

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,
 Risk in a game
 And love will bear us along!'
 Our God'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.
 There, no fur, delightful people and
 those who are with their smiles