stupid! Don't you know that
When a girl her heart defines,
She pens empty phrases, so that
You must read between the lines?"

NOT HIS JOB.
The motorman on the crowded car
Yelled to the taker of fare
(As a woman hailed it from afar):
"Can you squeeze another lady in there?"

That bashful man, dazed and aghast,
Answered this in accent queer
(And madame heard as the car went past):
"We don't squeeze ladies in here."

ALAS!
I'd like to sing of some fair maid,
In stately strains and slow,
Whose rolling verse and measured swell,
In polished dithyrambs, would tell
The love of long ago.

I'd like to sing of bloody war,
And deeds of "derring do,"
Of days when every gallant knight
Strove to be foremost in the fight,
And slay his country's foe.

I'd like to sing in strains like this—
Alas! it doesn't pay!
For "Murphy's Home," and "Casey's Flat,"
"Pat Doogan's Wife," and "Brady's Hat"—
That's what they want today!