

Tales of buckle and big rosette,
The slender shoe adorning,
Of curtseying through the minuet
With laughter, love, or scorning.
And 'tis O ! for the shout
Of the roustabout,
As he hies him home in the morning.

Cards and swords, and a lady's love,
Give to the tale God-speeding,
War and wassail, and perfumed gloves,
And all that's rare in reading.
And 'tis O ! for the ways
Of the olden days,
And a life that was worth the leading.