

The Great Big Man and the Wee Little Girl

By F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

THE great big man and the wee little girl
 Danced through the long December night.
 Her hair had the tiniest bit of a curl;
 Her cheeks were pink and her eyes were bright;
 And the things she said were uncommonly trite
 (They had just been introduced, you see),
 And she mentally classed him as "rather nice"
 And forgot about him in half a trice.
 But, fairy slipper and feathery fan,
 She danced through the dreams of the great big man.

The great big man and the wee little girl
 Strolled through the moon-drenched June-time night;
 And the lake was a mixture of jade and pearl,
 And summer-time troths are easy to plight,
 And kisses and kisses more kisses invite
 (They had known each other six months, you see),
 And she said that she loved him, and made him stop,
 And went to bed and slept like a top.
 But the big man tramped till the night was gone
 And shouted his joy to the coming dawn.

The wee little girl and the great big man
 Stood in the mellow October night,
 And she said she was sorry the thing began,
 And she said she hoped she was doing right;
 But as for her it was finished—quite
 (The engagement had lasted three months, you see).
 And he kissed her once for old times' sake,
 And he said, "Oh, well, another mistake,"
 And forgot the affair with a laugh and a song.
 But the wee little girl cried all night long.

