

What is it you say,

Fair daughter Aimee?

"Sixteen?" My heart's queen,

Is mistaken, I ween.

Don't you think I remember

That day in November--

--Soft southern November--

And the leaves that lay under the trees,

When I galloped to greet you,

The first time to meet you,

Chrysanthemums blossomed for loitering bees.

Sold-at least, to  
St. Nicholas

What is it you say?

My daughter Alice?

"Sixteen" my heart's queen.

Is mistaken, I ween.

Don't you think I remember?

That day in November--

--Soft southern November--

And the leaves that lay under the trees?

When I galloped to greet you,

The first time to meet you,

Chrysanthems blossomed for loitering bees.

Sixteen, did you say?

Why, 'tis hardly a day,

Since I saw you at play

With the butterflies, under the trees;

While the birds sang above,

And the calm eye of love,

Watched over you under the trees.

\*Sixteen\*, you declare!

I am ready to <sup>swear</sup>sware,

That I kissed your bright hair,

As I rode with you under the trees,

Scarce a twelvemonth ago,

You perched on the bow--

--The saddle-bow clasped 'twixt my knees.

"Sixteen!" Do I hear?

Sure you're dreaming, my dear.

Why, 'tis scarcely a year,

Since I walked with you under the trees;

While we gathered spring flowers,

And you prattled for hours,

Of the woods and the birds and the bees.

"Sixteen!" as before?

Then a dozen or more,

We've dropped from the trees.

*But*  
For e'er as we walk in the shade of the trees,

--Your mother and I--

As the night draweth nigh,

*'re playing*  
You toddle beside us, scarce reaching our knees.

S I X T E E N.

By Albion W. Tourgee.

What is it you say,

Fair daughter Aimee?

"Sixteen?"

My heart's queen

Is mistaken, I ween.

Don't you think I remember,

That day in November,

Soft, southern November--

Chrysanthemums blossomed for loitering bees--

When I galloped to greet you ,

The first time to meet you ,

O'er the brown leaves heaped under the trees?

Sixteen, did you say?  
Why, 'tis hardly a day,  
Since I saw you at play  
With the butterflies under the trees;  
While the birds sang above,  
And the calm eye of love,  
Watched over you under the trees.

"Sixteen," you declare?  
I am ready to swear  
That I kissed your bright hair,  
As I rode with you under the trees,  
Scarce a twelvemonth ago;  
You perched on the bow--  
The saddle-bow clasped 'twixt my knees.

"Sixteen." Do I hear?

Sure you're dreaming, my dear.

Why 'tis scarcely a year,

Since I walked with you under the trees;

While we gathered spring flowers,

And you prattled for hours,

Of the woods and the birds and the bees.

"Sixteen?", as before?

Then a dozen or more,

We've dropped from the score,

For still as we walk 'neath the shade of the

Your mother and I,

As the end draweth nigh--

You toddle beside us scarce reaching our knees.