

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