

Bouquet for a bride.

Done and over the moonlight dances,  
Sobs and whispers of violins,  
Vanished now are the frail romances  
Crushed in the wheel that fortune spins,  
This must be when a Princ comes riding,  
Stern of purpose and fair of face,  
Ghosts of old loves have gone in hiding  
As you turn to a new embrace.

Now you start as have Brides before you,  
Eager, trusting and starry-eyed,  
You are certain that he'll adore you,  
Finding happiness at your side,  
Darling, Husbands are funny creatures,  
Prone to roam like a cat at night,  
But one look at your special features,  
Tells us all your hunch is right.