

And what have we got, our sires had not,
In our intellectual march,
Save vain conceit, and the way to cheat,
With our stiff'ning and our starch ?
Oh, give to me the spirit free,
With the ringing laugh and roar ;
And the simple heart, devoid of art,
As it was in the days of yore.

Lament with me, for jollity
Is number'd with the past ;
For our prim world, her lip has curl'd,
And we've all grown good at last.

