

But Pippin's gone back on me.  
 For in love, yes, in love,  
     I fell with the fairest, he ;  
 Oh ! naughty Prince Pippin, you gay young rogue,  
     Have you really gone back on me ?  
 Oh ! naughty Prince Pippin, you gay young rogue,  
     Have you really gone back on me ?  
 Oh, will he ever come back to me,  
     Or must I for ever stay  
 In this beastly place, and be treated, too,  
     In this rascally kind of way ?  
 I should never have thought that a real live Prince,  
     Like Pippin once seemed to be,  
 From helping his own true love would wince ;  
     But Pippin's gone back on me.  
     For in love, yes, in love,  
         I fell with the fairest, he ;  
 Oh ! naughty Prince Pippin, you gay young rogue,  
     Have you really gone back on me ?  
 Oh ! naughty Prince Pippin, you gay young rogue,  
     Have you really gone back on me ?

### The Beauty of the Season.

BY STONELEIGH.

**T**o be the first at ball or hop,  
     To have bouquets by dozens,  
 To wake the boyish love of male,  
     And hate of female cousins ;  
 To say and do just what you please,  
     And without rhyme or reason,  
 And yet be praised ;  
     This is to be the beauty of the season,  
     The beauty of the season.