

THE QUADRILLE.

Each to his place stepping with grace,
 While the sweet prelude still lingers ;
 Happy meanwhile watching her smile,
 Touching the tips of her fingers.

How the lights gleam ! was it a dream
 That, as you begged for a favor,
 Marjorie's eye, dewy and shy,
 Seemed for an instant to waver ?

Nay, be not vain ! dread her disdain,
 'Twas but a trick of love's blindness ;
 She is so fair, how could you dare
 Dream she regards you with kindness ?

Better be gay, dance while you may,
 Youth is no season for sorrow ;
 Just for this set, try to forget
 What she may say on the morrow.

So to her place lead her with grace,
 Touching the tips of her fingers ;
 Happy meanwhile watching her smile,
 While the sweet prelude still lingers.

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