

THE CHEMIST'S LOVE-SONG

MY love's deep purple wondrous eyes
Would melt a saint, howe'er obdurate ;
Their gorgeous colour even vies
With cuprammonium cyanurate.

As beauteous as the acetate
Of tri-methyl-ros-aniline,
Or feric chloride made to mate
With di-hydroxy-toluene.

Her hair the gorgeous golden hue
That is so marked in isatin,
Or the sulphonic acid, too,
Of naphthol-diazo-benzene.

Her cheeks approach the lovely shade
Of tetra-brom-flourescein,
Or that of alkalies displayed
On exquisite phenol-phthalein.

And my desire for her is more
Than that of meta-ethylene-
Benzoyl-tri-methyl-phenyl-clor-
Di- β -nitro toluene.

For oxidising agents all :
And if my love she were to spurn,
Like tetra-nitro-di-benzal-
Tolu-ethylidene I'd burn.

My heart would break up like the mol-
Ecule of para-toluene-
Diazo-y-amidol-
Hydroxy-tri-mesitylene.