

## Poet

## Audience

The poet wrote a sonnet to the lady in the bonnet  
Whom he saw across the river from his spot beneath a tree  
He wrote into his ditty that he found the lady pretty  
But he really felt too tired to leave his spot beneath the tree

Won't you cast your eyes toward me  
That my own may say I love thee  
Oh at last I see a lady I would wed

Pray don't walk away and leave me  
For although t'would surely grieve me  
It would hurt me more to have to raise my head

She looked across the river and he felt his body shiver  
But she didn't see and walked on by his spot beneath the tree  
The bonnet in a minute disappeared and all within it  
And the poet sighed but wouldn't leave his spot beneath the tree