

He laughed, Ha! Ha! The hoary scout,  
 Has started many a jolly rout :  
 Mine is the time for festive sport,  
 When wit and wisdom can assort ;  
 Bring tale and joke and repartee,  
 Well intermixed with courtesy ;  
 Bring song and glee and cadenc'd rhyme ;  
 Sweet music to beguile the time.  
 Mine is the time ! Be wise and gay ;  
 Let friendship shine ! Laugh while you may !

\* \* \* \* \*

No sooner said, than, Lo ! 'twas done :  
 Anticipation soon begun,  
 And Cupid sharp'd his fleetest dart,  
 To gently pierce each tender heart,  
 Which, all unconscious of the pain,  
 Fell willing victim midst the slain.  
 The festive season broached the thought ;  
 The germ to fruit was promptly brought :  
 And Smith agreed, mid plaudits hearty,  
 That Smith and wife should give the party.

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And now arose,  
 You may suppose,  
 The thrilling question of the day,  
 What shall I wear ?  
 How dress my hair ?  
 What ? practice, 'gainst I'm asked to play.  
 Miss Brown, that night,  
 Will dress in white :  
 Miss Jones in ruby tints appear :  
 But, I in puce,  
 Will play the deuce,  
 And dazzle ev'ry man, that's clear.  
 I know I'll dance  
 With John de France ;  
 Of that I'm pretty certain ;  
 And then he'll slide,  
 I, gently glide  
 And—talk behind the curtain.

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