

He tastes her warm kisses,
 Enjoys her perfume;
 But, truant like, often
 The sweets that he sips
 Are lavished the next moment
 On lovelier lips.

X.

One day a frog
 Sat on a log
 And meditated there.
 When from his tongue
 The chorus rung
 Begone, begone, dull care.

He took a leap,
 And from the deep
 Came music rich and rare.
 Hundreds at once
 Made full response,
 Begone, begone, dull care.

The chorus ran
 Through all the glen,
 The regions of the air
 Though dense with fogs,
 Echoed the frogs,
 Begone, begone, dull care.

X.

PLEASURES (?) OF MEMORY.

A college lad
 With a rich dad
 Said he would cut a "dash."

He went, therefore,
 To the seashore
 To take a briny splash.

He saw a "gal"
 He liked so well,
 That he became her mash.

She knew by name
 He was her "game,"
 Yes, "deader" yet than "hash."

He had the "tin,"
 She "blew it in,"
 And "bled" him for his cash.

She showed him sights,
 Through days and nights
 That made him very rash.