

# Wendy

I met Wendy, Oh! so trendy, she has a lovely smile,  
I thought surely, I was purely, in Love for a little while.  
So could passion in such a fashion, exist in a short time  
Love needs no reason, It has no season, here ends my little rhyme.

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I could write vainly, or maybe insanely, Arthur is a fine husband  
He loved her daily, he wooed her gayly, and then a golden band.  
Their Love is blessed, as George had guessed, for the rest of Time  
So George thinks sadly, then more gladly, I met Love sublime.

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