

WHEN GEORGE WAS KING

CARDS, and swords, and a lady's love,
That is a tale worth reading,
An insult veiled, a downcast glove,
And rapiers leap unheeding.
 And 'tis O ! for the brawl,
 The thrust, the fall,
And the foe at your feet a-bleeding.

Tales of revel at wayside inns,
The goblets gaily filling,
Braggarts boasting a thousand sins,
Though none can boast a shilling.
 And 'tis O ! for the wine,
 The frothing stein,
And the clamour of cups a-spilling.

Tales of maidens in rich brocade,
Powder and puff and patches,
Gallants lilting a serenade
Of old-time trolls and catches.
 And 'tis O ! for the lips
 And the finger tips,
And the kiss that the boldest snatches.