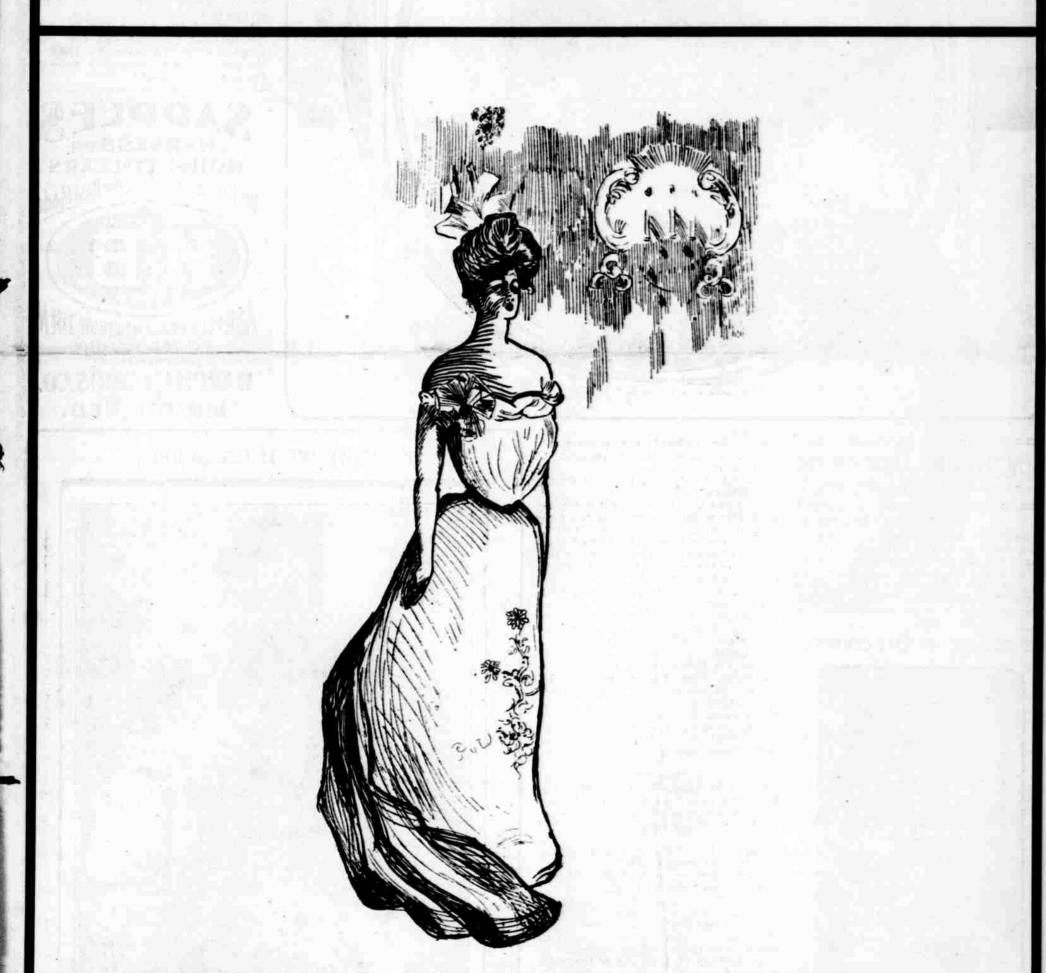


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BENEATH 4 THE 4 MISTLETOE



She stands beneath the mistletoe, With a merry twinkle in her eye; Her cheeks with rosy red aglow; Her laughing lips they seem to throw A saucy challenge—does she know She stands beneath the mistletoe? She stands beneath the mistletoe, My lady in white with face so fair. The flickering fire-light breaks the gloom With shadows wavering round the room; So the very darkness bids me go And kiss her 'neath the mistletoe. She stood beneath the mistletoe 'Till I, the future heeding not, My bashfulness and fears forgot— And then learned, what I can't disown, That I had kissed the chaperone Beneath the mistletoe. —VIRGINIA L. THORNTON.