

A SONNETT OF SPRING FASHIONS

MY CHLOE has asked for a sonnet
To hymn her cœrulean hat.
Of course I mayn't call it a bonnet
(Though the rhyme would come awfully pat).
It has cherries and strawberries on it,
It's trimmed with the tail of a rat.
I think that this verse, if she con it,
Is likely to fall very flat.

Better luck, as I hope, with the sestet.
I cannot write sonnets, my Chloe,
They turn out so terribly doughy !
I only write this, as you pressed it.
 Though now, you'll admit it, it looks showy,
 In writing I heartily blest it !