Far more painful than yours,
When you know she would

If there only were doors.

Agony! Oh the torture they teach!
Or half so fatiguing—As

What's as intriguing—As

what's out of reach?

Am I not sensitive, clever, Well-

what's out of reach?

man-nered, con- sid- er- ate, Pas- sion- ate, charm- ing, As kind as I'm hand- some, And
heir to a throne?

Then why no--?

You are ev'rything maidens could wish for!

Do

The girl must be mad!

I know?

You know nothing of

madness

Till you're climbing her hair And you see her up
there As you're nearing her, All the while hearing her “Aahhhh”

Agony! Misery!

Though it's different for each. Always ten steps be-

Woe! Though it's different for each.
And she's just out of reach.

Always ten feet below—And she's just out of reach.

Agony! That can cut like a knife! I must have her to

wife.