
Country Philosopher

Good grief sweet prince

BY
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I am really surprised that you young dudes don't know how to court a girl. You will never win her heart by driving around in a big, powerful car. Girls don't like to drive around in big, powerful cars. And stop thinking your \$2,000 stereo system will impress her. Girls could care less about music and your 6,000 rock tapes. Now I'm going to tell you fellows how to make a girl sit up and take notice.

Read her poetry.

When I was courting my wife I used to sit with her beneath a huge oak tree. The moonlight was soft, and romantic, and I would take her hand, and recite...

If I could ask one thing of fate
a glorious happiness just for me
I'd ask to win your pure sweet heart
for all eternity.

Hot Damn! It worked every time. Girls simply love poetry. So just for you I went down to the library and picked up a book of modern verse. I'm going to write down a few of the

selections and I want you to memorize them.

Let's see, here's the section of romantic poems. I'll just write down this first one.

The nightingale has a lyre of gold
The lark is a clarion call
And the blackbird plays but a box-wood flute
But I love him best of all
For his song is all of the joy of life
And we in the mad, spring weather
We two have listened till he sang
Our hearts and lips together.

Whew! That's not exactly what I had in mind. In fact, your girl would probably laugh in your face if you recited that one.

Ah! Let's try this.

I perceive the cow's slightly
Changed expression. I am reminded
To tell you that your eyelid
Quivers when you whisper in my ear
And that when you whisper in my ear
The cow seems embarrassed,
Averts her head
And stops chewing.

That's better, but still not what I had in mind. I can't understand it. This IS a collection of romantic verse but these poems just aren't hitting the nail on the head.

Here is another poem.
Have I a wife? Bedlam I have
But we was badly mated
I hit her a clout one night
And now we're separated
And mornings going to my work
I meet her by the sea
"Good morning, to ye, Ma'am" says I
"To hell with ye" says she

Boy! That's just plain lousy. How romantic can you get? Are modern poets all this unfeeling? This cold? Well, I'll try one more.

Here the young lover, his elbow raised
Looked at his happy girl with grass surrounded

And flicked the spotted beetle from her wrist:

She with head thrown back, at heaven gazed

At Suffolk clouds, serene and slow and mounded



Then calmly smiled at him before they kissed.

GOOD JUMPING COW EYES! That's horrible. How can you make love with poems like this? Ok, fellows, maybe this was a bad idea. I never

knew that modern poetry was like this. Poetry was so beautiful in my day. These poems would definitely stop the population explosion but I can't see any great value in using them as an aid to romantic conquest.

Perhaps you should rely on your own intensity and convey to your girl the wild, pulsating desires you feel for her. Tell her just what you have on your mind.

Better yet, just send her some flowers.
