

If a problem should arise,  
Beseech not God in heavens skies;  
Nor let it lurk in your minds abyss,  
And reflect on it, as a comely miss:  
But write it down on a paper scrap,  
And study the problem as a map.  
For everything that allows a frown,  
Get some paper and write it down;  
And if a thought doth bring a smile,  
Fetch it also to your file.

If he says that he's in love,  
Don't succumb to that wily Dove  
Until your sure that he has used  
My formula, and his inner thoughts pursued.  
When by actions as well as voice,  
He shows, sans doubt, that your his choice;  
Probe your own thoughts carefully  
Before dismissing his ardent plea:  
(1) To think of him in Cupids light,  
And (2) dismiss that platonc blight.

If after studies and deliberation  
He isn't raised in estimation,  
Then please inform your enamoured date  
That you weren't written in his fate;  
And that he'd better cast away  
All his thoughts, except Good-day.

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My father has a flock of sheep,  
Comprised of young and old;  
And like the friend of Miss Bo Peep,  
These are a treasured fold.  
My favorite of this bleating band  
Stands out among the rest;  
Her fleece is fine as sifted sand,  
And she outshines the rest.  
The shriveled shrub she never ate,  
The safest path she took;  
The sly old fox was not her fate,  
Nor was the deepened brook.  
I watched this lovely little lamb  
In every aspect of her life;  
And if by chance I were a ram,  
I'd choose her for my wife.