

To tell of all the jovial fun,
 The vows, the courtships just begun,
 The songs, the dance, the merry reel,
 The rhythm of the toe and heel,
 Would far exceed the space that I,
 Knowing the witching hour of night is nigh,
 Could tell the tythe ; so let us now suppose,
 The tale well told *and* travel to a close.
 Suffice to say the ball is o'er
 As gay a ball as those of yore
 For young leaves grown each vernal spring
 Renew *autumnal* withering.

Now in the room, now in the hall,
 Where flickering shadows faintly fall ;
 Where hat and cloak and shadowy veil,
 Lie mixed in gay confusion ;
 With John and Jane, and George and Grace,
 And Harry Smith and Mary Mace,
 What caution can the least avail ?

Thus met in deep collusion.

Ha ! Ha ! they say,
 By op'ning day,
 Some tender scenes
 'Neath gauzy screens ;
 Some slight mishaps
 'Neath fleecy wraps,
 We might perceive,
 Would slightly grieve
 Our dear Mamma,
 Or kind Papa ;
 But which, 'tis well
 We should not tell.

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So now with beaming eyes, the parting o'er
 In two's and three's, or clustered, more and more,
 They stride along ; low whispering, who can tell ?
 Yet lingering oft to wish a new farewell.