

## OPUS 1816

*Phillip A. Ellis*

First was fair Betty, blonde and sweet,  
with hair like gold that tumbled low  
down her back. She had dancing feet  
tripping like dreams, else a rondeau  
fair and sweet, bestowed by a beau;  
despite her fair qualities, see:  
she spurned me, said to my heart, “No!”  
The joy of love’s unknown to me.

Second was Joy. Raven-haired, fleet,  
with a smile that made my heart crow,  
a trilling laugh to err its beat  
and beauty rare, nothing de trop,  
but need I say it? Well, you know  
the gist of it: she said to me,  
when I bared my soul, the same “No!”  
The joy of love’s unknown to me.

Rachel was next; we shared a street,  
and when to school each morn we’d go,  
catching the bus, we’d smile and greet  
each other. Must I tell you? No—  
you get the picture, one of woe,  
when I approached her (can’t you see  
the scene?) she laughed, bringing me low.  
The joy of love’s unknown to me.

Then there’s the gorgeous Marguerite,  
statuesque; how was I to know  
she cared not for men. I was neat  
and tidy, she? Mouth like a po  
when I approached her, made me...so...  
let me just say her grinning glee  
at my dismissal brought me woe.  
The joy of love’s unknown to me.

Then there’s Beatrice, sweet and petite,  
looked at me, complained I’d no dough;  
and there’s Sally, free from conceit:  
she told me she would rather throw  
up; Lulu laughed at me, each mot

at my expense; then there was Bree,  
said I was pure, too pure to know.  
The joy of love's unknown to me.

Vanessa professed love, then she'd cheat;  
Rebecca was colder than snow;  
Jennifer called me a deadbeat;  
Susanna preferred us to row;  
Gloria said I'm a foul beau;  
Melanie just wanted to flee;  
Sarah said to jump in the Po:  
the joy of love's unknown to me.

Gentlemen, love's a struggle, so:  
they hold all the cards, whereas we  
must face the scorn, and fear each blow;  
the joy of love's unknown to me.

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