

T-O-T.

Just one lifetime in a lifetime  
 Just a fresh breeze blows in our face  
 And we choose not the time or the place.  
 It comes when we least expect it,  
 It comes — oh we know not when.  
 And it slips our hearts with gladness  
 That is not often felt by men.

### Reception.

Why are we foolish?

Why are we gay?

Oh God! why do we say

'Love is a venture,

like in a song

And love will bear us along!'

Our love's receptive & flat

For lips not really like that.

Grey hairs.

(written for a skit.)

Grey hairs — you are my attraction,

Grey hairs — drive me to distraction.

Three, no four, delightful people and

those who are with their smiles