

MAID OF ATHENS.



A SENIOR'S FAREWELL.

I.

M
 AID of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, oh, give me back my heart !
 For, since that has left my breast,
 Scarce in dreams can I find rest !
 For without a heart, you know,
 Man can hardly live below !

II.

By those frizzes unconfined,
 Woo'd by ev'ry dusty wind ;
 By those lids, whose *auburn* fringe
 Kiss thy cheek's bright borrowed tinge ;
 By those eyes which languish so,
Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

III.

By those lips, which often taste
 Chewing-gum and other paste ;
 By those blushes, which may tell,

That which words can't show so well ;
I would have you still to know,
Ζώη μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

IV.

Maid of Athens, fair art thou—
Lovely and coquettish now ;
Still so young, and still so soft,
Though, 'tis said, that thou hast oft
Flirted with our fathers so,
When *they* came here—long ago !

V.

Maid of Athens ! I am gone :
Think of me, sweet ! when alone ;
And, in future years unborn,
When *my son* is here—*forlorn* !
Do thou teach *him* how to love.
Do thou be *his* darling dove !



