A Picnic Escapade

On a beautiful morning in the month of June
Four pedagogues light-hearted,
With roses adorned and canes in hand
To a brother’s pic-nic started.

They moved along for about a league,
When to a house they came
Where angelic forms and heavenly smiles
And dazzling beauty reign.

Here they spent a happy hour
Entertained as if young kings
Aphrodite their hostess appearing to all
Like an angel bereft of wings.

Once more their faces to the west
When suddenly from afar,
Appears two figures of sweeter form
Than Ellen of Lochinvar.