

I WISH THAT HE WAS NOT SO SHY.

I promis'd to tell you the next time we met—

For you know I've no secrets with you—

He has not so much as once mention'd it yet,

And I really don't know what to do.

I think that he loves ; for sometimes by chance

I catch the bright beam from his eye ;

But he looks so confus'd if I give him a glance—

He is so uncommonly shy.

We sat by the window one evening in June,

Inhaling the rose-scented breeze,

When Mary she joked him on marrying soon,

(You know she's a terrible tease.)

Had you seen him at first, he looked this way and that,
On the ground and then up to the sky,
And all the while foolishly coaxing his hat—
'Tis a pity when men are so shy.

Then Mary propos'd we should go for a walk,
If his hat were sufficiently brush'd :
Or should she withdraw now, and leave us to talk ?
Then you should have seen how he blush'd.
So we stroll'd down the garden, as faded the light,
When Mary look'd at me so sly,
And remember'd just then she'd a letter to write.
Oh dear, if he was not so shy !

The evening was pleasant, the air was serene,
The dew fell in soft misty showers ;
I gave him two roses with pansies between,
But he knew not the language of flowers ;

He spake of them just as a botanist would,
So learned, so prosy and dry ;
To listen with patience was more than I could.
I don't think that all are so shy.

We enter'd the arbour, sat down on the seat,
And I sought for some little alarm ;
When lo ! a great spider crawl'd close to my feet,
And in terror I clung to his arm :
I pretended to faint (of course nothing less)
On his bosom, as no one was nigh :
Now you would have thought he'd have stol'n a kiss ;
So he would, had he not been so shy.

I begg'd to go in, lest my mother should scold,
Yet I hoped he'd have press'd me to stay ;
But he still was the same, so respectful and cold,
And my fainting was quite thrown away.

He gave me his arm like a Quaker so chaste,
And bade me no longer to sigh ;
That arm should have fondly encircled my waist,
Had he not been so foolish and shy.

“ Come, child,” said my mother, “ you stay out too long,”
The moment I enter'd the door ;
“ Your father he wants you to give him a song,”
And she whisper'd me Byron or Moore :
So I sat down to play, but the truth to confess,
I felt almost ready to cry ;
There silent he stood in the window's recess,
Like a novice so timid and shy.

But I sang, “ Still so gently o'er me stealing,”
And suited my voice to my theme ;
Then I threw all the witchery, pathos and feeling,
I could into “ Love's Young dream :”

He thank'd me in terms that were only polite,
And said he must bid me good bye ;
But he press'd not my hand as he bade me good night.
I've no patience with men that are shy.

Perseverance, they say, ever meets its reward,
And if I don't gain him I ought ;
But sometimes I think he's so much on his guard,
That he really is not to be caught.
Now what's your advice? Can you think of a plan?
For I own fairly puzzled am I.
Oh, if fate had been pleas'd to have made me a man,
It should not have been said I was shy.